

THE LETTERS OF  
WILLIAM AND DOROTHY  
WORDSWORTH  
The Middle Years

Arranged and Edited by  
ERNEST DE SELINCOURT

VOLUME II  
August 1811–1820

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# LIST OF LETTERS

*An asterisk indicates that the letter is here printed for the first time, a dagger that a part only has been previously printed.*

## VOLUME II

### 1811

436	†D. W. to Catherine Clarkson . . .	Aug. 14 . . .	459
437.	W. W. to Sir George Beaumont . . .	Aug. 28 . . .	464
438	W. W. to Sir George Beaumont . . .	Nov. (early) . . .	470
439.	W. W. to Sir George Beaumont . . .	Nov. 16 . . .	472
440.	W. W. to Lady Beaumont . . .	Nov. 20 . . .	476
441.	†D. W. to Catherine Clarkson . . .	Dec. 27 . . .	479

### 1812

442.	*D. W. to R. W. . . .	Feb 2 . . .	484
443.	W. W. to Lord Lonsdale . . .	Feb. 6 . . .	485
444.	†W. W. to Francis Wrangham . . .	Spring (early) ? . . .	486
445.	*D. W. to W. W. . . .	April 23 . . .	488
446.	*D. W. to W. W. and M. W. . . .	May 3 . . .	491
447.	W. W. to Catherine Clarkson . . .	May 6 . . .	498
448.	*D. W. to W. W. . . .	May 17 . . .	499
449.	†W. W. to Catherine Clarkson . . .	June 4 . . .	501
450.	†D. W. to Thomas De Quincey . . .	June 5 . . .	502
451.	*D. W. to Jane Marshall . . .	June 21 . . .	503
452.	*D. W. to Catherine Clarkson . . .	June 23 . . .	507
453.	*D. W. to Jane Marshall . . .	July 26 . . .	512
454.	*D. W. to R. W. . . .	July 31 . . .	515
455.	†D. W. to Catherine Clarkson . . .	July 31 . . .	516
456.	*D. W. to Catherine Clarkson . . .	Aug. 10 . . .	518
457.	*W. W. to R. W. . . .	Aug. 12 . . .	519
458.	*D. W. to Catherine Clarkson . . .	Aug. (late) . . .	520
459.	*D. W. to R. Addison . . .	Oct. 12 . . .	521
460.	†W. W. to Daniel Stuart . . .	Oct. 13 . . .	522
461.	*D. W. to Richard Addison . . .	Oct. 26 . . .	523
462.	*D. W. to Richard Addison . . .	Oct. 29 . . .	523
463.	*W. W. to Basil Montagu . . .	Dec. 1 . . .	524
464.	W. W. to Thomas De Quincey . . .	Dec. 1 . . .	524
465.	†W. W. to Daniel Stuart . . .	Dec. 22 . . .	525
466.	†W. W. to Lord Lonsdale . . .	Dec. 27 . . .	527
467.	W. W. to Basil Montagu . . .	Dec. 27 . . .	528
468.	*D. W. to Mrs. Cookson . . .	? Dec. 31 . . .	528

### 1813

469.	*D. W. to Catherine Clarkson . . .	Jan. 5 . . .	530
470.	†W. W. to Lord Lonsdale . . .	Jan. 8 . . .	537

# LIST OF LETTERS

471. *D. W. to R. W.	Jan 11	538
472. W. W. to Samuel Rogers	Jan. 12	540
473. †D. W. to Elizabeth Threlkeld and Jane Marshall	Jan. 19	541
474. †D. W. to Jane Marshall	Jan. 24	545
475. *D. W. to Mary Hutchinson ( <i>née</i> Monk-house)	Feb. 1	547
476. *D. W. to R. W.	Feb. 16	552
477. *D. W. to R. W.	March	553
478. †D. W. to Catherine Clarkson	April 8	553
479. *D. W. to Richard Addison	April 27	558
480. *W. W. to Richard Addison	May 1	558
481. †D. W. to Jane Marshall	May 2	559
482. *D. W. to Richard Addison	May 18	560
483. *W. W. to Basil Montagu	May 30	560
484. *W. W. to George Thompson	June 28	561
485. *D. W. to R. W.	Aug. 3	562
486. *D. W. to Sara Hutchinson	Aug. 10	563
487. *W. W. to R. W.	Aug. 19	566
488. *W. W. to R. W.	Aug. 27	568
489. W. W. to Francis Wrangham	Aug. 28	568
490. †D. W. to Catherine Clarkson	Sept. (1st week)	569
491. *D. W. to Sara Hutchinson	Sept. (1st week)	574
492. †D. W. to Catherine Clarkson	Oct. 4	578

## 1814

492a. *W. W. to Basil Montagu	Jan. 20	583
493. *D. W. to R. W.	Jan. 23	584
494. *D. W. to R. W.	Feb. 2	584
495. W. W. to Lord Lonsdale	Feb. 9	585
496. *W. W. to Richard Sharp	Feb. 21	585
497. *W. W. to R. W.	April 1	587
498. †D. W. to Catherine Clarkson	April 24	587
499. †W. W. to Francis Wrangham	April 26	593
500. W. W. to Thomas Poole	April 28	595
501. †W. W. to Samuel Rogers	May 5	597
502. W. W. to Francis Wrangham	July 16	598
503. *D. W. to Richard Addison	Sept. 25	599
504. †D. W. to Catherine Clarkson	Oct. 9	600
505. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson	Nov. 11	605
506. W. W. to R. P. Gillies	Nov. 12	609
507. W. W. to R. P. Gillies	Nov. 23	610
508. *W. W. to C. W.	Nov. 26	612
509. W. W. to R. P. Gillies	Dec. 22	613
510. *D. W. to R. W.	Dec. 27	616
511. W. W. to Catherine Clarkson	Dec.	617
512. †W. W. and D. W. to Catherine Clarkson	Dec. 31	621

# LIST OF LETTERS

## 1815

513.	W. W. to Sir George Beaumont	Feb. 1	627
514.	*W. W. to Thomas De Quincey	? Jan. or Feb.	628
515.	W. W. to Thomas De Quincey	p.m. Feb. 8	628
516.	W. W. to Daniel Stuart	Feb. (?)	629
516a.	*W. W. to Leigh Hunt	Feb. 12	630
517.	†W. W. to R. P. Gillies	Feb. 14	631
518.	W. W. to Robert Southey	(?)	633
519.	*D. W. to Sara Hutchinson (with PS. by W. W.)	Feb. 18	634
520.	*D. W. to Priscilla Wordsworth (with PS. from W. W. to C. W.)	Feb. 27	640
521.	W. W. to Thomas Poole	March 13	644
522.	*D. W. and W. W. to Sara Hutchinson	March 16	647
523.	*D. W. to Catherine Clarkson	March 16	653
524.	*D. W. to Richard Addison	April 1	657
525.	*D. W. to Sara Hutchinson	April 8	657
526.	*D. W. to Catherine Clarkson	April 11	663
527.	W. W. to R. P. Gillies	April 25	666
528.	*W. W. to Messrs. Longman & Co.	p m. May 10	667
529.	W. W. to John Scott	May 14	668
529a.	*W. W. to S. T. Coleridge	May 22	669
530.	†D. W. to Catherine Clarkson	June 28	670
531.	†D. W. to Catherine Clarkson	Aug. 15	674
532.	†W. W. to Benjamin Robert Haydon	Sept 12	679
533.	*W. W. to Benjamin Robert Haydon	Oct. 8	681
534.	*D. W. to Jane Marshall	Oct. 13	681
535.	W. W. to Catherine Clarkson	Nov. 25	684
536.	†W. W. to Benjamin Robert Haydon	Dec. 21	685
537.	†D. W. to Catherine Clarkson	Dec. 23	687
538.	†D. W. to Catherine Clarkson	Dec. 31	692

## 1816

539.	*W. W. to C. W.	Jan. 12	697
540.	W. W. to Bernard Barton	Jan. 12	699
541.	†W. W. to B. R. Haydon	Jan. 13	700
542.	W. W. to Francis Wrangham	Jan. 18	704
543.	*W. W. to John Scott	Jan. 29	705
544.	*W. W. to C. W.	Jan. 31	706
545.	W. W. to John Scott	Feb. 22	708
546.	†W. W. to John Scott	Feb. 25	710
547.	†W. W. to John Scott	March 11	712
548.	*W. W. to C. W.	March 12	715
549.	W. W. to Robert Southey	? March	717
550.	*D. W. to R. W.	March 15	719
551.	W. W. to John Scott	March 21	719

# LIST OF LETTERS

552. *W. W. to C W.	March 25 .	720
553. †D. W. to Catherine Clarkson	April 4	722
554. †W. W. to R. P. Gillies	April 9 .	727
555. †W. W. to R. P. Gillies .	April 15	730
556. W. W. to John Scott .	April 18	732
557. †W. W. to Robert Southey	April 19	735
557a. *W. W. to Basil Montagu	April 29	736
558. W. W. to Basil Montagu	May 3	737
559. *W. W. to C. W.	May 3 .	738
560. W. W. to John Scott .	May 14	740
561. *W. W. to C W.	May 23	741
562. †D. W. to Catherine Clarkson	May 26 .	742
563. W. W. to John Scott .	June 11 .	746
564. *D W. to Thomas Hutton .	July 13 .	749
565. *W. W. to Thomas Hutton .	Oct. 5 .	749
566. W. W. to B. R. Haydon .	Oct. 5	751
567. †W. W. to Thomas Hutton .	Oct. 19 .	753
568. *W. W. to Thomas Hutton .	Oct 21 .	754
569. W. W. to R. P. Gillies .	Nov. 16 .	755
570. *W. W. to Thomas Hutton .	Nov. 25	756
571. W. W. to John Hamilton Reynolds .	Nov. 28	758
572. *W. W. to Thomas Hutton .	Dec. 8	759
573. W. W. to ?	( ? )	760
574. *W. W. to Thomas Clarkson .	? 1816	761
575. *W. W. to Isaac Slee .	1816 or 1817 .	763

## 1817

576. †D. W. to Catherine Clarkson	Jan. 10 .	765
577. *W. W. to Thomas Hutton .	Jan. 18 .	769
578. *W. W. to Thomas Hutton .	Jan. 24 .	770
579. *W. W. to Thomas Hutton	Feb. 2 .	771
580. *W. W. to Thomas Hutton .	Feb. 13 .	772
581. *W. W. to Thomas Hutton .	Feb. 17 .	773
582. *W. W. to Thomas Hutton .	Feb. 23 .	774
583. *W. W. to Thomas Hutton .	Feb. 24 .	775
584. †D W. to Catherine Clarkson .	March 2 .	776
585. *D. W. to Thomas Hutton .	March 11 .	780
586. †W. W. to B. R. Haydon .	April 7 .	781
587. †W. W. to Daniel Stuart .	April 7 .	783
588. †D. W. to Catherine Clarkson .	April 13 .	784
589. W. W. to Samuel Rogers .	May 13 .	787
590. W. W. to R. P. Gillies .	p.m. June 9	788
591. *W. W. to R. P. Gillies .	June 19 .	791
592. W. W. to Daniel Stuart .	June 22 .	791
593. †D. W. to Jane Marshall .	June 25 .	794
594. W. W. to Daniel Stuart .	Sept. 7 .	796
595. †D. W. to Catherine Clarkson .	Oct. 16 .	799

# LIST OF LETTERS

## 1818

596	W. W. to Lord Lonsdale . . .	Jan. 3 . . .	802
597.	*D. W. to Thomas Monkhouse . . .	Jan. (early ?) . . .	802
598	W. W. to Lord Lonsdale . . .	Jan. 21 . . .	804
599.	*W. W. to J. Kingston . . .	Feb. 2 . . .	804
600	W. W. to Lord Lonsdale . . .	Feb. 10 . . .	805
601.	W. W. to Lord Lonsdale . . .	Feb. 12 . . .	805
602.	D. W. to Thomas Monkhouse . . .	March 3 . . .	806
603	W. W. to Lord Lonsdale . . .	March 10 . . .	807
604.	†D. W. to Sara Hutchinson . . .	March 24 . . .	807
605.	*D. W. to Catherine Clarkson . . .	March 29 . . .	813
606.	W. W. to Daniel Stuart . . .	March . . .	817
607.	*W. W. to Thomas Hutton . . .	April 4 . . .	820
608.	W. W. to Lord Lonsdale . . .	April 6 . . .	821
609	*D. W. to Catherine Clarkson . . .	Sept. 18 . . .	822
610.	W. W. to ? . . .	Oct. 6 . . .	827
611.	†D. W. to Jane Marshall . . .	Oct. . . .	827
612.	W. W. to Lord Lonsdale . . .	Nov. 28 . . .	830
613.	W. W. to ? . . .	Dec 8 . . .	831

## 1819

614.	*W. W. to C. W. . . .	Jan. 1 . . .	831
615.	†D. W. to Catherine Clarkson . . .	Jan. 12 . . .	833
616.	W. W. to Lord Lonsdale . . .	Jan. 13 . . .	835
617.	W. W. to Lord Lonsdale . . .	Jan. . . .	836
618.	W. W. to Lord Lonsdale . . .	Feb. 5 . . .	836
619.	W. W. to Lord Lonsdale . . .	Feb. 17 . . .	840
620.	†W. W. to Francis Wrangham . . .	Feb. 19 . . .	840
621.	W. W. to J. Forbes Mitchell . . .	April 21 . . .	843
622.	W. W. to Viscount Lowther . . .	? Spring . . .	846
623.	W. W. to ? . . .	May 24 . . .	846
624.	*W. W. to Hans Busk . . .	July 6 . . .	847
625.	*W. W. to H. Parry . . .	July 20 . . .	849
626.	†D. W. to Catherine Clarkson . . .	Aug. 1 . . .	849
627.	*D. W. to Joanna Hutchinson . . .	Sept. 5 . . .	852
627a.	*W. W. to Walter Scott . . .	Sept 22 . . .	915
628.	†D. W. to Catherine Clarkson . . .	Dec. 19 . . .	856
629.	W. W. to John Kenyon . . .	(?) . . .	859

## 1820

630.	†W. W. to B. R. Haydon . . .	Jan 16 . . .	860
631.	*W. W. to B. R. Haydon . . .	p.m. Jan. 24 . . .	861
632.	W. W. to Viscount Lowther . . .	Feb. . . .	863
633.	W. W. to Viscount Lowther . . .	Feb. 13 . . .	863
634.	*W. W. to Mrs. Rose Lawrence . . .	March 7 . . .	863
635.	*D. W. to Thomas Monkhouse . . .	p.m. April 25 . . .	864
636.	W. W. to John Wilson . . .	May 5 . . .	865

# LIST OF LETTERS

637. *D. W. to Mary Hutchinson	May 5	866
638 *D. W. to Thomas Monkhouse	p m May 9	872
639. *D. W. to Thomas Monkhouse	. p m. May 16	874
640. *D. W. to Thomas Monkhouse	May-June	876
641. *W. W. to S. T Coleridge	July 8 .	877
642. *M. W. and D. W. to Sara H. and Dora W.	July 13	878
643. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson	July 23 .	885
644. *D. W. to Sara H.	Aug. 8 .	890
645. †D. W. to Catherine Clarkson	Sept. 3	896
646. W. W. to Lord Lonsdale	Oct 7 .	901
647. *M. W. to Miss Williams	Oct. 8 .	903
648 *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson . .	Oct. 14	904
649. *W. W. to Miss Williams .	Oct. 17	907
650. *D. W. to Thomas Monkhouse .	Dec. 5 .	907
651. *Willy W. and D. W. to Thomas Monk- house . .	. Dec. 14 .	910
652. D. W. to John Kenyon . .	Dec 19 . .	914

## ABBREVIATIONS, ETC., USED IN THIS VOLUME

W. W., D. W., R. W., C. W.: William, Dorothy, Richard, and Christopher Wordsworth.

C.: *Memorials of Coleorton*, ed. by William Knight, 2 vols., 1887.

C. R.: *Correspondence of Crabb Robinson with the Wordsworth Circle*, ed. by Edith J. Morley, 2 vols., 1927

E. L.: *The Early Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth*, ed. by E. de Selincourt, 1935.

G.: *The Prose Works of William Wordsworth*, ed. by Alex. B. Grosart, 3 vols., 1876.

Gillies: *Memoirs of a Literary Veteran*, by R. P. Gillies, 3 vols., 1851.

H. C. R.: Henry Crabb Robinson.

Haydon: *Correspondence and Table Talk of Benjamin Robert Haydon*, ed. by his Son, F. W. Haydon, 1876.

J.: *Memorials of Thomas De Quincey*, ed. by Alex. K. Japp, 2 vols., 1891.

K.: *Letters of the Wordsworth Family*, ed. by William Knight, 3 vols., 1907.

Lockhart: *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, by John Gibson Lockhart, 7 vols., 1837-8.

M.: *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, by Christopher Wordsworth, 2 vols., 1851.

Oxf. W.: The one-volume edition of W. W.'s Poems, ed. by T. Hutchinson, Oxford University Press.

T. P.: *Thomas Poole and his Friends*, by Mrs. Henry Sandford, 2 vols., 1888.

R.: *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, ed. by P. W. Clayden, 2 vols., 1889.

S.: *Letters from the Lake Poets to Daniel Stuart*, privately printed, 1889.

[?]: A word or words illegible in the manuscript.

*Any editorial addition to the text is enclosed in square brackets: if doubtful the addition is preceded by a ?. Empty brackets denote a word or words lost through a defect in the condition of the manuscript.*





—)

[Aug. 14. 1811]

My dear Friend,

I have almost felt like an ungrateful soul when I have thought my long silence after your letter so full of entertainment, but you knew what pleasure that letter gave me, as a proof of our strength and capability of enjoyment, you would not think me ungrateful, though to myself my slowness in writing has seemed like a fault. Your letter is dated July 4<sup>th</sup>, it is now the 14<sup>th</sup> of August. Sara H tells me she has heard from you lately and you are quite well and in good spirits, therefore I trust to a permanent amendment, and surely you may come and see us next summer—but there is the Shropshire journey in the way. I wish you had gone thither this year. Both would be too much for one season unless you would resolve (and there was no risk to your health in the resolve) to winter at Grasmere, but that cannot be till Tom has left school. You might I think be very comfortable in Robt Newton's lodgings, being so near us. It is but a step to the parsonage and the little parlour is much more comfortable than when you were here, the door being altered which was formerly opposite to the Kitchen door—and we could lend you an excellent sofa as good as a bed only that it wants few pillows which we would treat you with. Now if you could come on Horseback with Sara in the Spring she might spend the winter with you, but alas! you have each your own weaknesses—we cannot travel in a carriage, and *you* could not take such a journey on horseback. You talk of my going to Bury next Christmas; my dear Friend if the journey were but as far as to Manchester I would not hesitate a moment, but I cannot think of a journey of near 300 miles so soon after my last, for owing to our sicknesses and frequent removals with the Children and our last final removal I have never felt *settled* at home till within the last few weeks. This I should not mind, as I say if the journey were shorter, or even if we were rich enough to make it prudent to travel so far for a two months stay with you; but to you I

may speak plainly, we cannot spare the money, and you are not so wealthy that I would take it from your purse with a quiet mind, unless I could stay at least four months with you. Perhaps another winter if we are all alive and well and we rich enough or you rich enough, it may be accomplished. I hope we are now going to be settled and after a quiet year at Grasmere it will be more easy to talk of going away again. I shall always remember Bury with pleasure—I mean Bury itself and even the very people of Bury, though (except the Dolbens and Miss Hannah Leather) I do not think there is much among them to admire, *or love* upon such a slight acquaintance as mine, out of your house and your Father's. I was happy with you and your family and for your sake and theirs was pleased at all times, and have now most pleasing recollections of the time I passed among you. I will now try to give you a notion of our goings-on for the last two months. I believe when I wrote to you we had got the worst part of our troubles over with the new house. Then came on the hay-making which was a throng time, for both our Servants were obliged to go out constantly, therefore Mary and I had to make beds, cook and attend to the children. Mrs Cookson and her daughter also stayed with us a fortnight, which altogether kept us so busy, that we could not get Dorothy's cloaths all prepared against her departure the last day of this month; and in three days after she was gone, i.e. on this day fortnight, William, Mary, Thomas, Catharine, and one of the maids left me to go to the sea-side. They are at a dreary place in the neighbourhood of Bootle, and I fear their accommodations, except in sea bathing, are very bad; but they are only five minutes' walk from the main sea. They first went to Duddon Bridge, where they were very comfortable, and the country thereabouts is enchanting; but the tide only served them for 4 or 5 days, and the water was hardly salt. I have not heard from them since their arrival at Bootle, therefore though the bathing at Broughton agreed with William it is impossible to say what effect the *sea* will have on the children. I trust however a good one as the preparation for it agreed well with them. William talked of returning home in a few days from this time; but I have written to urge him to stay both on Mary's account and his own—for I

think much of the benefit which she may receive will depend on her being comfortable and in good spirits, which she is more likely to be if he is there—and she says that bathing agrees with him—he has been quite well since he left Grasmere—and for a long time before he had been plagued with piles, and his eyelids were swoln and his eyes weak. Luckily they are within a short walk from Mr Satterthwaite's house, my Br Chris's most intimate friend at School and College—and he is a very friendly and amiable man—much disposed to serve them and has Books. The whole of the day after they left me I was employed in making preserves and picking gooseberries—the day after in arranging matters put in disorder by their departure—the day after that I sat at work from uprising to going to bed at D's frocks—the next day I made a large seed-cake to be packed up in her box to treat her school fellows on her Birthday,—and then by way of variety sate down again to my needle, and the next day (Sunday) we all, John, William, and my maiden Sarah went to her Mother's at Hackett. I carried the rest of my work for Dorothy with me and stayed till last Thursday when I came home [? in time] to pack up and send off the Box. I passed my time very pleasantly at Hackett. The good woman of the house who is a most kind and hospitable creature, and very sensible and entertaining besides, took the whole care of William except when she was milking at nights, and then William and I walked about together in the rocky field before the house, which is scattered over with copses, and commands delightful and varied views. First, of the wild and simple valley of Little Langdale, with its mountainous head, a darling place of the clouds and mists; then we look into the green recesses of Tilberthwaite; next comes Colwith, and then the valley of Brathay as far as Windermere, its fresh meadows inland with the broad and glassy stream; next come the steepes of Elterwater and Loughrigg; and further to the North our own mountains above Grasmere. You cannot conceive a more feeding spot for the mind than that hill top where the cottage stands. Within doors,—though we had no luxuries but milk, butter, eggs, and bacon, and fresh mutton provided for us, with plenty of peats for the fire,—we wanted nothing for comfort. When Betty's husband came home from his

work at the Quarries William regularly took his place upon the great man's knee, never wishing to stir, though for the hour before while Betty was milking he would not let me rest for a moment. Jonathan smoked his pipe, Betty smoked hers, and the child smacked *his* lips imitating them. He has cut eight teeth—can say many words—and can very near—though not quite, walk alone. He is very lively and has a remarkably sweet voice. He is very like Tom. Dearest Dorothy left us in great spirits-- we waited for the coach half an-hour at Ambleside and she thought it would never come. When it did arrive there were no inside places and she and Miss Jameson, Miss Weir's teacher, mounted on the outside—her heart was full at the very last moment - and when two rough sailors got up and seated themselves opposite to her, she looked very much frightened. I called out 'Do not fear they will take care of you' and turning to them I recommended her to their protection and they seemed absolutely to overflow with kindness both to her and everybody else, being in addition to all a *little* tipsy. Mr King was also on the outside of the coach therefore we were quite easy—and in two days after we heard of her safe arrival at Appleby in good spirits. I hope I shall have a letter in a few days telling me of the safe arrival of the Box, with the cake and tea and sugar and a letter from John, the first he ever wrote. I am afraid D will hardly herself be able to write him back an account of her Birthday treat. We have not sent her to Appleby without many apprehensions. There is no reason to dread gross vice at Miss Weir's school, and all the girls are young and their number is only 12 so it is more like a large family than a school, yet when such a number even as that are together there is always cause to apprehend little artful tricks among them. Much good we are sure she will get - and be saved from a great deal of pain; and I believe this last was our deciding notion. There never was a Girl in the world who would more easily be led to industry by following others, or to whom it would be more difficult to learn to sit still when she has no companions. The Luffs have been ten days at Mr King's and he has had a slight attack of the Gout which has confined him most of the time. The Lloyds called on me the day before yesterday. Charles is more nervous than ever and his poor wife

looks very ill—I believe half worn out with sleeplessness. Hartley and Derwent were with us last Saturday and Sunday. D grows very like his father but I fear he will never have his Father's original strength of constitution, he is very subject to feverishness and a disordered stomach. *Why* did old Lloyd demand C's novel<sup>1</sup> from you? Does he want to suppress it? You do not mention your Father's health—Pray give my kindest love to him and your Sister and remember me to all your Brothers: I hope your father is better and I hope that Mr Clarkson goes on well with his farming as well as his literary labours, which indeed I am more anxious about, for he cannot have any very serious hopes in the farm and one year's gain makes the last forgotten—[? Oct<sup>br</sup>] is the time of your harvest—I often think of Robert's harvest field. I hope your sister rides with you daily; you will sometimes think of me in the green lanes where I used to follow or pace by your side. Your account of the Installation interested us very much—the only interesting account I had read of it. Our fits of feeling in the midst of pleasure are often of the most solemn and awful kind, and I do not wonder that in your case they should be especially so—God grant that Tom may be as good a man as his Father, whether he fill so important a station in society or move on unheard of except by those who are brought into connexion with him in the ordinary course of life.

William's poem has been at a stand ever since he made his visit to Water-Millock. It is very unfortunate that any interruption stops him. Perhaps he may be inspired by the murmuring ocean.

The Southey's are gone to Bristol. Mrs S. says that Coleridge had promised them to return to Keswick in a month—I do not expect him in a year if he can stay on with the Morgans. It is a pity he is not obliged to supply himself with the means of actual living. While there is a house open to him he will go on far away from his Family—and do nothing except by fits; he has not written in the *Courier* this long time. As Mr Sharpe expressed

<sup>1</sup> Probably a reference to *Edmund Oliver* (1798) in which Lloyd, in delineating his hero, had made unwarrantable use of his knowledge of Coleridge's early life and character.

AUGUST 1811

it to me last Sunday 'Nobody has seen him in London . . .'. This letter is a poor return for yours—but I must give over or I shall lose my Frank. I have read nothing since I wrote to you except bits here and there and the Novel of John Bunkle<sup>1</sup>—but I am going to set to and read—though I have still some sewing to do amongst mending the Bairns' cloaths. God Bless you for ever my dearest friend. Do write soon—write so that I may get your letter while I am alone. I expect them home in about a fortnight.

Yours ever

D. W.

I cannot look over my letter. Excuse a score of blunders.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds.

*MS* 437. W. W. to Sir George Beaumont  
*G(—) C. K.*

August 28, 1811.

Cottage 7 minutes' walk from the sea-side,  
near Bootle Cumberland.

My dear Sir George,

How shall I appear before you again after so long an interval? It seems that now I ought rather to begin with an apology for writing, than for not having written, during a space of almost 12 months. I have blamed myself not a little; yet not so much as I should have done had I not known that the main cause of my silence has been the affection I feel for you. On which account it is not so easy to me to write upon trifling or daily occurrences to you as it would be to write to another whom I loved less. Accordingly these have not had power to tempt me to take up the pen; and in the meanwhile from my more intimate concerns I have abstained, partly because I do not in many cases myself like to see the reflection of these upon paper, and still more, because it is my wish at all times, when I think of the state in which your health and spirits may happen to be, that my Letters should be wholly free from melancholy, and breathe nothing but cheerfulness and pleasure. Having made this avowal, I trust that what may be wanting

<sup>1</sup> *Life of John Buncke* by Thomas Amory (vol. i. 1756, ii. 1766).

to my justification will be made up by your kindness and forgiving disposition.

It was near about this time last year that we were employed in our pleasant Tour to the Leasowes and Hagley. The 12 months that have elapsed have not impaired the impressions which those scenes made upon me, nor weakened my remembrance of the delight which the places and objects, and the conversations they led to, awakened in our minds. You perhaps will recollect that I mentioned in a Letter a fine grove, or rather wood, of Eugh-trees at Hagley which we missed. I have since learned that there is in the Village, in the possession of a Gentleman whose name I have forgotten, a Picture of exquisite Beauty. My story is a lame one, for I do not know what is the subject of the piece, nor whether it is by Rubens, or some Italian Master. Mr. Satterthwaite, Rector of the Parish of Bootle, whence this is written, is my authority. Lady Beaumont well remembers to have met Mr. S. at Lord Lonsdale's; he has seen the Picture, and, without affecting to be a judge, speaks of it in the highest terms. He adds that the Owner is himself a great curiosity, in particular for his passionate attachment to the art of Painting; not that he follows it himself—but as an amateur. Mr. S. was particularly struck with one proof that he gave of his enthusiasm. It was about the height of the French Revolution when S. visited him; he talked of a Nephew of his then abroad, and mentioned, with infinite satisfaction, the opportunity which the distracted state of the Continent would give him to pick up a picture of first-rate excellence. In fact, says S., it was plain, from the good Gentleman's words, and looks and manner, that the French Revolution, with all its overthrow of governments and desolation of Countries, was by him looked upon as a happy event; inasmuch as it afforded the enterprising and the judicious an opportunity of laying hold of some inestimable work of art, which would otherwise have been unattainable; and have been locked up in a foreign Convent or Palace till the Canvas or tablet on which it was wrought mouldered, or its colours faded away. Under this aspect only did our Connoisseur contemplate those awful acts of Providence, in which the French Nation have been the chief Instruments, for the chastisement, instruction, and animation of mankind.

Thanks to the surrounding Ocean with which this favored Land is guarded, and to our own excellent Institutions and native valour, this innocent Enthusiast of Hagley is still able to draw the green silk curtain from his single treasure when he likes, and congratulate himself upon his lot in possessing it. Happy England where security allows such multitudes leisure to indulge in dreams as harmless, each after his own fashion; and where national independence and civil Liberty allow, or rather encourage, so many diverse humours in man, and mould individual character into such a variety of shapes. The Person who has led me to rhapsodize in this way was not a Collector, nor wished his travelling Nephew to become so. A single Piece, said he, is enough, provided it be of a noble kind, and perfect in itself. He deemed himself the Lord and Owner of a star of the first magnitude, and provided his Nephew should prove as fortunate, he did not seem to care what became of the inferior orbs; his family would then be set up for ever. I have been very prolix upon the subject of this Old Gentleman, and should not have mentioned him at all had it not been clear that in so small [a] village as Hagley he and his Picture may easily be found, and fortune perhaps may draw you thither at some time or other, though I well know that you are not a *pushing Man*, and therefore all my information may be thrown away.

It is very late to mention that when in Wales last autumn I contrived to pass a day and a half with your Friend Price at Foxley.<sup>1</sup> He was very kind and took due pains to shew me all the beauties of his place. I should have been very insensible not to be pleased with, and grateful for, his attentions; and certainly I was gratified by the sight of the scenes through which he conducted me. But to you I will say that, upon the whole, I was not in a kindly or genial state of mind while Mr. Price was taking so much friendly pains for my entertainment. His daughter put me out of tune by her strange speech, looks, and manners; and then, unluckily, Fitzpatrick was there, a torch that once may have burnt bright, but is now deplorably dim. It was to me odd to see a host and a guest who appeared to have so little satisfaction in each other's company, and full as odd to see a Hostess

<sup>1</sup> v. Letter 241.



and a Guest so snugly and peaceably content with each other. But this looks like a scandal, which is bad enough from the lip, but in a Letter is intolerable. These things deranged me, and thereupon I was less able to do justice in my own mind to the scenery of Foxley. You will perhaps think it is a strange fault that I am going to find with it, considering the acknowledged taste of the owner; viz. that, small as it is compared with hundreds of places, the Domain is too extensive for the character of the Country. Wanting both rock and water, it necessarily wants variety, and in a district of this kind, the portion of a Gentleman's estate which he keeps exclusively to himself, and which he devotes wholly or in part to ornament, may very easily exceed the proper bounds, not indeed as to the preservation of wood, but most easily as to everything else. A man by little and little becomes so delicate and fastidious with respect to forms in scenery, where he has a power to exercise a controul over them, that if they do not exactly please him in all moods, and every point of view, his power becomes his law; he banishes one, and then rids himself of another, impoverishing and *monotonizing* Landscapes, which, if not originally distinguished by the bounty of Nature, must be ill able to spare the inspiriting varieties which Art, and the occupations and wants of life in a country left more to itself never fail to produce. This relish of humanity Foxley wants, and is therefore to me, in spite of all its recommendations, a melancholy spot—I mean that part of it which the owner keeps to himself, and has taken so much pains with. I heard the other day of two artists who thus expressed themselves upon the subject of a scene among our Lakes. 'Plague upon those vile Enclosures!' said One; 'they spoil everything.' 'O,' said the Other, 'I never *see* them.' Glover<sup>1</sup> was the name of this last. Now, for my part, I should not wish to be either of these Gentlemen, but to have in my own mind the power of turning to advantage, wherever it is possible, every object of Art and Nature as they appear before me. What a noble instance, as you have often pointed out to me, has Reubens given

<sup>1</sup> John Glover (1767–1849) in 1815 President of the Water Colour Society; in 1823 helped to found the Society of British Artists. He was a fashionable artist of the day.

of this in that picture in your possession, where he has brought, as it were, a whole County into one Landscape, and made the most formal partitions of cultivation; hedge-rows of pollard willows conduct the eye into the depths and distances of his picture; and thus, more than by any other means, has given it that appearance of immensity which is so striking. As I have slipped into the subject of painting, I feel anxious to inquire whether your Pencil has been busy last winter, in the solitude and uninterrupted quiet of Dunmow. Most likely you know that we have changed our residence in Grasmere, which, I hope, will be attended with a great overbalance of advantages. One we are certain of, that we have at least one Sitting-room clear of smoke, I trust, in all winds. It is a very small parlour, and in the winter will be exclusively my own. Over the Chimney Piece is hung your little Picture, from the neighbourhood of Coleorton. In our other House, on account of the frequent fits of smoke from the chimnies, both the Pictures which I have from your hand were confined to Bedrooms. A few days after I had enjoyed the pleasure of seeing in different moods of mind your Coleorton Landscape from my fireside, it *suggested* to me the following Sonnet, which, having walked out to the side of Grasmere Brook, where it murmurs through the meadows near the Church, I composed immediately.

[*Here follows Sonnet 'Praised be the Art' etc. as in Oxf. W., p. 252.*]

The images of the smoke and the Travellers are taken from your Picture; the rest were added, in order to place the thought in a clear point of view, and for the sake of variety. I hope Coleorton continues to improve upon you and Lady Beaumont; and that Mr. Taylor's new laws and regulations are at least *peu ou beaucoup* submitted to.

Mrs. W. and I return in a few days to Grasmere. We cannot say that the Child for whose sake we came down to the sea-side has derived much benefit from the Bathing. The weather has been very unfavorable: we have, however, contrived to see everything that lies within a reasonable walk of our present Residence; among other places, Muncaster, at least as much of it as can be seen from the public Road; but the noble Proprietor

has contrived to shut himself up so with Plantations and chained gates and locks, that whatever prospects he may command from his stately Prison, or rather Fortification, can only be guessed at by the passing Traveller. In the state of blindness and unprofitable peeping in which we were compelled to pursue our way up a long and steep hill I could not help observing to my companion that the Hibernian Peer had completely given the lie to the Poet Thomson, when in a strain of profound enthusiasm he boasts,

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:  
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;  
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
 Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;  
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
 The woods and lawns by living stream, etc.<sup>1</sup>

The *windows of the sky* were not *shut*, indeed, but the business was done more thoroughly; for the sky was nearly shut out altogether. This is, like most others, a bleak and treeless coast, but abounding in corn-fields, and with a noble beach, which is delightful either for walking or riding. The Isle of Man is right opposite our Window;<sup>2</sup> and though in this unsettled weather often invisible, its appearance has afforded us great amusement. One afternoon above the whole length of it was stretched a body of clouds, shaped and coloured like a magnificent grove in winter when whitened with snow, and illuminated by the morning Sun, which having melted the snow in part, has intermingled black masses among the brightness. The whole sky was scattered over with fleecy or dark clouds, such as any sunshiny day produces, and which were changing their shapes and position every moment. But this line of clouds immoveably attached themselves to the Island, and manifestly took their shape from the influence of its mountains. There appeared to be just span enough of sky to allow the hand to slide between the top of Snaefell, the highest peak on the Island, and the base of this glorious forest, in which little change was noticeable for more than the space of half an hour.

<sup>1</sup> *The Castle of Indolence*, Canto II, 3.

<sup>2</sup> *Epistle to Sir George Beaumont*, ll. 77-88 (Oxf. W., p. 522).

AUGUST 1811

We had another fine sight one evening, walking along a rising ground about two miles distant from the shore. It was about the hour of sunset, and the sea was perfectly calm, and in a quarter where its surface was indistinguishable from the western sky, hazy, and luminous with the setting Sun, appeared a tall sloop-rigged vessel, magnified by the atmosphere through which it was viewed, and seeming rather to hang in the air than to float upon the waters. Milton compares the appearance of Satan to a *Fleet* descried far off at sea;<sup>1</sup> the visionary grandeur and beautiful form of this *single* vessel, could words have conveyed to the mind the picture which Nature presented to the eye, would have suited his purpose as well as the largest company of Vessels that ever associated together with the help of a trade wind, in the wide Ocean. Yet not exactly so, and for this reason, that his image is a permanent one, not dependent upon accident.

I have not left myself room to assure you how sincerely I remain

your affectionate Friend,  
W. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Sir George Beaumont, Bart: Coleorton Hall, Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire.

*MS.* 438. *W. W. to Sir George Beaumont*  
*M(—) G. C. K.*

[p.m., Nov., 1811.]

My dear Sir George,

Had there been room at the end of the small avenue of lime-trees for planting a spacious circle of the same trees, the Urn might have been placed in the centre, with the Inscription thus altered:

[*Here follows 'Ye Lime-trees', etc. as Oxf. W., p. 546, but ll. 4-6*

Bending your docile boughs till they unite;  
Like that Cathedral Dome beneath whose height  
Reynolds among *etc. and for l. 13.*

And on my native grounds unblamed may I

*to which W. adds a note in the margin.* This is perhaps another

<sup>1</sup> *P.L.* ii. 636-42.

mistake. I rather think, Sir George, that you were born at Dunmow, perhaps at Haverhill. This could be easily altered.] For the Stone near the Cedar, thus altered.

[*Here follows 'The embowering rose' etc., as Oxf. W., p. 546, but between ll. 12 and 13 is the couplet*

And to a favorite Resting-place invite,  
For coolness grateful and a sober light,

*and in l. 20 by mighty for perhaps by]*

The first couplet of the above as it before stood would have appeared ludicrous if the stone had remained after the Tree might have gone. The couplet relating to the household Virtues did not accord with the Panter and the Poet, the former being allegorical figures, the latter living Men.

What follows I composed yesterday morning, thinking there might be no impropriety in placing it so as to be *visible only to a Person sitting within the Nich*, which we hollowed out of the sandstone in the winter garden. I am told that this is, in the present form of the Nich, impossible; but I shall be most ready, when I come to Coleorton, to scoop out a place for it, if Lady Beaumont thinks it worth while.

Inscription.

[*'Oft is the medal' etc. as Oxf. W., p. 546, but ll. 13-16*

But by prompt hands of Pleasure and of Love  
Female and Male; that emulously strove  
To shape the Work, what time these Walks and Bowers  
Were framed, to chear bleak Winter's lonely hours.]

These inscriptions have all one fault, they are too long; but I was unable to do justice to the thoughts in less Room. The second has brought Sir John Beaumont<sup>1</sup> and his brother Francis so livelily to my mind, that I recur to the plan of republishing the former's Poems, perhaps in connection with those of Francis. Could any further *search* be made after the Crown of Thorns?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *v. E.L.*, p. 490.

<sup>2</sup> 'The Crown of Thorns', a poem in 8 books, ascribed to B. by Wood, but not extant. In his poem *On the Death of the Most Noble Lord Henry, Earle of Southampton*, B. writes

He is a father to my crowne of thornes;  
Now since his death how can I ever looke,  
Without some teares, vpon that orphan booke?

NOVEMBER 1811

If I recollect right, Southey applied without effect to the numerous Friends he has among the collectors. The best way, perhaps, of managing this Republication would be to print it in a very elegant Type and Paper, and not many copies, to be sold high so that it might be prized by the Collectors as a curiosity. Bearing in mind how many excellent things there are in Sir John Beaumont's little Volume, I am somewhat mortified at this mode of honouring his memory; but in the present state of the Taste of this Country, I cannot flatter myself that poems of that character would win their way into general circulation. Should it appear adviseable, another edition might afterwards be published, upon a plan which would place the Book within the reach of those who have little money to spare. I remain, my dear Sir George, your affectionate Friend,

W. Wordsworth.

I was very much shocked with your account of poor Sharp; how is he? and how does the School go on? I have been the means of *introducing* the plan here, that is, we are trying to have it adopted, and the present Master who is a worthy Man gives into it with great spirit; but I am sorry to say he is not likely to remain with us. We had the pleasure of seeing Mr Bell here with Southey for half an hour, two thirds of which were spent in the School, he kindly taking upon him to teach the Boys, and also the Master and myself. Adieu.

*Address:* Sir George Beaumont Bart, Coleorton Hall, Ashby de la Zouche, Leicestershire, *readdressed* to Dunmow, Essex.

*MS.* 439. *W. W. to Sir George Beaumont*

*M(—) G(—) C(—) K(—)*

Grasmere Nov<sup>r</sup> Sat. 16<sup>th</sup> 1811

My dear Sir George,

I have to thank you for two Letters. Lady Beaumont also will accept my acknowledgements for the interesting Letter with which she favored me. I am very sorry for Mr Taylor's misconduct both on account of his own numerous Family, and of his two Brothers who are most respectable Men, and cannot but be much hurt, if the particulars should ever come to their

ears. For yourself the *extreme* impropriety of his behaviour must have rid you of all concern for him. I do sincerely wish that you may be more fortunate in your future connections of this kind ; but it should seem that honest and judicious Agents are very rare.

I learn from Mrs. Coleridge, who has lately heard from C, that Allston the Painter<sup>1</sup> has arrived in London. Coleridge speaks of him as a most interesting Person. He has brought with him a few Pictures from his own Pencil, among others a Cupid and Psyche, which in C's opinion, has not for colouring been surpassed since Titian. C is about to deliver a Course of Lectures upon Poetry at some Institution in the City. He is well, and I learn that the Friend has been a good deal inquired after lately. For ourselves, we never hear from him.

I am glad that the inscriptions pleased you. It did always appear to me that inscriptions, particularly those in Verse, or in a dead language, were never supposed *necessarily* to be the composition of those in whose name they appeared. If a more striking or more dramatic effect could be produced, I have always thought that in an epitaph or memorial of any kind a Father or Husband etc., might be introduced speaking, without any absolute deception being intended: that is, the Reader is understood to be at Liberty to say to himself; these Verses, or this Latin, may be the composition of some unknown Person, and not that of the Father, Widow, or Friend, from whose hand or voice they profess to proceed. If the composition be natural, affecting or beautiful, it is all that is required. This, at least, was my view of the subject, or I should not have adopted that mode. However, in respect to your scruples, which I feel are both delicate and reasonable, I have altered the Verses; and I have only to regret that the alteration is not more happily done. But I never found anything more difficult. I wished to preserve the expression *patrimonial grounds*, but I found this impossible; on account of the awkwardness of the Pronoun he and his, as applied to Reynolds and to yourself. This even where it does not produce confusion is always inelegant. I was therefore

<sup>1</sup> Washington Allston, an American painter, began a portrait of Coleridge at Rome in 1806, and took another of him at Bristol in 1814.—K.

obliged to drop it; so that we must be content I fear with the Inscription as it stands below. As you mention that the first Copy was mislaid, I will transcribe the first part from that; but you can either chuse the Dome or the Abbey as you like.

[‘Ye Lime trees’, *etc.* as Oxf. W., p. 546, but ll. 5, 6:

Till you have framed at length a darksome Aisle;  
Like a Recess within that sacred Pile

*and in place of ll. 13–15:*

Hence an obscure Memorial, without blame  
In these domestic grounds, may bear his Name;  
Unblamed this votive Urn may oft renew  
Some mild sensations to his Genius due  
From One—a humble follower of the Art.]

I hope this will do, I tried a hundred different ways, but cannot hit upon anything better. I am sorry to learn from Lady Beaumont that there is reason to believe that our Cedar is already perished—I am sorry for it—The Verses upon that subject you and Lady Beaumont praise highly; and certainly, if they have merit, as I cannot but think they have, your discriminating praises have pointed it out. The alteration in the beginning, I think with you, is a great improvement, and the first Line is, to my ear, very rich and grateful. As to the ‘Female and Male’, I know not how to get rid of it; for that circumstance gives the Recess an appropriate interest. I remember Mr. Bowles the Poet objected to the word Ravishment at the end of the Sonnet to the Winter Garden; yet it has the authority of all the first-rate Poets, for instance Milton

In whose sight all things joy, with *ravishment*,  
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.<sup>1</sup>

Objections upon these grounds merit more attention in regard to Inscriptions than any other sort of composition; and on this account the Lines (I mean those upon the Niche) had better be suppressed, for it is not improbable that the altering of them might cost me more trouble than writing a hundred fresh ones.

We were happy to hear that your Mother Lady Beaumont was so surprisingly well. You do not mention the School at

<sup>1</sup> *P.L.* v. 46–7.



Coleorton. Pray how is Wilkie in health, and also as to progress in his Art? I do not doubt that I shall like Arnald's<sup>1</sup> picture; but he would have been a better painter, if his genius had led him to *read* more in the early part of his life. Wilkie's style of Painting does not require that the mind should be fed from Books; but I do not think it possible to *excel* in *landscape* painting without a strong tincture of the Poetic Spirit. After I had written the Inscription for Coleorton, I looked at those in the Lyrical Ballads, and was tempted to alter the one for the Hermitage on St Herbert's Island in the following manner. I send it as the subject is elevated and serious, and therefore does not ill accord with those for Coleorton.

This Island, guarded from profane approach  
By Mountains high, and Waters widely spread,  
Is that Seclusion which St. Herbert chose;  
After long exercise in social cares  
And offices humane, intent to adore  
The Deity with undistracted mind  
And meditate on everlasting things.  
Hither he came in life's austere decline.  
And, Stranger!, this blank heap of stones and earth  
Is revered as a Vestige of the Abode  
In which, through many seasons, from the world,  
He dwelt in Solitude. But he had left  
A Fellow-labourer whom the good Man loved  
As his own soul. And, when within his Cell  
Alone he knelt before the Crucifix

(*etc. as Oxf. W., p. 551, ll. 18-27*)

I am almost ashamed to write Letters at all, I am such a bad and impatient Penman. But I have often apologized for this before. I have some intention of calling upon Lord Lonsdale shortly; I owe this as a mark of respect for his past attentions to me, but I also think it will be proper for me to represent to him that it might be in his power perhaps to serve me effectually. In fact, whatever sacrifice it cost me, a considerable portion of my time *must* in some way or other be devoted to money-

<sup>1</sup> George Arnald (1763-1841), A.R.A. 1810; landscape painter.

making. The expences of living encrease so fast, and my family necessarily as the Children grow up requires more to support it. We have had a fit of very bad weather; as soon as it settles I think of riding over to Lowther. Most affectionately yours, and Lady Beaumont's.

W. Wordsworth

Will your mother Lady B accept of my respects.

*Address:* Sir George Beaumont Bart, Dunmow, Essex.

*MS.* 440. *W. W. to Lady Beaumont*

*M. G C K(—)*

Grasmere, Wednesday, Nov. 20, 1811.

My dear Lady Beaumont,

When you see this you will think I mean to overrun you with inscriptions: I do not mean to tax you with putting them up, only with reading them. The following I composed yesterday morning, in a walk from Brathay, whither I had been to accompany my sister.

FOR A SEAT IN THE GROVES OF COLEORTON<sup>1</sup>  
Beneath yon eastern ridge, the craggy bound  
Rugged and high of Charnwood's forest-ground,  
Stand yet, but, Stranger! hidden from thy view,  
The ivied ruins of forlorn Grace Dieu, etc.

I hope that neither you nor Sir George will think that the above takes from the effect of the mention of Francis Beaumont in the poem upon the cedar. Grace Dieu is itself so interesting a spot, and has naturally and historically such a connection with Coleorton, that I could not deny myself the pleasure of paying it this mark of attention. The thought of writing the inscription occurred to me many years ago. I took the liberty of transcribing for Sir George an alteration which I had made in the inscription for St. Herbert's Island; I was not then quite satisfied with it; I have since retouched it, and will trouble you to read him the following, which I hope will give you pleasure:—

This island, guarded from profane approach  
By mountains high and waters widely spread,

<sup>1</sup> Oxf. W., p 547.

NOVEMBER 1811

Gave to St. Herbert a benign retreat,  
 Upon a staff supported, and his Brow  
 White with the peaceful diadem of age,  
 Hither he came—a self-secluded Man,  
 After long exercise in social cares  
 And offices humane, intent to adore  
 The Deity, with undistracted mind  
 And meditate on everlasting things.  
 Behold that shapeless Heap of stones and earth!  
 'Tis revered as a Vestige of the Abode  
 In which, through many seasons, from the world  
 Removed, and the affections of the world;  
 He dwelt in solitude. But he had left  
 A Fellow-labourer, whom the good Man loved  
 As his own soul. And when within his Cell  
 Alone he knelt before the crucifix

[*etc. as Oxf. W.*,<sup>1</sup> p. 551]

I ought to mention that the line

And things of holy use unhallowed lie<sup>2</sup>

is taken from the following of Daniel,

Straight all that holy was unhallowed lies<sup>3</sup>

I will take this occasion of recommending to you (if you happen to have Daniel's poems) to read the epistle addressed to the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, beginning

He that of such a height hath built his mind.

The whole poem is composed in a strain of meditative morality more dignified and affecting than anything of the kind I ever read. It is, besides, strikingly applicable to the revolutions of the present times.

My dear Lady Beaumont, your letter and the accounts it contains of the winter garden, gave me great pleasure. I cannot but think, that under your care, it will grow up into one of the most beautiful and interesting spots in England. We all here have a longing desire to see it. I have mentioned the high opinion we have of it to a couple of my friends, persons of taste

<sup>1</sup> The text of this poem was much altered in different editions.

<sup>2</sup> *Inscriptions*, iv. 18 (Oxf. W., p. 547).

<sup>3</sup> *Musophilus*, l. 289.

living in this country, who are determined, the first time they are called up to London, to turn aside to visit it; which I said they might without scruple do, if they mentioned my name to the gardener. My sister begs me to say, that she is aware how long she has been in your debt, and that she should have written before now, but that, as I have latterly been in frequent communication with Coleorton, she thought it as well to defer answering your letter.

Do you see *The Courier* newspaper at Dunmow? I ask on account of a little poem upon the comet, which I have read in it to-day. Though with several defects, and some feeble and constrained expressions, it has great merit, and is far superior to the run not merely of newspaper but of modern poetry in general. I half suspect it to be Coleridge's, for though it is, in parts, inferior to him, I know no other writer of the day who can do so well. It consists of five stanzas, in the measure of the *Fairy Queen*. It is to be found in last Saturday's paper, November 16<sup>th</sup>. If you don't see *The Courier*, we will transcribe it for you.<sup>1</sup>

As so much of this letter is taken up with my verses, I will e'en trespass still further on your indulgence, and conclude with a sonnet, which I wrote some time ago upon the poet, John Dyer. If you have not read *The Fleece*, I would strongly recommend it to you. The character of Dyer, as a patriot, a citizen, and a tender-hearted friend of humanity, was, in some respects, injurious to him as a poet, and has induced him to dwell, in his poem, upon processes which, however important in themselves, were unsusceptible of being poetically treated. Accordingly, his poem is, in several places, dry and heavy; but its beauties are innumerable, and of a high order. In point of *imagination*, and purity of style, I am not sure that he is not superior to any writer in verse since the time of Milton.

[*Here follows 'Bard of the Fleece' etc. as Oxf. W., p. 254.*]

In the above is one whole line from *The Fleece*, and two other expressions. When you read *The Fleece* you will recognise them. I remain, my dear Lady Beaumont, your sincere friend,

W. Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> The poem was not by Coleridge, *v.* his letter to Sir G. B. of Dec. 7, 1811 (*Letters of S. T. C.*, ed. by E. H. C. *ii.* 574).

MS. 441. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson  
K(—)

Grasmere December 27<sup>th</sup> [1811]

I found your letter on my return from Keswick, where I had been spending a week at Greta Hall and three days at Mr Calvert's. Of these visits I will speak after. I have told you how glad we were of your letter—*we all*—for your letters are a family concern, though the person to whom they are addressed on the outside has *generally* the first reading of them. For once I had shewed that I would profit by experience, and I had not been uneasy at your long silence, though very impatient under it. Your health has of late been so much more steady than formerly that I made myself easy on that score and I trusted that your unwillingness to set about writing after a long delay—or some interruptions in the middle of your letter—(as has many a time happened when I had made myself miserable about you) was the true cause, and that for once I gave some proof of advancing wisdom with advancing years. I was shocked to hear of Betsey's misbehaviour, for I thought her an innocent good Girl, though she certainly wanted the brains to make her a good Servant. I recollect when I was with you that you thought her too familiar with men servants who came about the house—probably some connection of that sort has been the cause of her dismissal—I hope it was nothing worse. In your state of health it is a serious evil to be obliged to change servants,—I heartily wish that you may have settled yourself in that respect for some time to come. I am exceedingly glad to hear that Mr Clarkson has begun to make his consequence felt in the Town of Bury. I have no doubt that he will be of great use to the Town—but that is not my reason for being glad; but because it will add to the happiness of his life to know that he is so; and because I believe any active employment not immediately connected with his own affairs is of all others the most salutary for him—yet I hope at the same time that he goes on with his writings. It always rejoices my heart to hear good news of your dear Father. Often do I think of his mild benevolent countenance and his chearful ways by his own fire-side; and that affectionate tenderness with which he used to greet his children after a few hour's absence.

I am sorry that your sister is not quite well. It is much to be lamented that with her excellent sense, and excellent dispositions she should not have more activity—I mean that she should not put more of life into her ordinary pursuits, and have a greater pleasure in reading. Pray give my kindest love to her. I hope I shall sometime see her again. I hope that she will attend Coleridge's lectures, yet I cannot wish that she should see him; for I have little doubt that he would open out his sore afflictions to her, which could only distress her, whether she believed them justly so called; or the delusions of his own self-deceiving heart. If you go to London, you will certainly see him, and the whole will be laid before you; and, for this reason, I do sincerely wish that you may not go thither; for I know so well the power of his presence that I should dread the effects upon your health. But perhaps, as I now trust he will, he may have triumphantly concluded his lectures; and in that case he will perhaps be too well satisfied with himself to delight in dwelling upon his supposed afflictions in the presence of one ready to rejoice with him in all good. As to the lectures themselves it is my opinion that it is a great pity that so many of his best thoughts, and of the thoughts of his Friends, should be thus loosely scattered abroad; but that, if he does go through it, [it] is well he *has* lectured, as he probably would have done nothing else; and, having completed one design, there is better ground to hope that he may hereafter complete others. He has promised to come down to Keswick immediately after the Lectures. I wish he may; but I do not think he *can* resolve to come, if he does not at the same time lay aside his displeasure against William. Surely this one act of his mind out-does all the rest.

William for the most benevolent purposes communicated to a friend a small part of what was known to the whole town of Penrith—sneered and laughed at there, to our great mortification—and we would have made any sacrifice to draw him away from Penrith. William communicated this to a Friend, who, in three days travelling with C., saw the whole with his own eyes; and William is therefore treacherous! ! ! He does not *deny* the truth of what William said, but William ought not to have said it; though in fact by so doing he believed that he was taking the

best means of preventing the spreading further, and to fresh persons, what it was so distressing to him to know. But why do I return to this subject? William bears all with calm dignity, neither justifying himself nor complaining of C. If you go to London, you will, I hope, see something of the Lambs. *Much* it is not possible to see of anybody in that wide city. Give my love to the Gowers—What is your Brother John about? My dear friend—you give us hopes of seeing Mr Clarkson next summer but you add that *you* cannot come and why not? Tom might spend his holidays in the North and he is old enough to return to Bury by himself if Mr C did not go with him, and he might stay at his Grandfather's till your return. Sara who is sitting beside me desires me to tell you that if you will come on horseback she will return with you and spend next winter at Bury—and we both agree that travelling on horseback by very easy day's journeys would be your best mode of travelling. Do consider on this proposal and if you approve propose it to Mr Clarkson and let us know what you both think about it. I am sure you could not ride so far in a day as Sara can, but I should think you might manage from 16 to 20 miles after the first day or two. When I described our house to you, it was in summer; and we had no fires in the parlours. In winter we find the whole house cold, and—woful to tell—our larger parlour smokes so much that we cannot light a fire there. Consequently we have no sitting-room but William's study, a *very* small parlour. To diminish the evil we have a constant fire in Sara's room where we are now sitting at 7 o'clock in the evening. John is reading his lesson to Sara. On looking through the window, I see the moonlit mountains covered with new-fallen snow. But, to return to the smoke. We have been obliged thus far to submit to the inconvenience, and must endure it yet some weeks longer, on account of the Parson's Tythe-corn, which is lodged in the Barn, and the Chimney cannot be cured till that is removed. The reasons why I need not tell. We hope however that it may be cured, indeed we have not a doubt of it, but there are other inconveniences attending our situation, which in summer we did not fully perceive. The field is a perfect Bog; and our landlord is so dilatory that we may wait yet another half-year before we

are clean and decent, even at our very doors. When I returned from Keswick I found our darling Dorothy at home. You will wonder when I tell you that I stayed at Keswick three days after her arrival; but in truth I was not wrong (for many reasons, and from many feelings which I need not describe, but which you may guess at) not to be at home at her very first coming. Poor thing! she was not less overjoyed than I was at our meeting. I thought her quite beautiful for the first half hour—but when the flushing of her cheeks from pleasure was passed away I perceived that she looked very ill. She had a sore throat, a large blister applied to her throat just before she left school. Her complexion is not good; but this must be partly owing to her recent illness; but she has a fine animated countenance; which I hope will be at all times interesting some years hence. At present it is sometimes sullied by wayward and cross humours.

These though not unfrequent are transient and she has neither malice nor falsehood about her; and is remarkably tender-hearted and affectionate, and very lively. She reads very tolerably—spells well—writes decently and sews as well as one could expect. In short we have no reason to be dissatisfied with her progress. She is to return to school for one half year, and at her coming home we hope that we shall be able to pay such regular attention to her that she may regularly advance in learning and become a useful Girl in the Family. Sara teaches school every morning, and her Mother or I in the afternoon and again in the evening. John has begun to improve rapidly of late; but till within these last few weeks his progress has been inconceivably slow. His holidays and Tom's will be over in ten days. Tom is not learned but he is quick enough and a most innocent and affectionate and amusing child—Everybody loves him. Your God-daughter is almost as broad as she is long, yet she is tall for her age. We think her being so fat is owing to her being less active than other children of her age. I am sorry to tell you that her lameness is not much better, if at all—yet strangers hardly perceive it. She is uncommonly good-tempered and would be very entertaining if she could talk. She articulates very well and this is a comfort, otherwise one might have attributed her



backwardness to some injury caused by her illness. Willy can talk almost as well as she can. He is a fine rough lad and his Mother and I think him very bonny, but Aunt Sara is of a different opinion. You must come and judge between us. We had the finest Christmas day ever remembered, a cloudless sky and glittering Lake; the tops of the higher mountains covered with snow. The day was kept as usual with roast beef and plumb pudding, and I instead of going to Church had a pleasant walk with William in the morning. In the evening William and Mary walked by moonlight, and I played cards with the children, a treat which is to be repeated on New Year's day.

Dorothy is now reading her lesson—I wish you could have seen the animated countenance with which this instant she looked up at me when she came to something in her book which amused her. Poor Charles Lloyd has been dreadfully nervous since the melancholy events in his Family—James Lloyd is still very ill and not considered out of danger. Mrs. Lloyd is with child again. No doubt you have heard that my Br. Christ<sup>r</sup>. has got another living—600 per annum—Poor Mrs Wilkinson! I am very sorry for her. I could have been sure they were going on badly as we had not heard from them for many months though we have written more than once. W. has not sent the promised coloured prints nor my set nor Mary's views in the North. Pray when you see Mrs W remember me kindly to her. I had almost forgotten my visit to Keswick—I had been much and long and often pressed to go with Tom, and then a charge that I would let them know beforehand, and after all I went without a moment's notice. It was a sudden fancy of William's, so I consented knowing that they had beds at liberty and no company. As usual I was reproached by Mrs C though the house is no longer hers. So much of the evil—Of the good I must say that Sara is a sweet girl—very clever—her theatrical or conceited manners have left her. Her mother is an excellent teacher *by Books*, for Sara is an admirable scholar for her age. She is also very fond of reading for her amusement—devouring her Book—yet she is childlike and playful with children. Give my love to Tom. I am glad that he goes on well at school. Tell him that Hartley is grown a stout Boy; though no doubt far short of him.

DECEMBER 1811

The Luffs are determined to go to the Mauritius. They stayed two days with us lately. Poor creatures I am very sorry for them—for him especially—because it is plain that he goes with a sad heart. I hope they have written to you—they seemed to blame themselves much for not having written before. Dear Sara is well in general sometimes she feels the pain in her side for a short time. She is grown quite fat. Oh that you could come next summer. We have now comparatively so much leisure. I am very strong—lately I walked 20 miles after 12 o'clock without fatigue and I have day after day walked 10–12 and between whiles 15 or 16. I am as strong as when I was twenty and far stronger than 5 or 6 years ago. The fiddlers are in the kitchen and D is dancing—I must go and join in the dance. Sara wrote you a few lines in a frank lately. She hopes the letter would not be sent after you as it was not worth postage.

God bless you my dearest friend. All join in tenderest love to you.

Yours evermore

D. W.

William is at work with his great poem and is arranging anew his published ones.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, at John Clarkson's, Purfleet, near London.

*MS.*

*442. D. W. to R. W.*

Kendal February 2<sup>nd</sup> 1812

My dear Brother,

I write to inform you that William drew upon you on the 30<sup>th</sup> or 31<sup>st</sup> Janry for 50£ in favour of J G Crump Esq<sup>r</sup>—and I shall draw on you in the course of a day or two for fifty pounds also in favour of Mr Thomas Cookson; both these Drafts, at one month after date.

William proposes going to London about the middle of April. I hope he will find you there—I was very sorry to give up my visit to Sockbridge at the end of last summer, but I trust I shall be more fortunate this summer, but as Mary is going into Wales

FEBRUARY 1812

in the Spring and will not return till the middle of summer—therefore I shall not be able to leave home till she returns.

I am at present at Kendal where I shall remain a few days longer.

I remain, dear Richard,  
Your affectionate Sister  
D Wordsworth

*Address:* Richard Wordsworth Esq<sup>re</sup>, Staple Inn, London.

K

*443. W. W. to Lord Lonsdale*

Grasmere, Feb. 6, 1812.

... I need scarcely say that literature has been the pursuit of my life; a life-pursuit, chosen (as I believe are those of most men distinguished by any particular features of character) partly from passionate liking, and partly from calculations of the judgment; and in some small degree from circumstances in which my youth was placed, that threw great difficulties in the way of my adopting that profession to which I was most inclined, and for which I was perhaps best qualified. I long hoped, depending upon my moderate desires, that the profits of my literary labours, added to the little which I possessed, would have answered all the rational wants of myself and my family. But in this I have been disappointed, and for these causes: firstly, the unexpected pressure of the times, falling most heavily upon men who have no regular means of increasing their income in proportion; secondly, I had erroneously calculated upon the degree in which my writings were likely to suit the taste of the times; and lastly, much the most important part of my efforts cannot meet the public eye for many years, from the comprehensiveness of the subject. I may also add (but it is scarcely worth while) a fourth reason, viz.: an utter inability on my part to associate with any class or body of literary men, and thus subject myself to the necessity of sacrificing my own judgment, and of lending even indirectly countenance or support to principles,—either of taste, politics, morals, or religion—which I disapprove; and your lordship is not ignorant that, except writers

engaged in mere drudgery, there are scarcely any authors, but those associated in this manner, who find literature, at this day, an employment attended with pecuniary gain.

The statement of these facts has been made, as your lordship will probably have anticipated, in order that if any office should be at your disposal (the duties of which would not call so largely upon my exertions as to prevent me from giving a considerable portion of time to study), it might be in your lordship's power to place me in a situation where, with better hope of success, I might advance towards the main object of my life, I mean the completion of my literary undertakings; and thereby contribute to the innocent gratification, and perhaps the solid benefit of many of my countrymen.

I have been emboldened to make this statement from a remembrance that my family has for several generations been honoured by the regard of that of your lordship, and that, in particular, my father and grandfather did, conscientiously I believe, discharge such trusts as were reposed in them from that connection.

MS. 444. W. W. to Francis Wrangham<sup>1</sup>

K(—)

[Early Spring 1812?]

Dear Wrangham,

You are very good in sending one Letter after another to inquire after a person so undeserving of attentions of this kind as myself.—Dr. Johnson I think observes, or rather is made to observe by some of his Biographers that no man delights to *give* what he is accustomed to *sell*. 'For example, you, Mr. Thrale, would rather part with anything in this way than your Porter.' Now, though I have never been much of a salesman in matters of literature, (the whole of my returns, (I do not say nett profits

<sup>1</sup> This undated letter must have been written before June, 1812, when Catherine W. died, for he speaks of his *five* children. On the other hand, it cannot have been written before 1812, for the poem of Wrangham referred to must be either *The Sufferings of the Primitive Martyrs* or *The Destruction of Babylon*, both of which (Seaton Prize Poems won by Wrangham in 1811 and 1812) were published in 1812.

but returns) from the worthy trade not amounting to 7 score pounds) yet some how or other I manufacture a letter and part with it as reluctantly as if it were really a thing of price. But to drop the comparison, I have so much to do with writing in the way of labour or profession, that it is difficult to me to conceive how any body can take up a pen but from constraint. My writing desk is to me a place of punishment, and as my penmanship sufficiently testifies, I always bend over it with some degree of impatience. All this is said that you may know the real cause of my silence, and not ascribe it in any degree to slight or forgetfulness on my part, or an insensibility to your worth and the value of your friendship.—You did well and kindly in giving me a particular account of your family, and your present domestic engagements. It pleases me much to hear that you are so happy. I have also abundant reason to be thankful. My Children amount to five—all affectionate good tempered, and I hope free from vice. As to their intellectual Powers they are none of them remarkable except the eldest, who is lamentably slow: This is to me a mortification as I promised myself much pleasure in rubbing up my Greek with him, and renewing my acquaintance with Nepos and Ovid etc. He is in other respects a very fine boy; and I think will make a sensible man, but he has<sup>1</sup> no quickness of mind.—I have three Boys and two Girls.—

As to my occupations they look little at the present age—but I live in hope of leaving some thing behind me, that by some minds will be valued.

I see no new books except by the merest accident; of course, your Poem which I should have been pleased to read has not found its way to me. You inquire after old Books. You might almost as well have asked for my teeth as for any of mine. The only *modern* Books that I read are those of travels, or such as relate to matters of fact; and the only modern books that I care for; but as to old ones, I am like yourself; scarcely any thing comes amiss to me. The little money I have to spare the very little, I may say, all goes that way.—If however in the *line of your profession* you want any bulky old Commentaries on the Scriptures, (such as not twelve strong men of these degenerate

<sup>1</sup> *written is*

EARLY SPRING 1812

days will venture I do not say to *read* but to *lift*) I can perhaps as a special favour, accommodate you.

I and mine will be happy to see you and yours here or any where, but I am sorry the time you talk [of] is so distant; a year and a half is a long time looking forwards, though looking back ten times as much is brief as a dream.—My writing is wholly illegible at least I fear so. I had better therefore release you Believe me my dear Wrangham your affectionate Friend

W. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Rev<sup>d</sup> Francis Wrangham, Hunmanby, near Bridlington, Yorkshire.

*MS.*

445. *D. W. to W. W.*<sup>1</sup>

Thursday 23<sup>d</sup> April 1812

As this letter contains little more than information, to you now useless, I should not think it worth sending, but as it is written so plain I can write across, and perhaps it may save you the trouble of enquiring after the writer. Sara and John went to Ambleside this morning not without some hope of finding a letter from you or Mary from Chester, but our expectations were not great; therefore we were not much disappointed, and we conclude that no news is good news. But dearest William I am anxious about your disorder in your Bowels, and I shall look for a letter from Binfield on Friday night. I went to meet John, and we came home on the western side of the two Lakes. You will judge from this that the Servants are better. In fact even Fanny is still very weak; but with her mother's help, who milks the cows and with mine in making the beds etc, she is able to do many things, and I can now attend to John's lessons and have time to sit to my work or read a little, but sewing has prevented my reading myself, but Sara<sup>2</sup> often reads aloud. You can have no notion how very ill Sarah and Fanny have been; but I think they will soon recover fast, as I every day perceive them to be stronger. Sarah comes down stairs by the help of a stick and

<sup>1</sup> Written across a letter of De Quincey's to W. W., which D. W. is forwarding to London

<sup>2</sup> Sara = S H., Sarah = the daughter of Jonathan and Betty Yewdale of Hackett.

leaning upon me. Old Granny is gone home, and we do not expect to see Betty again till the end of the week, but we have no want of further help. It was spread about in the Country that we have a Fever, Mrs King heard it was the Typhus Fever, and durst not even send to inquire after us. The new schoolmaster began last Monday and we sent John on Monday and Tuesday, but yesterday morning he came with John Green to request that we would keep him at home for two or three weeks, as people were afraid to send their children—he being there. This is a great pity, but of course we must quietly submit. Sara saw the schoolmaster and J. Green, and told them that the disorder was not infectious in the same manner as a fever,—this for our own justification in having suffered him to go to school.—We can get nobody to the garden but Aggy Black, who will come on Saturday to set potatoes. The field is not yet done, nor the walls built. It is a dismal spring thus far. Here, there is not the least appearance of greenness except on the gooseberry Bushes—even the Kings' Larches<sup>1</sup> only shew a faint yellowish haze that just thickens the twigs. The drought is terrible—cold winds hot sunshine and frosty nights. Sara has had a letter from the Luffs—they are still detained in the Isle of Wight and may be so, they do not know how much longer, for the E. India ships with which they were to have gone have sailed, and they must wait for another Convoy. Mrs Luff says that the hedges are green in the Isle of Wight, and pease and Beans in great forwardness in the gardens. It is next to a miracle to us, for every thing looks as if it were dead. The Mountains have lost all the variety which they had in Winter—They are of one cold yellowish colour, with never a cloud to rest upon them. John is certainly much quicker in reading than he was. He has read very hard and taken up the Book frequently himself—this with the hope of getting into his new history of England when he has finished Robinson Crusoe. Sara grows thinner—I am very well and surely wonderfully strong after what I have had to go through to be no worse for it. The

<sup>1</sup> The Kings lived at the Hollens on the east side of Grasmere. W. W. had a strong antipathy to the ugly larch plantations which Mr. King had started. *v. De Quincey* (ed. Masson), ii. 429.

Children are in high health and spirits and Catharine speaks up like Mary Keane when she says her lessons, which she does regularly to her Aunt Sara—Willy's face is clear and beautiful—you know he was all covered with scabs when you left home. He continues to be 'Aunty Lad' and [?]. I have not yet seen Mrs Crump; but the Girls have been here—they are enraptured with little Tom—poor Fellow I miss him even more than Dorothy, and I am sure I shall be far more anxious about him if Mary leaves him in Wales. His Merry Andrew hat hangs up for us to look at, and it shall not leave the house till he comes home again. We long to hear from you—your first letter cannot tell us anything of the affair with Coleridge, except you stop at Binfield and in that case you will not write till you have been a few days in Town. Then I hope it will be over. You owe it to yourself to lose not a moment's time. As to Mrs M<sup>1</sup> the more I think of her the more I despise her, and I hope you will not be shy of telling her your mind respecting her conduct between Coleridge and you. Are you likely to see Austin<sup>2</sup>—what does Sir George think of his pictures? I hope you will see them. Tell us this and every thing. How is poor Miss Lamb? I hope you will see Henry Robinson ere long. Remember me to him. He lodges at a Mr. Colher's some where in Hatton Garden. Do write as long letters as ever you can. I feel what a comfort they will be, now that I have leisure to think of you. At first whenever the thought of you or Mary came across my mind, I always rejoiced that you were away from our bustle and anxiety, for we had a good deal of *anxiety*, the Lasses were so very ill. Sara has had a letter from Miss Dowling—she is delighted with the expectation of seeing you. She likes Lord and Lady Galway very much. We have had no papers since Saturday—I daresay Mrs Coleridge will not send us them more than twice in the week. Mr Scambler reports of terrible riots. It is my opinion that Mr Whitbread<sup>3</sup> and a few others deserve hanging. Mary Dawson

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Mrs. Montagu.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Samuel Austin, Liverpool (d. 1834), painter of water-colour landscapes, especially successful with coast scenes.

<sup>3</sup> Samuel Whitbread (1758–1815), a staunch Whig and prominent advocate of Liberal opinions in the H. of C. He was a consistent advocate of peace at any price. Hence, probably, D.'s truculence.



APRIL 1812

has been very kind to us in taking the Children, but she is very poorly, and being so could not amuse them so well as the society they found at the carriers, therefore she could hardly keep them within the garden gate. Jane Dockray is to have a sale on Monday of her household goods. She called to 'settle this business of the stealing before her departure from Grasmere'—but poor Soul! she would not tell us whither she was going. We have not yet been sufficiently settled to read any thing but Novels. Adeline Mowbray<sup>1</sup> made us quite sick before we got to the end of it. Pray give my kindest remembrances to Sir G. and Lady B, and to Mrs Fermor if she be in London. Do not fail to go and see Mr Twinng.<sup>2</sup> I wonder if our Brother Richard is in Town. Tell us all about Johnny and remember us most kindly to him. Our new Master reads prayers to the Boys every night—John says he does not read so well as Mr Johnson; but about like Mr[s ?] which Mr[S ?] Sara reports to be the worst Reader in the world.—This is a letter of scraps and bits—I am not settled enough to feel as if I were conversing with you or to write a letter expressive of either thought or feeling. John is just come up to say his lesson to me, he has been new roofing his house, he looks uncommonly well. God bless thee my dearest best Brother, thine evermore

D. Wordsworth.

Tell me if I must direct to Mr. Lambe.<sup>3</sup> I do not like to do it till you have seen him.

*Address:* William Wordsworth Esq<sup>r</sup>°, at Sir George Beaumont's Bart., Grosvenor Square, London.

*MS. 446. D. W. to W. W. and M. W.*

Monday May 3<sup>rd</sup> [1812]

We went to Ambleside last Night where, my dearest William, we found your short letter, with a long one from the Luffs. We read yours hastily over at Mrs. Ross's and brought Luff's to

<sup>1</sup> *Adeline Mowbray, or Mother and Daughter* by Amelia Opie, 1804; a 'problem' novel based on incidents in the life of Mary Wollstonecraft.

<sup>2</sup> Twinning. *the word may possibly be Quincey, but D. W. always writes de Quincey.*

<sup>3</sup> *v. Letter 249.*

read by the fire-side, which we will enclose in a Frank by the next post, for they are interesting letters and upon the whole written in better spirits. Luff says that expences have been so great that he fears he shall want the whole of the 100£. Of course you will settle this with Mr Woodruffe. On Friday evening we sent John to Ambleside and he brought us a letter from Mary M. with a chearful postscript from Mary. Sara has written this morning to Joanna, and I had intended writing to Mary on Wednesday or Thursday; but on second thoughts it seems better to save postage, and after you have read this you may forward it to her in a Frank. My dearest Friends it was three weeks yesterday since you left us, and we are only now beginning to feel ourselves settled; but we are now thoroughly comfortable. Aggy Black has nearly finished the garden. She has worked for us 7 days. Of course this must be taken from Sarah's wages. As to poor Sarah I am afraid she will not be fit to [? shew] her place for a long time,—perhaps not this summer but the next time we see her we shall be better able to judge. We were at Hacket on Wednesday, and she was then, though considerably amended in her health, so weak as to be unable to walk across the Floor by the help of a stick, without leaning upon her Mother also; yet the last words she said to me were 'You may be sure I will come back again as soon as ever I can'.—Whitsuntide will be here in a fortnight; and if she gives up her place for the half-year it will be best to look out for a Girl who can milk, and will be willing to be under Fanny; and if one very likely should offer we will hire her; but if not, perhaps Sarah may be strong enough before your return, or before hay-time; and at present we can do very well. Fanny though not yet strong, with her Mother's help can do the work with ease—and she is very chearful and happy in her Mother's company; and I find that the old Woman is of very little use at [ ? ] so that it is an advantage to her to be here. In fact she is not of much use here for the work she does except attending the cows; but unless I got up to follow the Children and assist in the mornings Fanny could not do without her or somebody else.—Thank God we are all well. On Thursday Friday and Saturday Fanny and Aggy Black were employed in cleaning the house, and we had the gt

parlour coloured by the Ambleside painter, who was to do it for nothing. We have had the furniture scowered and oiled (this dearest Mary is for you, but I do not find it easy, in my random way of telling you all things, to separate into different compartments the different species of intelligence). We expected Mrs Coleridge to have come yesterday but she writes that her Sister Martha and Mr Dawe, the painter who did Coleridge's picture, promised to be here this week, and as they have not contradicted it she expects them and cannot leave home. I hope that Sara will get off her Stockton journey, but Mrs Coleridge insists on the performance of her promise of visiting Keswick, and she *must* go to Kendal, and these two visits will take up five weeks. During that time I shall have the grate set up in William's Study and the passages &c coloured. We have hung the drawings in this room and both the room and the drawings look much better for it. The two pictures are below stairs.—There is hardly the least shew of greenness upon the earliest pastures of the Vale and we have endless plague with sheep, though all the Fences are mended. There is nothing green but the gooseberry trees—and the Larches—and these last are only green-*ish*.

Catherine is very good and tractable—She never cries. Except today she has never had a real cry since you left us, and today I hurt her very much with washing a sore ear with soap and water—as to Willy he continues the practice of roaring when all things do not go to his mind, but the transitions in his temper are so exquisitely entertaining that except when one is perplexed and busy about something else there is almost as much entertainment as discomfort from his vagaries; the sight of 'My dear [ ? ] Aunt [ ? ]', is sufficient at any time to check the torrent of his most tumultuous distresses. When I began this letter he was sitting upon my knee,—and he says 'Where Pudder?' I suppose he thought I was writing to you—he then turned to fondle me—'Oh Aunty I lub Aunty'. They both look very well. The Coleridges and Algernon were here yesterday and John and A had a happy day of play and reading; for Algernon<sup>1</sup> is very good in reading to John. Poor Derwent had no inclination for Play, and I dare say he would have been

<sup>1</sup> Algernon Montagu.

very much tired if he had had to *walk* back to Clappergate last night; but he rode most of the way on the pony. He made no complaints, but his eyes looked very ill—In short he had the appearance of a person who had been drunk over-night. John seems to like the new school very well; at least, inasmuch as he does not like it so well as Mr Johnson's it appears to me to be so *much* better. He began to get off his Grammar on Saturday, and got his task quickly and well. He is reading a Story Book of Algernon's at home and you would be surprized to hear how well he reads it; yet when he is reading a Book that does not interest him he seems to read just as ill as ever.

I have seen the schoolmaster only twice; but we intend to ask him to tea when we have Mrs King and the Crumps. The last time I saw him he told me that John did very well and I believe he takes a great deal of pains while he is in School; but I must say he appears to us very slow in comprehending what he *reads* in the Grammar. Today we proposed to him to take his History of England to School; but he blushed and said he could not read well enough—I tried him and find he can; but he says 'Nay the Master turns them back if they cannot say well!' I shall therefore go myself today or tomorrow and if he is a much worse Reader than the History of England Class he had best read it a while by himself—for if he were frequently turned back from the Class it might dishearten him very much, and I am sure he will, from the fear of being turned back, take pains by himself. He says that the Master told him he had got his task off very well. I have written to Mrs Wilson. The suit of Cloaths is not yet arrived. Charles [? Stuart] was here yesterday—he is going to sell his furniture—Fanny who is working with Aggy Black in the Court calls out that she hears the Cuckow—poor thing! I wonder what it thinks of our leafless trees—there is not yet a green hawthorn;—nor a Birch tree with buds visible at 3 yards' distance. We have packed up three Boxes of Coleridge's German Books, and sent him a parcel by coach—You may judge that we had a busy day last Sunday but one in looking over all the German Books, to find out those that were to be sent by coach—and another parcel to be sent to Keswick for Southey. All this we did on the Sunday and packed two chests, and on Friday we

packed the third Chest, and Tom Wilson, who was here to put down the carpet, nailed and corded them, and yesterday a Cart which had brought us coals, carried them off. (We have, by the Bye, been obliged to have coals from Keswick—there being none in Kendal.) Coleridge wrote to Mrs C specifying the Books to be sent immediately by the Coach, which he wanted for his present labours—and the next post he wrote again to beg that William would let him have the conclusion of the Essays on Epitaphs; and if he were willing they were to be sent with the other Books by the Coach. Mrs C says he is going to finish the unfinished parts of the Friend. She adds ‘perhaps as your Brother is not at home you will not like to send the Essays; but Southey thinks there can be no harm in sending them to Keswick and he will frank them to your Brother, and your Brother may then Do as he pleases.’

To this I replied, ‘that, even if I could have ventured to send the Essays off without your orders, I could not venture to send them to *Coleridge* (he being so careless about MSS.) till we had another Copy transcribed, and I desired Mrs C to tell him that you were in London, and he might ask you for them himself, and we would, in the mean time have a fair copy written out, ready to be sent at a moment’s warning, in case we received further orders—but I told Mrs C that I should not inform you that Coleridge had applied for them, because I thought it fit that he should have the trouble of asking for them himself if he wished to have them. Above a week is now elapsed and he has had time enough to ask you, and you are now at liberty to make what use you please of this information, and I shall tell Mrs C. that I have now informed you. Southey in reply sent me word that he thought I might have ventured to send the Essays through him to you;—and to this I answered again that you had no person in London to transcribe them for you. I wrote some Memorandums respecting the Books and wrapped the Books in it which we sent to Coleridge—and I therein told him that you were in London therefore he had an opportunity of asking you himself; but that even if I could venture to send off the MS. without your orders I could not do it till another Transcript had been made; which we should do immediately, and have it ready to be sent off at a moment’s warning.

Mrs Clarkson tells us, in a letter received last week, that he had told her by letter, that his engagements would bring him in 800£ per Annum, out of which he should allow Mrs C. 200£ in addition to what she now has. Besides this he meant to give 2 or 3 courses of Lectures annually, the money arising from which he should keep saved for Hartley and Derwent.

The *Friend* is to be published Quarterly—I suppose as a *part* of the Quarterly publication!!—a pretty Romance truly! And what do you think is the Reason he has assigned for the sudden stoppage of the *Friend*?—He told the Editor of the Eclectic Review that he could not get another sheet of stamped paper, not having money to pay for it—and *we* know that there were loads of stamped paper beforehand.

These things are only worth noticing as additional proof that he cannot speak truth. The extract from his letter, written since his return to London, I shall transcribe for Mary at the end of this. ‘At *Keswick*, forsooth! he satisfied himself that no possibility remained of his being deluded.’—At *Keswick* where the weightiest of his charges was flatly contradicted!—at *Keswick* where nothing *was* done, nothing *could be* done to increase the offence—whence the insult of total neglect was heaped upon us and received without murmuring. This only proves what we have long been sure of that he is glad of a pretext to break with us, and to furnish himself with a ready excuse for all his failures in duty to himself and others.—

Mr Wedgewood is the properest person to be present at your Meeting—At all events, I hope you have had one or more steady respectable persons, for he ought to be put to confusion after speaking of you as he has done—You were his ‘vilest calumniator’, when you only told a common Friend of some part of his failings, in order to prevent his putting himself into a situation through which he would expose them all, in a tenfold greater degree.—We long for your letter dearest William—I fear this business will harrass you very much, in addition to the first flutter of London—pray tell us all particulars—Consider how much we need your letters.—Thank God Mary is well, and I trust as her appetite is good she will fatten and strengthen.—If Tom does not take to his Book in Wales I think he had much

better come home with Mary, unless the effect of Change of air upon his constitution is *very evidently* beneficial.

Mary must not think of touring on horseback—far better take the *Gig* and walk bits where the *Gig* cannot travel.

No news from France—nor any letters but that have been mentioned to you. I shall be soon obliged to draw upon Richard to pay the Flour Bill—Flour and potatoes are very dear. This week James Fleming is going to plough for potatoes for us in the Low Kirk Field—and next Week we are going to have our 7 week's wash—we must hire both Aggy Black and Aggy Ashburner—and Sarah, of course must pay for one of these out of her  $\frac{1}{2}$  year's wages. Poor Lass! I hope she will be better when we next see her—It is very well she is at home, because her mind would have been uneasy at giving trouble and not being able to work.

The cows do not give so much milk as they did but very well considering. We expect to sell butter this week. It is 14d. per lb. As we have plenty of hay it is very well we kept the great cow, as things have turned out. We have already got a guinea's worth of Butter from her—besides the calf—a guinea—and about 4/- new milk at Mr Crump's besides all the blue milk which we have sold.

We have not yet got a pig. The Drive is too dry to be rolled—and besides, Mr King is not yet ready—The place never looked so neat as it does now, but it is far from being what it ought to be. We have only read light books yet. We are going to read the *History of the Brazils*<sup>1</sup>—I am reading the *Cid*. God bless you both for ever my dearest Friends—let us hear often and as long letters as possible. Below I transcribe the Copy which William sent us of a part of one of Coleridge's letters to some person<sup>2</sup> in London written since his return from Keswick. After stating many of his vexations—William says that he goes on to say 'And the consummation of all I had scarcely arrived in London last Octobr 12 month before the Conviction was forced upon me,

<sup>1</sup> The first vol. of Southey's *History of Brazil* was published in 1810, his *Chronicle of the Cid* in 1808

<sup>2</sup> The letter was written to Richard Sharp on April 24. Sharp must have shown it to W. on its receipt, as soon as W. reached London.

say rather pierced through my very soul with the suddenness of a flash of lightening that he had become my bitterest calumniator who to that very moment I had cherished in my heart's heart. The benumbing despondency alleviated by no gleam of hope and only alternating with fits of (truly may I call it) mental agony I even now dare scarcely look back on. But in the last worst affliction the cure was included. I gradually obtained a conquest over my own feelings and now dare call myself a Freeman, which I did not dare to do till I had been at Keswick and satisfied myself that no possibility remained of my being deluded. The effect of this conquest on my own health on my mind and on my very outward appearance have been such that the amiable Family under whose roof I have been sheltered since Octr. 1810 declare that till now they have never seen me as myself.'

*Address:* Wm. Wordsworth Esq<sup>re</sup>, Sir G. Beaumont's Bart,  
Grosvenor Square.

K 447. *W. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Grosvenor Square, Tuesday, May 6<sup>th</sup> [1812]

My dear Friend,

... I came to Town with a *determination* to confront Coleridge and Montagu upon this vile business. But Coleridge is most averse to it; and from the difficulty of procuring a fit person to act as referee in such a case, and from the hostility which M. and C. feel towards each other, I have yielded to C.'s wish, being persuaded that much more harm than good would accrue from the interview. I have not seen C., nor written to him. Lamb has been the medium of communication between us. C. intimated to me by a letter addressed to Lamb that he would transmit to me a statement, begun some time ago, in order to be sent to Miss Hutchinson, but discontinued on account of his having heard that she had 'already *decided* against him.' A very delicate proposal! Upon this I told Lamb that I should feel somewhat degraded by consenting to read a paper, begun with such an intention and discontinued upon such a consideration. Why talk about '*deciding*' in the case? Why, if in this decision she had judged amiss, not send the paper to rectify her error? or



why draw out a paper at all whose object it was to win from the sister of my wife an opinion in his favour, and therefore to my prejudice, upon a charge of *injuries*, grievous injuries, done by me to him; before he had openly preferred his complaint to myself, the supposed author of these injuries? All this is unmanly, to say the least of it.

Upon coming home yesterday I found, however, a letter from him, a long one, written apparently and sent before he could learn my mind from Lamb upon this proposal. The letter I have not opened; but I have just written to Lamb that if Coleridge will assure me that this letter contains nothing but a naked statement of what he believes Montagu said to him, I will read it and transmit it to Montagu, to see how their reports accord. And I will then give my own, stating what I believe myself to have said, under what circumstances I spoke, with what motive, and in what spirit. And there, I believe, the matter must end; only I shall admonish Coleridge to be more careful how he makes written and public mention of injuries done by me to him.

There is some dreadful foul play, and there are most atrocious falsehoods, in this business; the bottom of which, I believe, I shall never find, nor do I much care about it. All I want is to bring the parties for once to a naked and deliberate statement upon the subject, in order that documents may exist, to be referred to as the best authority which the case will admit. . . .

*MS.*

448. *D. W. to W. W.*

May 17<sup>th</sup> [1812]

My dearest William,

I have not time for particulars as you will see by what I am going to tell you, but I *must* write by this post, being quite unhappy at the miscarriage of my letters. I know then that I have written five letters to you, all of which but the last ought to have been received when you wrote. The first you *did* receive, the second was written upon one from the French Prisoner at Oswestry, telling you that he had no present want of money having received a supply—that he wished much that by applying to the Transport office you could assist him in obtaining his

release but seemed to have little hope; and requested to hear again, telling him your address—where he might *always* find you, and saying you might write in English. This to the best of my remembrance is the sum of what he said. The third<sup>1</sup> was written on Mr de Quincey's. the fourth<sup>2</sup> sent under cover to Sharpe was a very long one, to be sent after you had read it under cover to Mary, the fifth was also a very long one sent with the same address and with the same design—so that she will be as much at a loss as you. Never was any thing so unaccountable or so mortifying. It is in vain for me to try to repeat what I then said. The last letters ( and I believe *all* of them) were sent from Ambleside. Sara has been at Keswick since last Thursday but one—all this I have told you before. I expected her yesterday—and sent the pony by Anne Dixon who is going to live at Southey's; and this afternoon I have received a letter from her saying that she Mrs Coleridge and Edith are all coming this afternoon—the Girls by the Coach—I suppose to stay about 10 days. This hurries me much—for I must write to Mary also—for she will be uneasy—I did not get yours till this morning—how happy am I that your mind is going to be settled about Coleridge— You have in every part of the arrangement acted wisely and becomingly—and I hope that such intercourse will henceforth take place between you as will be salutary to both parties. When you see him give my Love to him. I suppose he will now receive it, though he has indeed acted to us all, (and Sara and I could not possibly have offended him) as if he intended to insult us. I am sure he does not know the depth of the affection I have had for him. We are all well—except that I have the remains of a very bad cold, and William of a slight one—Catharine's lameness certainly mends; and she is never fretted or unhappy or out of spirits. In my last (which I fain would hope you will receive) I told you all particulars about John and expressed my belief that another school, or rather another manner of life must be tried for him. Sara, Mrs C, and all are come—and I have no time to write more— For God's sake write as often as you can—and I will write again at leisure—this week—but till I have tidings of a *sure* way of sending

<sup>1</sup> i.e. No. 445.<sup>2</sup> i.e. No. 446.

MAY 1812

letters under cover you must be at the expence of postage—  
What *can* be the cause of the Failure? I told you every thing in  
my two last.

Kindest Love to the Beaumonts

God bless thee my dearest William thine ever more

D. W.

My kindest Love to Sir G and L. B.

*Address:* Wm. Wordsworth Esq<sup>re</sup>, at Sir G. Beaumont's Bart.,  
Grosvenor Square, London.

*MS.*            449. *W. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

*K(—)*

Thursday June 4<sup>th</sup> [1812<sup>1</sup>]

Grosvenor Square

My dear Friend,

Excuse this Note; it is the only sort of paper I have upon my  
Table, and if I go down stairs in search of larger I may be  
detained, and miss the opportunity of this day's post, the morn-  
ing being already far advanced. Let me tell you then at once  
which I do with great joy, that on Monday I depart for Bocking  
with Chris<sup>r</sup> meaning on the Saturday or Sunday following at  
latest to be with you at Bury. — I should have written to  
thank you for your last much sooner, but I wished to let you  
know that this interesting point was settled.

I saw Mr Clarkson for two minutes yesterday; having unfor-  
tunately found him at dinner; it was not then fixed when I  
should take my departure. Mr C. was looking uncommonly well.  
I shall let him know by twopenny Post tomorrow when I depart  
for Bocking.—As to public affairs, they are most alarming. The  
different parties cannot agree; the ——<sup>2</sup> seems neither respected  
nor beloved; and the lower orders have been for upwards of  
thirty years accumulating in pestilential masses of ignorant  
population; the effects now begin to show themselves, and  
unthinking people cry out that the national character has been  
changed all at once, in fact the change has been silently going on  
ever since the time we were born; the disease has been growing,  
and now breaks out in all its danger and deformity.

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R. May 15, 1812, *v. C.R.*, p. 69.

<sup>2</sup> So MS.

JUNE 1812

—As to the ministry ; there is no likelihood at present that the old opposition will come in. An administration, weak in parliament, but strong enough to keep things going in a languid and interrupted course, will be formed of Wellesley, Canning, Moira, and the remains of the Perceval administration ; at least such I think will be the issue ; but how long this composition will keep together it is impossible to foresee. — I shall have much to say to you upon these things, and the general state of the Country.

I hear often from Wales and from Grasmere and nothing but well. This week is employed by Mary and Joanna and T. H. in a Tour in South Wales, chiefly upon the Wye. I however had a Letter from [?] dated Hereford and put into the office last Monday evening the day their Tour began.—I shall tell you all that has passed between Coleridge and me. Upon the whole he appears more comfortable and seems to manage himself much better than when he was at Grasmere. I have seen him several times, but not much alone ; one morning we had, however, a pleasant walk to Hampstead together—I shall [? not] advert in the hearing of anybody to what you communicated in your last concerning him.

He certainly would not wish to wound you ; he is sensible that he has used you ill, and fears, and dislikes to encounter disagreeable sensations, a dislike which augments in proportion as it is his duty to face them ; these are the regulators and governors of his actions to a degree that is pitiable and deplorable—Believe me with an earnest desire to see you

Your most affectionate Friend

W. Wordsworth

I will give you a Line from Bocking.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds.

*MS.*            450. *D. W. to Thomas De Quincey*

*K(—)*

[June 5 1812.]

My dear Friend,

I am grieved to the heart when I write to you—but you must bear the sad tidings. Our sweet little Catharine was seized with convulsions on Wednesday night at  $\frac{1}{4}$  before ten or  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 9

JUNE 1812

o'clock. The fits continued till  $\frac{1}{4}$  after 5 in the morning, when she breathed her last. She had been in perfect health, and looked unusually well—her leg and arm had gained strength and we were full of hope. In short, we had sent the most delightful accounts to her poor Mother. It is a great addition to our affliction that her Father and Mother were not here to witness her last struggles, and to see her in the last happy weeks of her short life. She never forgot Quincey—dear Innocent, she now lies upon her Mother's bed, a perfect image of peace—this to me was a soothing spectacle after having beheld her struggles. It is an unspeakable consolation to us that we are assured that no foresight could have prevented the disease in this last instance, and that it was not occasioned by any negligence, or improper food. This was proved by her evacuations: but we were almost confident it could not be so before we had demonstration of this. The disease lay in the Brain, and if it had been possible for her to recover, it is much to be feared that she would not have retained the Faculties of her Mind. God bless you!

Yours affectionately,

D. Wordsworth.

We have written to my Brother, and he will proceed immediately into Wales to impart the sad intelligence to my Sister. You will be pleased to hear that Mary Dawson has been very kind in her attentions to us—John has been greatly afflicted, but he has begun to admit consolation. The Funeral will be on Monday afternoon. I wish you had been here to follow your Darling to her Grave.

*Address:* Thomas de Quincey Esq<sup>re</sup>, Worcester College Oxford,  
*readdressed to* 82 Great Titchfield Street, Oxford St London.

*MS.*

*451. D. W. to Jane Marshall*

Grasmere Sunday Morning 21<sup>st</sup> June [1812]

Your letter, my dear Friend, was put into my hands on Friday Evening when I was on my road to Ambleside. I was then in anxious expectation of a letter from my Brother and Sister, which did not arrive, and in consequence our anxiety has

JUNE 1812

in some degree increased, as the second letter which we have had from our Friends in Wales brought us a very depressing account of my poor Sister. Six hours after the first dreadful shock was communicated to her she was more calm than we had dared to hope; but on the fourth day her Sister wrote to us again, and she said she looked extremely ill and had not eaten a quarter of a pound of food since she heard of her Darling's Death. Very unfortunately my Br had left London when my letter to him arrived—he was at Bocking, and did not reach Radnorshire till last Sunday. We had wished that he should be the Bearer of the sad tidings, and had written a letter to Mr. Hutchinson communicating the particulars which we had expected would arrive after my Brother. It so happened that Mary was in the room when that letter was delivered, and it was impossible to conceal the contents from her. If he had been with her from the first, I am sure she would sooner have been roused to exertion; and she would also have been spared the agony of meeting him; and the pain and anxiety of expectation. Oh! that she had been here at the last moments of her sweet Child's life! I am sure she would have borne it better—not that she can ever have a thought that she could have done more for her than *was* done but her heart would have been satisfied and she would have calmly submitted to the will of God. Like us she would have prayed for her release in death; for it was too plain that if she had not been taken from us she would have been a never-ending sorrow—she could not have recovered the use of her limbs, nor most likely of the faculties of her mind; for the seat of the disease lay in the Brain—but never, never can we cease to regret our loss; for she was the sweetest, mildest tempered child that ever was born—the most loving—entirely free from all bad passions: it seemed as if she had not the seed of any evil in her; and even if she had never entirely got rid of the little lameness which remained to the last; it was so very little, that we thought it of small consequence compared with what *might* have been after her first violent attack, and we were thankful it was no worse—being utterly blind and fearless respecting another attack.

As I have said, your letter met me on my way to Ambleside.

I was then in a very uneasy state of mind concerning my youngest Nephew, William; he was very poorly, and I was going to consult Mr. Scambler, our Apothecary. Thank God! the Child is getting better; but he still looks very ill. With this and other anxieties upon me, my dear Friends, you will not wonder that I *cannot* leave home till after my Brother's and Sister's return. I *cannot* do it. After such a sudden change, from the most promising health, and lively spirits, and blooming looks, I could not be easy to leave the Children for a single night to the care of any others than their Parents. You will say perhaps, 'Miss Hutchinson is here, and what can you do more for them than she can do?' That is very true; and more I cannot do, but I could not bear to leave them; nor I believe, could she consent to be left with them at this time, unless I were called upon to discharge some imperious duty that could not be discharged by another.

We expect a letter tonight, which will most probably fix the time of their return; for though my Brother wishes Mary to consent to stay a little while in Wales, in the hopes that seeing the country may divert her mind from its sorrow, she seems bent upon coming home as soon as possible. I will keep this letter unclosed in order that I may tell you what they say respecting their return; but I hope that if you cannot all come to Grasmere, at least my Aunt and Elizabeth<sup>1</sup> will; we have a bed for them, and a part of your Family might be accommodated at the Inn, which is very near to the Parsonage. I am very much disappointed that my Aunt talks of making so short a stay—we had counted upon having her company for at least a week at Grasmere; but I fear that we must be contented with a shorter visit. I hope that the letter which tonight's post will bring us will fix the time of their return; and I shall then be able to form a notion when I can leave home in case all be well. And in the mean time I hope you will think about coming over to Grasmere. Any time *before* their return; or any time *after* it except the first two or three days would suit us—and you could not come when we should be absent from home more than a couple of hours. I am very glad that Elizabeth is with her

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Mrs. Rawson and Elizabeth Threlkeld.

JUNE 1812

Aunt; it will give us great pleasure to see her once again at Grasmere.

So far I wrote before tea. It is now eleven o'clock. I have been obliged to write to my Brother and Sister in consequence of the letter which we have received this evening. Thank God it has brought us a better account of the poor afflicted Mother than the last, but we are convinced that coming home will be the best thing for her, therefore we have written to urge their coming immediately. They cannot be at home before next Tuesday week, therefore if Mrs. Rawson and Elizabeth could come to spend a few days with us before that time, it would be a great satisfaction to us—and as I have said a part of your Family might be accommodated at the Inn. If they do not come till the week after next they would see my Br and Sr, which I should very much wish; but perhaps their time will not allow of this.

It is long since I have been so well pleased, as by the sight of my Nephew John riding behind Mr. Saltmarsh from school. I did not recognize Mr. S., but felt a kindness for the person who had been so very good-natured. When Mr. S. had made himself known we had a few minute's conversation together, and he rode on to Keswick—I was at Mr. de Quincey's cottage at the time. John walks daily to Ambleside School with a Tin Bottle over his shoulder and a Basket on his arm.

We have had one *great* pleasure this week in the return of our Niece Dorothy; but that pleasure was sorely mixed with pain—and I never see the dear Children playing together without sad and tender thoughts of what they and we have lost.

You may judge what a comfort it was to me that Miss Hutchinson was with me during our late affliction. She had been at Keswick only a fortnight before, and would have now been at Stockton with Dorothy if Catharine had still been living; but she cannot leave me at this time. I must say no more for the Maids are wanting to carry my letter to the Carrier's. Adieu my dear Friend. My kindest love to my Aunt and Elizabeth and all Friends. Yours truly

D. W.

*Address:* Mrs Marshall, Water-millock, near Penrith.



JUNE 1812

MS. 452. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

Grasmere 23<sup>rd</sup> June [1812]

Assuredly my dearest friend you would have had a letter from one of us, if either had been alone; at least you would have had one from *me*; for *poor* Sara has been even more inclined than I to shrink from the painful task. If I had not had her beside me to uphold me in my weakness I could not have helped writing, the thought of not doing my duty to you would have been so painful; besides I should have needed your sympathy. It was a hard trial for us when the dear Child was taken from us for ever—and never never can we cease to regret what we have lost; for the purest spirit in heaven could not be more pure and innocent than she was while on earth. She had a temper never ruffled—there seemed no seed of evil in her and she was so loving that the smallest notice or kindness shewn to her by those with whom she was well acquainted used to draw from her the fondest caress and expressions of love. There was no variety in her ways, she having been kept back by so much illness, and this has made her the most remembrable child that ever I was separated from. When Dorothy is absent it is difficult to call her to mind as she is—she puts on so many shapes: but sweet Catherine is and ever will be the same in our remembrance as when she was alive. This is a comfort now and hereafter will be much more so. Yes, my dear Friend we have many causes for thankfulness, though it is for ever to be regretted that her tender Mother was not here to perform the last sad duties. If she had seen her I am sure she would have found it more easy to contemplate her loss with composure; not that the *shock* would have been less—for I think it was even greater to us than it would have been had we been absent; for the change so visible to our senses was astounding. For several days the Child had been in the most joyous spirits. On the Sunday afternoon and the Monday I had been for several hours with Willy and her in the Churchyard and they had run races and played on the very ground where now she lies. I then particularly noticed how little was to be seen of her lameness, and several persons who came up to speak to us while we were there observed

how trifling the lameness was, and how thriving and healthy she looked. That very night on which she was seized she ran up to bed, in such glee striving to get before William, and proud that she was going to sleep in her *Mother's* bed, an unusual treat. Poor thing she was stretched out there before 7 o'clock the next morning. We returned from our walk at a little after nine and John called me to her at about  $\frac{1}{4}$  before 10, he was going to bed, found that she had been sick. She was lying with her eyes fixed—and I knew what was going to happen and in a fright called Sara. She would have persuaded me that the child was only overpowered with sickness but I had seen her before and knew too well. We lost no time in sending for Mr Scambler and in the meantime applied the remedies used before. Mr Scambler gave us no hope—and after we found that there was no cause in the stomach for the convulsions, and that they increased after her Bowels were evacuated, we only prayed for her release in death; for it was plain that had she lived she could not have recovered the use of her limbs nor probably of her senses; and what a sorrow would this have been for her Mother and every one of us! We know not how soon we may be deprived of one of the other children; but there is great cause for thankfulness, that if one was to be taken away it was this sweet innocent; for we now find, a thing of which we had formerly no misgivings, that there was the greatest reason to fear a return of the paralytic affection. We had no fears but that she would get rid of the lameness left by the first attack, but we now learn from others that Mr Scambler always feared the worst, which very wisely he kept from us for nothing could have been done to prevent it—and Oh! how merciful this heavy stroke compared with one that might have left her, helpless, and deprived of her understanding! We have many other reasons for thankfulness—the child was never so happy in her life as during the last weeks of her existence. Her dependence on her Mother used at times to make her low-spirited when her Mother was not present with her or she would fret at parting from her; but she had no uneasiness of this kind with her Aunt Sara and me, and was equally delighted to be in our company. She had only one petted fit during her Mother's absence, and then, poor thing!

she cried after me. This she did twice in one day and I said she will be as bad after me as her Mother, I must break her of it—and I chid her—and left her to herself. This has given me a pang since her death; but it was better that I did for she had never any more unhappiness. Another comfort was that both the children had been as well attended upon as it was possible, even while the Maids were ill, and afterwards with most unusual care—and that she had never been suffered to have any food likely to disagree with her. Then at the very last—no time was lost; for we have every reason to believe that she was discovered immediately after her seizure. Mr Scambler was at home, and we were perfectly satisfied with his skill, and his calm confidence that all he did was for the best. His tenderness towards the child was an unspeakable comfort to us. Then what a blessing that Sara was with me! She had intended going to Stockton, and had been at Keswick only a fortnight before. She died on Wednesday the 4<sup>th</sup> of this month and was buried on the 8<sup>th</sup>. We all three Sara John and I followed to her grave. She lies at the South West corner of the church yard under a tall and beautiful hawthorn which stands in the wall. It is visible from Robert Newton's cottage, and you, my beloved Friend I dare say have often looked at [it]. We have put a small headstone to mark her grave. After her death John became a comfort to us, though in deep distress, for he was so very much afflicted; but the thoughtfulness and good sense, and delicate feeling which he shewed, made us lean upon him as on a support, a support for us and his dear Mother, and the other helpless little ones. Poor Willy soon ceased to inquire after Kate; but it was many days before he got the better of his loss; he was fretful and knew not what to do with himself. Dorothy was at Appleby—she was always particularly fond of Catherine, and when she heard of her death was much afflicted for a time; but she is of a volatile nature, and the next day was as happy as ever. She came home last Thursday and we were surprised at her joyfulness, but at night when she went to bed she knelt down before me to say her prayers, and as usual prayed for her Brothers and sister, I suppose without thinking of [? her]. I said to her when she had done—My dear child you have no Sister living now—and our

religion does not teach us to pray for the dead. We can do nothing for them—our prayers will not help them—God has taken your Sister to himself.—She burst into a flood—an agony of tears—and went weeping and silent to her bed—and I left her after some time still weeping—and so she fell asleep. John goes to Ambleside school with Hartley and Derwent—he walks every morning and returns home at night, with a bottle over his shoulder and a Basket in his hand—he always meets us with smiles—enjoys his school—his play with his school-fellows—and is never tired in Body—a proof that he is very strong. This thought of his strength strikes now suddenly upon me many and many a time—and my heart is humbled—and I fear the more because he is so strong. As to his lessons he is the backwardest boy I ever knew yet I am convinced that he is not a Dunce in soul. Dorothy is quick and forwarder—much forwarder in everything, but if you read to them both—poetry—history—natural history—stories—whatever it is she yawns and grows sleepy, and his attention would be kept awake, and continually awake if you would read till twelve o'clock at night—and his memory is very good. Willy was very poorly on Friday and Saturday, threw up everything he ate and you can hardly think how anxiously we watched him. I am very thankful that he is now better; so we shall not speak of his illness to his Mother. Dorothy is very industrious on the whole while she is at her work; and fond enough of her lessons; we have begun very steadily and are determined to go on. She is of a disposition that requires the utmost strictness. So much for ourselves my dearest Friend; but I must speak of our health. Sara has for some time been growing thin; but she was unusually strong and well before Catherine's death, but since that time she has been rather unwell at times; but upon the whole better than I could have expected, and we have been a great support to each other. I am well—but as you can suppose, have not been constantly so since our loss; but we now, and indeed have long looked at it with calmness; but we have been kept in great anxiety respecting Mary and owing to the distance letters have been slow and one second account before William's arrival was but a bad one. We are now less disturbed by

JUNE 1812

anxiety for her as we have had a letter from herself, which shews that she is much more composed than when the former account came, but we are extremely desirous to have her at home. William wished her to stay a short time in Wales, thinking that by going about a little she might relieve her mind and be enabled to look back upon Wales with composure in after times and something like pleasure. She yielded because he wished it; but it is very plain to us that she will never be *satisfied* till she gets home, and we have written to urge their immediate return. Poor thing! She sends her best love to you and says she wishes William had now been with you, and should have done so from the first had she not thought that he, like her, would wish to be at home immediately. At the time that her dear Girl was lying a corpse in the house she fondly anticipated the pleasure that you and William would have together in talking of your God-daughter of whom we had sent them such flattering accounts. You do not speak of your own loss in not seeing William—believe me we have bitterly lamented it; but let us not repine, many are the blessings that we have had in common—and let us strive to see each other again. That little child is gone but a few years before us—*our* years of life *must* be few—and let us employ them to the best uses—let us cultivate our best and immortal affections—and do let us see each other again if it be God's will that we live another year. Cannot you come to Grasmere next summer?—You say nothing of Mr Clarkson's coming *this* summer. Oh that you could come with him! We hope to have William and Mary at home next week—Mary Monkhouse will follow them in a few weeks. Poor Mary! would that she had not gone from home at that time. I fear she will never dare to go again—and perhaps if she had witnessed the last days of her Child she might have been induced to go to her Friends in Wales after her mind had been restored to composure—and perhaps she would have gone to see you at Bury?—We sometimes have wished that she could have done so now—but nothing but home will satisfy her. Ours has been a great affliction—and the shock was terrible; but when we look round how much more are others afflicted! Captain [? Tinling's] situation is truly lamentable and I feel very much for that

JUNE 1812

tender-hearted man. Give my kindest love to all your Family. Your Father is always ready to mourn with the afflicted, and I am sure he has felt much for us. I cannot now think of leaving home. Yet I hope I may be allowed at some time or other to see your father and sister again. Give my kindest love to your husband and Tom. I fancy him now almost a full-grown man. Hartley Coleridge grows tall—but he will never reach Tom's size. Mrs Coleridge and Sara and Edith Southey spent a fortnight with us lately. They had left us about ten days when Catherine died. I hope your usual health will be re-established when you write again—and pray write immediately—you cannot think what a comfort your letter was to us. We had not expected to hear from you—and I had urged Sara to write—and she had urged me—and thus we put it off. God bless you for ever, our own dear Friend—

D. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

*MS.*

*453. D. W. to Jane Marshall*

Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> July [1812—Grasmere]

My dear Friend,

I know that you are all anxiously expecting news of me and my Friends; and it would have been possible for me to have sent a letter one day earlier, but having caught cold with my journey, but such a cold as I knew would soon pass away, I thought it best to wait till I could send you word that I was no worse for my fatigue. You know that I yielded to my Brother's desire of going over Fairfield, though I was very unwilling to consent to part with your Sister and Mr. Marshall before it was necessary. They will have told you in what a delightful spot we ate our dinners, a spot to which I hope that Mr. Marshall will conduct you before the summer is over. Before we had quitted the woody part of the mountain we discovered a water-fall which after heavy rains must be very grand—there we sate some time: yet long after we had quitted it we saw Mr. M. and your Sister, and I greeted them with my pocket handkerchief, and I fancied that they saw us; for they stopped: and they seemed to

linger on the road, from which we hoped that they found it pleasant. Ours was a most grand ascent; but when we had clomb to a considerable height, just above Dove Crag, I unfortunately turned my head round, became giddy and trembled; and if anything had happened to my Brother so as to disable him from assisting me by following close to me and taking hold of me, I must have perished;—at least so I believe. At the top of the mountain we had the noblest prospect I ever beheld, and when the fear was passed, I felt very glad that we had gone by that road; though I should not be willing to take it again. The descent was very gentle, and if ever I am inclined to go to the Top of Fairfield again, it shall be from this side of the mountain. We reached home at a little after six. I was not much tired, nor at all stiff; but my face burnt so violently that I was obliged to lie down, and take my tea in bed—and the next day it was very much swoln, and so continued till yester evening, when the swelling began to fall; and to day it is almost entirely gone.

I found my Sister in bad spirits, yet on the whole better than I expected, and her appetite is considerably improved, though it is still bad enough; and she looks no better; she does, however, exert herself in the concerns of the house; and at times appears to take part in indifferent matters, so I hope she is in the way of regaining her natural chearfulness. All the Children are well, and all *look* well except Thomas; who I am sure has worms—his looks are quite ghastly and he has an enormous appetite, especially for potatoes and other things unwholesome for a weakly chld. John is to go to school again to morrow, which I am very glad of. A month's holiday is far too much for a Boy who is not fond of his Book. This afternoon we are going to drink tea with our neighbours, the two clergymen, who are in Robert Newton's lodgings, the house which I hope your Sisters will occupy for a week or two next summer—and perhaps if they like the place they will stay longer. All the Family have been at Church this morning except my Brother and myself. Our Vicar did duty and the stranger clergymen<sup>1</sup> came from church

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Tilbrooke (*v.* Letter 391) and C. T. Blomfield (1786–1857) of Trinity College, Cambridge—a pupil of Porson's, who spoke of him as a 'very pretty scholar'. He became Bishop of Chester in 1824 and Bishop of London in 1828.

astonished with the Rector's<sup>1</sup> performance. It is really a melancholy thing that such should be his office—he is a worthy man—very good as a Steward or a Farmer; but totally unfit to preach or read prayers. We have preferred a petition to Mr. Bloomfield, who has promised to preach next Sunday. He gave great satisfaction last week; but I must say the people of our parish are easily pleased, for they think that Mr. Jackson gives 'excellent Sermons' though he *does* read the prayers rather too fast.

It was lucky I did not bring my new Bonnet in my hand; for we had a heavy shower before we reached home, which would have entirely spoiled it. I shall send Wilkinson's Prints by the Carrier next Thursday, so they ought to be at Penrith on Tuesday, therefore you will desire the Patterdale carrier to inquire for the parcel. I shall send the 'Curse of Kehama' at the same time.

When you see the Wordsworths<sup>2</sup> pray tell them that we all return thanks for the pig, which was greeted with much joy by the younger part of the Family, and their joy was ten fold when they heard it was to be kept to have young ones. The Pig was set down upon the kitchen floor, and it was impossible to say whether the voice of Willy's raptures, or of [the] Pig's fears, was louder. If Mrs. Wordsworth wish[es] to read my Journal when you have done with it, be so good as to lend it to her; and request her to return it to you when she has finished it. By the Bye its title is not properly a Journal or Tour, but '*Recollections of a Tour in Scotland, etc., etc.*'

Tell Jane that her name sake very much admires her pin-cushion, and yesterday she prevailed upon me to seek her out some silk, and she made an imitation of it. She would be very happy to be acquainted with Jane. I hope you have good accounts from Allonby, and that all are well at home. As soon as the weather is settled again I trust you will venture to let Ellen go to Gowbarrow and that the change will be of service to her. She is a sweet creature; and happy should I be to see her growing fat and strong, when I revisit Watermillock in the

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Jackson, Rector (1806–21). He lived at Harry Place in Langdale, and ministered at Chapel Stile; a good man of affairs, he acted as agent for the Rydal Hall estate. He was the father of W. J., Provost of Queen's, Oxford, and the friend of W. in his later years.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. Capt. and Mrs. John Wordsworth.



JULY 1812

Autumn; at present I indulge the hope; but always with fear—after so many sudden changes it is impossible to look beforehand with confidence. I hear that my Brother Richard talked of returning to Sockbridge in the course of a fortnight from this time. My Sister is very much obliged to you for your kind invitation; but at present she can neither talk nor think of leaving home; besides we are this day expecting to see Miss Mary Monkhouse from Wales, and she will stay with us till October; but as she will probably spend a part of that time at Penrith I may seize the opportunity of her absence, to visit my Brother Richard; and *you* if your house is not occupied by other visitors. I often think of Hawes-water—and Rawson Bay, and other delightful places which we saw when I was with you. God grant that you may long live to enjoy your present happiness, and to spread, as you do, happiness all around you! Give my kindest love to your Sisters and Mr. Marshall, and Mary Ann and all the dear children.

Do let me hear from you soon. I trust you yourself are quite recovered. We have had no letter from Halifax. Mary was most bitterly disappointed at not seeing Mrs. Rawson. She and my Brother beg their kind love. God bless you my dear Friend. Believe me ever your affectionate

D. Wordsworth

*Address:* Mrs Marshall, Watermillock, Penrith.

*MS.*

454. *D. W. to R. W.*

Grasmere 31<sup>st</sup> July [1812]

My dear Brother,

I write to inform you that William will have to draw upon you in the course of a few days for 50£ at one Month. I was at Watermillock and Eusemere last week and called twice at Sockbridge—I wish you had been there; but if you can receive me when you come again I will spend a few days with you. Pray write and let me know when it will be convenient to you. I suppose you will be there soon—I was very sorry to hear you had been poorly—I hope you are better

JULY 1812

William and Mary join with me in kind Love—Yours affectionately

D Wordsworth

I wish very much that you would look into our accounts before you come, and bring a Statement along with you.

*Address:* Richard Wordsworth Esq<sup>re</sup>, Staple Inn, London.

*MS.*            *455. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

*K(—)*

July 31<sup>st</sup> [1812]

My dearest Friend,

I received your letter on my return from Ulswater, whither I was obliged to go two days after Mary's return which was a painful necessity as she was so very unhappy, so perfectly cast down. I stayed a fortnight and three days. My motive for going at that time was to see that Cousin of my Mother's who brought me up. You must have often heard me speak of her, and of the fortitude with which she has struggled through the pains of overcoming a lameness produced by breaking her thigh. She was to have returned with me to Grasmere but was summoned home by the illness of her Husband. I stayed four days at Eusemere with the Wordsworths; the rest of my time was spent with a Yorkshire family at Water Millock. How often did I wish for you when I was at Eusemere! The first morning I spent entirely alone (for I found the Wordsworths not at home) in wandering over the grounds—and walking upon the terrace and I also went to the top of Dunmallet. My dear Friend my thoughts were entirely with you. It was a warm and beautiful day, and I sate upon the stones close to the water at the end of the walk,—a long, long time. The trees near the house are very much grown, and the walks are perfectly shady; but the axe ought to have been used amongst them long ago. I fear that it is now so late that the trees will never forget their early confinement, and perhaps in general it would be better to leave them as they are. Your hops remain and the Virgin's bower; but only one half of the porch is covered, that nearest to Woodside. I hope that your dear Sister's marriage will be a

JULY 1812

happy one, and I *must* be glad of it, but I cannot help having regrets which I may almost call selfish for your Father and you, yet his happiness will increase in proportion to hers notwithstanding his great loss. Mr Tillbrook says 'John Crosbie is a noble fellow' and of such qualities I think Tillbrook is capable of judging. We like our neighbours very much. Bloomfield is a very pleasing young Man. We spent Tuesday afternoon in a walk to Hackett where we drank tea with our old Servant's Mother. Mr Sharpe<sup>1</sup> was of the party and was very entertaining, and we had a very pleasant afternoon. Tillbrook stationed himself upon a rock and sounded his flute<sup>2</sup> to the great delight of our party, the cows in the field, and a group of rustic children. Dear Mary was the only one who remained at home. She *would* not go to Hackett for the first time—a place which had been so dear to her as that place where Catherine first began to recover after the hooping cough. Her spirits are much mended and she begins to look better, and has recovered her appetite—but she is very thin. Dear little Tom has worms we think, his looks are miserable. I am sorry to tell you that we still have much trouble with Dorothy. She *can* do anything but she is extremely wayward and is desirous to master everybody. It is a woful thing that so sweet a creature should be capable of seeking the perverse delight of making those who love her unhappy. She has been with me two hours and an half this morning and has been very good and industrious—but sometimes we have terrible Battles—and long confinements. I hope that perseverance may conquer her, and that the sense will in time come that it is wiser not to make herself miserable. Poor Kate had no ill humours. God bless you for ever. I happened to be at Penrith 2 hrs after Tom had passed through—I hope we may see him here. Oh my dear friend do come next year. My kindest love to your Husband, Father and Sister.

Yours Evermore

D. W.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Richard Sharp.

<sup>2</sup> v. Sonnet, 'The fairest brightest hues' &c. (Oxf W., p. 252).

AUGUST 1812

*MS.*      456. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Grasmere, Monday 10<sup>th</sup> August [1812]

My dearest Friend,

Mr Bloomfield must not leave us without bearing away some token for you that he has been with us therefore I must write a few hurried lines. We are very sorry to part with both him and his Friend, but I assure you Tillbrook is the favourite with us all; his blunt plainness is a sure earnest of his sincerity. I never saw a man who bore more openly upon his front the strong impression of honesty and disdain of all disguise—besides he has a very tender heart. Do not think I would detract from Bloomfield, we admire and like him very much; but without having genius or perhaps as much cleverness as B there is something in T's manners which has the same *sort* of effect upon one as originality and genius have—he touches one with surprize every now and then by his droll way of telling things for or against himself, or what he has heard or seen. He is quite the favourite with Sara and Mary M.—B's views of everything he sees are contracted by his love of the picturesque—his amiable disposition and his sensibility will I have little doubt in time overcome this—and after a few visits to the North he will find that there is a wider range of enjoyment here than he at present conceives. They have been very pleasant amongst us, are fond of children and we have been quite at home with them. For particulars I refer you to them. To-day we are going to eat a parting dinner with Till. at Mr de Q's old cottage. I believe Mr B is too busy to go. Yesterday was a very hot day—almost the first *very* hot day we have had this summer—yet now and then the weather has been very pleasant. We all attended church last Sunday and heard an exceedingly pleasing and interesting sermon from B. of his own composing at Grasmere—on filial piety. T. read prayers. It was quite a treat for us for we seldom hear the duty so well performed. — Mary and William and J and D and myself went to Keswick on Saturday with Dr Bell. We left D. and brought Herbert Southey back who is a delightful child—Tom and he are great friends. D is to stay a week, and happy she is, almost wild with joy in the company of Sara and Edith. I

AUGUST 1812

think the journey was of use to Mary; her spirits have been better these two days—but she is still very dejected. William is with Sharpe and Rogers at Low wood and is to attend a wrestling match at Ambleside. Only think what a house-full they have at Keswick—Miss Fricker and Miss Barker are there and they are seldom without other company—but these things are far easier than they used to be when Mrs Coleridge was mistress. I am sure Mr Clarkson will tell Bloomfield that he has seen nothing ‘as he did not see Eusemere and Pooley Bridge’—and we all say that he has seen very little and must come again. Do write my dearest Friend. May God bless you for ever. We all unite in best Love. Mr Bloomfield must tell you how much we have talked with him about our wish to see you again next summer and he must join his entreaties with ours and help to lay plans. My kindest love to Mr Clarkson your Father Sister and Tom

Yours evermore  
D. Wordsworth.

I hope you will write as soon as you have seen and talked with Mr Bloomfield

I have sent you a morsel of your dear God-daughter’s hair—all that you have ever seen of her—and she was four years old when she died—this is a melancholy thought for us the survivors. The hairs were cut off after her Death.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Bury, by favor of Mr Bloomfield.

*MS.*

*457. W. W. to R. W.*

August 12, 1812.

Dear Brother,

I write to beg that you would give up to Montagu every security except the Annuity Bond and Policy of Insurance.

Do not fail to let us know when you come down into the Country, as Dorothy is anxious to go over to Sockbridge to see you, and I shall probably accompany her. I was concerned to learn through Captain Wordsworth that you had not been well when you left Sockbridge last, but Christopher writes that you look well, so we hope you are restored to health. We all here are

AUGUST 1812

well, except that Mary has been much enfeebled by sorrow for the loss of her daughter Catharine, and her spirits continue to be very bad.—I am with love from Dorothy and Mary your affectionate Brother

W. Wordsworth.

*ms.*      458. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

[Late August 1812.]

. . .<sup>1</sup> When I speak of Mary M's perfection do not think I would detract from others. Others whom I know have higher endowments—some in one way some in another—but I know none except herself without faults. We have been very sorry to part with them, for their horses are in the stable and the weather is so fine that they might have made good use of them and it is a pity to be confined at Appleby. There is one thing to reconcile us to their absence, Mary consents to ride and William goes with her, and her spirits are much improved—yet her dejection is miserable at times—I would give the world that she had been at home—for I am convinced that she would have felt very differently. Tender regrets and a tender image of that innocent child will go with me to my grave. Yet the more I think about it the more do I feel that it is a sorrow in which comfort is found. She did not live long enough for us to know the extent of the injury she received from that first dreadful attack—but this was plain that she was never the same child—before she was the quickest creature I ever saw—the liveliest in catching ideas. It was not so afterwards yet she was merry, affectionate and of a surpassing sweetness of temper. These perfections are an inheritance that remain with us. I was led to this subject by thinking of her Mother's despondency, and you will hardly perhaps see the connection in my ideas—it is what we must talk of. If she had been here I think that she would have had more power to exercise her reason in looking at her loss.

We have had more company than usual and it has been well for Mary—Tillbrook and Bloomfield were succeeded in their

<sup>1</sup> The beginning of this letter is lost.

AUGUST 1812

lodgings by Dr Bell—Sharpe and Rogers have been with us often. Mary walked to Brathay on Sunday and when she came home she found us at tea—Sharpe and R. and Sir James and Lady Mackintosh and Miss Knott of Ambleside. Yesterday she rode with William to Low wood and drank tea there and was much delighted with a glorious sunset—but she saddened on her return to our own Valley. This morning Sharpe has breakfasted with us. I hope we shall now be quiet a little, but I am busy all day, for I am helping Dr Bell arrange and correct his various publications in one work—and this employs me constantly—and I suppose will do so for a fortnight longer. This must account for the hurry in which I write. We shall be much disappointed if we do not see Tom. Only think of my being at Penrith 3 hours after he was there! I was sadly vexed that I did not know. Before this reaches you you will have seen Mr Bloomfield. Give my very kind remembrances to him and tell him we shall look for him amongst us next year. William left my copy of the Narrative of the Greens with Christ<sup>r</sup> for you—I hope you have received it. Do write immediately. I wish you all—all the happiness that you can have, Georgiana Gower included. May God bless you my dearest Friend. I never since I parted from you so much wished to be with you again as now, when you are losing your Sister.

Yours evermore. D. W.

*MS.*

*459. D. W. to R. Addison*

To Mr Addison

Grasmere October 12<sup>th</sup> 1812

My dear Sir,

My Brother being absent from Town I take the Liberty of writing to you to inform you that I have drawn upon my Brother this day for Thirty Pounds, in favour of Miss Sara Hutchinson. The draft is to be paid at one Month after date.

Mr and Miss Monkhouse and Mr Hutchinson and his two Sisters left us on Saturday—all but Mr Monkhouse are gone to Wigton, Mr M. is at Penrith where they all intend to stay till after the Races, when we shall hope to see them again at Grasmere. They are in good health and spirits.

OCTOBER 1812

With kind Remembrances to your Mother, Miss Hindson and  
the rest of their Family—believe me, Sir,

Yours respectfully  
Dorothy Wordsworth

*Address:* Messrs Wordsworth and Addison, Staple Inn, London.

*MS.*

*460. W. W. to Daniel Stuart*

*S. K(—)*

Grasmere, October 13<sup>th</sup> 1812.

My dear Sir,

I ought to have thanked you long since for the trouble you took, at my request, concerning the French Prisoners.<sup>1</sup> In consequence of your representation I declined interfering any further in the business. I wish now to trouble you about a matter concerning myself, presuming upon the kindness which you have always shewn me.

Our powerful neighbour Lord Lonsdale has lately shown a particular wish to serve me; having most kindly given me an assurance that he will use his influence to procure for me any situation which falls within the range of his patronage, the salary of which would be an object to me and the duties not so heavy as to engross too much of my time. His Lordship was so good as to express a regret that some time might elapse before such a place might become vacant, and he added that if I knew of anything, though not within the circle of his immediate influence, he would be happy to exert himself in my behalf if he were persuaded there were any chance of success.

Now you know I live chiefly in a retired corner of the world, and therefore there is no chance that I should hear of anything suitable, likely to become vacant, except through the superior information of my Friends. Nor is there anyone to whom I can apply with greater probability of receiving the requisite knowledge than to yourself. — Will you then be so kind as to point out to me anything which is likely to answer my purpose that may

<sup>1</sup> Among these French prisoners, captured in Spain, was Eustace Baudoun, the brother of Jean Baptiste B., who shortly after this was betrothed to Caroline Vallon. Eustace had doubtless been introduced to the W.s by Annette, for they were both of Royalist sympathies.



OCTOBER 1812

come to your knowledge? Of course all this is *between ourselves*. I have no objection, I must add, to quit this part of the Country, provided the salary be adequate, and the duty what I am equal to, without being under the necessity of withdrawing myself wholly from Literature, which I find an unprofitable concern. Do you hear or see anything of Coleridge? Lamb writes to Lloyd that C.'s play<sup>1</sup> is accepted. Heaven grant it success; if you see him, say we are well—Believe me, my dear Sir with great regard,

Yours,  
W. Wordsworth.

*Address:* D. Stuart Esq<sup>re</sup>, Brompton Row, London.

*MS.*                    *461. D. W. to Richard Addison*

Grasmere October 26<sup>th</sup> [1812]

Dear Sir,

I wrote a little while ago to inform you that I had drawn upon my Br for 30£ in favor of Miss Hutchinson; I trouble you with this, to apprise you that I have drawn upon you for the same sum in favour of Mr James Grave—at one Month. The last mentioned Bill was drawn on Wednesday.

I am Dear Sir  
yours truly    D Wordsworth

I believe my Brother will have to draw upon you for about 60£—; but if he does of course, he will write to inform you—

*Address:* Richard Addison Esq<sup>re</sup>, Staple Inn, London.

*MS.*                    *462. D. W. to Richard Addison*

Grasmere 29<sup>th</sup> October [1812]

Dear Sir,

I trouble you with this to inform you that my Br William has this day drawn upon Richard for 60£—in favour of Mr Edward Partridge, at one month after date.

<sup>1</sup> *Remorse* (a revision of *Osorio*). It was put into rehearsal towards the end of Dec. and produced at Drury Lane on the following Jan. 23. The play had considerable success, and C.'s share of the profits amounted to £400.

OCTOBER 1812

By Mr Monkhouse you will receive a letter from me apprising you that I have drawn for 30£ in favour of Mr James Grave besides 30£ a little while ago in favor of Miss Hutchinson,

I am, dear Sir

Your obliged Serv<sup>t</sup>

Dorothy Wordsworth

*Address:* Messrs Wordsworth and Addison, Attornies at Law,  
Staple Inn, London.

*MS.*                    *463. W. W. to Basil Montagu*

December 1<sup>st</sup> (Grasmere 1812

My dear Montagu

I write to you two or three words only—but words of the heaviest sorrow. My sweet little Thomas is no more—he was carried off by an inflammation in chest; he was seized with symptoms of the measles last Thursday went on most favorably till Tuesday at eleven, when the inflammation commenced and in spite of all that could be done he was a corse before 6 o'clock in the afternoon. Mary supports this second stroke with resignation and fortitude—I bear it as well as I can. His aunts tranquilize themselves after the Mother's example, who in deed supports us all. Heaven bless you; Mrs Montagu will be sore troubled at this our loss. But we must submit. farewell. farewell yours fai[thfully]

Your affectionate and sincere friend

Wm Wordsworth.

It would be a great satisfaction to Mrs Ross to know immediately if Algernon has had the measles. I have received your last Letter in which you send your love to the Departed Spirit. You will sorrow for him, I know.

*Address:* Basil Montague Esq<sup>re</sup>, Lincoln's Inn, London.

*MS.*                    *464. W. W. to Thomas De Quincey*

*J. K.*

Tuesday evening [Dec. 1, 1812]

My dear Friend,

We have the measles in the House, and I write under great affliction. Thomas was seized a few days ago, i.e., last Thursday;

DECEMBER 1812

he was held most favorably till eleven this morning, when a change suddenly took place, and, with sorrow of heart I write, he died, sweet Innocent, about six this afternoon. His sufferings were short, and I think not severe. Pray come to us as soon as you can. My sister is not at home; Mrs Wordsworth bears her loss with striking fortitude, and Miss Hutchinson is as well as can be expected. My Sister will be here to-morrow.

Most tenderly and truly, with heavy sorrow for you, my dear friend,

I remain, yours,

W. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Thomas De Quincey Esq<sup>re</sup>, Mr Merritt's, Stationer,  
Liverpool.

*MS.*

*465. W. W. to Daniel Stuart*

*S. (—)*

Grasmere, December 22 [1812]

My dear Sir,

I am afraid you will think that I have been insensible of your kindness in taking so much pains on my account, as you have neither seen me, nor yet heard from me. In fact, I have felt myself very much obliged to you for your most judicious letter, and only deferred returning my thanks till I should be enabled to impart to you something decisive concerning the result. Lord L—, happening to be in the country at the time I received your's and another letter from another friend on the same subject, I resolved to ride over, and lay the contents of both before his Lordship. This accordingly I did, and found him in the best dispositions to exert himself. He gave me, however, no encouragement to go to London to make inquiries agreeable to your exhortation, but said that he should write to Mr. Long of the Treasury immediately upon the subject. Two or three days ago, I had a letter from Lord L—, in which he tells me that he has had an interview with Mr. Long, and with Lord Liverpool; but that they neither of them gave any encouragement to an expectation of anything being procured within a reasonable time that would answer my purpose; that is, an office which would allow such a portion of leisure as would be requisite for a literary man to continue his pursuits. Lord L— is so obliging

as to say that Lord Liverpool expressed himself favourably of me, and thought my acquirements deserving of a pension; but that this at first could not be considerable, as the fund was limited. So that you see the business may be said to have fallen through, which is not a very different conclusion from what I expected. As I did not even *wish*, and certainly had not the least right to expect, that Lord Lonsdale should make a *point* with the first Lord of the Treasury of demanding a place of value for me; and unless he had made a point of it, there was not much likelihood of anything coming of it in the present embarrassments under which administration labours. There is a place in the Stamp office for Westmorland now holden by a man of upwards of 70 who is helpless from a paralytic stroke; it is worth 400£ a year I believe at least, and this Lord L— has promised to procure me if it might be within his patronage (i.e. if it fall in in his life-time) at the time that it falls vacant; and it was only upon a supposition that a considerable time might elapse before that vacancy took place that I could have felt justified in putting Lord L—to any trouble to serve me in any other department. He is a man who does not often demand things out of the regular circle of his local patronage and told me that when he did, he found the utmost difficulty in procuring anything; as he condescendingly instanced in the case of a person who had been engaged in the education of his two Sons. 400£ per ann. in Westmorland would be to me more desirable than 800 in London, and I must rest content with that expectation; for as to the pension, I do not see how I can accept it—but I have written to one or two friends to consult them and I should like to have your opinion if this letter reaches you duly, as I shall write again to Lord L—in a short time to give my final answer.

You will be grieved to hear that my family are in great affliction, the measles having just torn from us, after an alarm of a few hours, a heavenly-tempered Boy, six years and a half old, who was the hope, delight, and pride, of us all, and the admiration of all who knew him.—I am, my dear Sir, with many thanks, most faithfully yours,

W. Wordsworth.

Address: D. Stuart Esq<sup>re</sup>, Courier Office, London.

DECEMBER 1812

MS.<sup>1</sup>

466. *W. W. to Lord Lonsdale*

K(—)

Grasmere Dec. 27, 1812

I am happy that I took the liberty of requesting a short interval, in order that I might put the first suggestions of my mind to the test of deliberation when circumstances might allow me to decide with more calmness than I could have done at the time when your Lordship's letter found me. After mature consideration, I have resolved to trust to the first feelings excited by your letter; these were rather to owe any addition to my income required by me to your friendship than to the Government, or to any other quarter where it was not in my power to return what, in the common sentiments of men, would be deemed an equivalent. Asking permission therefore to retract my former determination, which I am encouraged to do by the personal intercourse, and marks of regard with which your Lordship has since distinguished me, and by the delicacy of your last letter, I feel no scruple in saying that I shall with pride and pleasure accept the annual sum offered by your Lordship until the office has become vacant, or any other change takes place in my circumstances, which might render it unnecessary. I cannot forbear to add that I feel more satisfaction from my decision, because my opinions would not lead me to decline accepting a pension from Government on the ground that literary men make some sacrifice of independence by such acceptance, and are consequently degraded. The constitution gives to the crown this power of rewarding acknowledged ability, and it is not possible to imagine a more worthy employment of a certain portion of the revenue. But it seems to me that the provisions made by our Government for the support of literature are far too scanty, and in this respect our practice is much inferior to that of other countries, where talents of importance to mankind and to posterity—but which from that very cause can bring little emolument to the possessor of them, and which demand all the thought of all his life—are undoubtedly (where they are understood) fostered and honoured, even as a point of pride. This is the case in Germany, and in France. . . . Now, as

<sup>1</sup> A draft of one page of this letter survives, which has enabled me to supplement the text given by K.

DECEMBER 1812

to the general question, it may be laid down as undeniable, that if to bestow be a *duty* (and an *honourable* duty), to accept cannot be otherwise than *honourable*. . . . As I cannot but be pleased with Lord Liverpool's good opinion would it be trespassing upon your Lordship's kindness to request that if an opportunity should offer you would express my grateful sense of Lord Liverpool's wish to serve me.

As I have already mentioned my recent domestic afflictions to your Lordship I cannot help feeling that you will have some wish to learn that my anxieties are at an end. I hoped it would have been so by this time, but this complaint is apt to leave bad effects behind it, and I am sorry to say that my youngest Child is still in a state that calls for constant watchfulness and occasions some apprehension — May I beg that your Lordship will add a word to your next Letter concerning the health of Lady El. L.

I have etc.

K(—) 467. *W. W. to Basil Montagu*

Ambleside, Sunday Night, Dec. 27, 1812.

. . . . We have suffered as much anguish as it is possible to undergo in a like case, for he was a child of heavenly disposition, meek, simple, innocent, unoffending, affectionate, tender-hearted, passionately fond of knowledge, ardent in the discharge of his duty, but in everything else mild and peaceful. I trust that Almighty God has received him amongst the number of the blessed. . . .

MS. 468. *D. W. to Mrs. Cookson*

Grasmere Thursday afternoon [? Dec. 31, 1812]

It is very long, my dear Friend, since I wrote to you, and lately I have been unable to summon courage to take up the pen, though I have often wished to write to you, till having a favour to ask I feel myself obliged to write. My Brother and Sister Sara and the children (John and Dorothy) join me in earnestly requesting that you will permit Strickland<sup>1</sup> and James

<sup>1</sup> Strickland, now a small boy, became later the poet's solicitor and executor.

DECEMBER 1812

to come to Grasmere for a few days. We find that their stay at Ambleside is limited to next Saturday, therefore if we hear nothing to the contrary we shall desire them to come hither on Saturday, and we will not encroach upon your goodness, but will send them home at whatever time, and by whatever means you shall appoint.

Sara and I left Ambleside with J and D this day week. Willy has been very poorly, having had a relapse, and is still at Ambleside<sup>1</sup> with his Father and Mother, but he has been so much better these two days that we hope they will all be able to return tomorrow. We are determined upon quitting Grasmere, for reasons which you will feel at once without my dwelling upon them. I trust that William and Mary and all of us are resigned to the will of Providence inasmuch as not to *repine* at our heavy loss; but the poor Mother and some of us are too weak to be able to look upon those familiar objects now for ever before us without melancholy and pain. Oh my dear Friend wherever we look we are reminded of some pretty action of those innocent Children—especially Thomas whose life latterly has been connected with the church-yard in the most affecting manner—there he played daily amongst his schoolfellows, and daily tripped through it to school, a place which was his pride and delight—but enough of this—my heart fills to the brim when I think of it, and there is no comfort but in the firm belief that what God wills is best for all of us—though we are too blind to see in what way it is best. I dread my Sister's return and for her sake alone, independent of my feelings and those of others. I would not have us stay here if it were possible to do otherwise, for though she bears up with the greatest fortitude, I am sure that from the weakness of her body she would sink under depression of spirits, and her constitution would be slowly undermined. . . .<sup>2</sup>

Sara bids me ask if Mr Cookson is going to Hindwell this year. We were very sorry to hear that poor Henry<sup>3</sup> had been so ill—I hope he is now completely out of danger. Pray write and let

<sup>1</sup> This statement helps to date the letter.

<sup>2</sup> Passage cut out of letter here.

<sup>3</sup> Later the Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge.

DECEMBER 1812

us know, and how the little Hannah goes on. God Grant that the lives of both of them may be spared to you! Strickland says that Mr Harrison gave Henry a powder which relieved him. Do you know what the powder was? and pray tell us how Henry was held, and do write as soon as you can.

Sara joins with me in kindest love to you and your Husband, to Elizabeth and all your little Flock. Believe me ever, my dear Friend,

affectionately yours

D. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Mrs Cookson, Kendal.

*MS*

*469. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Tuesday 5<sup>th</sup> January [1818]

We received your letter yesterday, and I cannot delay a moment to tell you that the three remaining Children are recovered from the measles. *What* I told in my last, or *when* that letter was written I know not—I know not whether I related the particulars of our darling's death. I will endeavour to retrace the history of the last five weeks—a time of anguish—sorrow—anxiety—hope—and sadness, for though we have returned to our home with thankful hearts that God has spared to us the rest of the little Flock, there is a heavy sadness remaining. I believe it was from Ambleside I wrote to you, whither we repaired one week after the death of Thomas, for the sake of being near Mr Scambler. John suffered extremely and we were in great anxiety for him. Dorothy was more mildly held, and William also; but after the fever had entirely left him and the measles gone back, he had a relapse and the cough increased, with feverish symptoms and a tendency to the spasmodic croup, therefore William and Mary stayed with him at Ambleside a week after Sara John Dorothy and I had returned to Grasmere. We left them for the sake of change of air for the children. Wm, M, and the little one returned on Saturday. It was a dismal coming home for all of us; but Sara and I had exerted ourselves to the utmost; yet in spite of all we could do, the very air of the place—the stillness—the occasional sounds; and above all the



view of that school, our darling's daily pride and joy—that church-yard his playground—all oppressed us and do continue to oppress us with unutterable sadness—and his poor Mother seems almost to give herself up to it. She is as thin as it is possible to be except when the body is worn out by slow disease, and the dejection of her countenance is afflicting; insomuch that though we force ourselves into seeming chearfulness whenever we can, I feel that it knits about the heart strings and will wear her away if there is not a turn in her feelings. When I came home (I surely must have told you that I was away from home when the child died) she received me with the calmness of an Angel—she comforted me,—and in truth I was ashamed of my own weakness; and bitterly reproached myself that I could not bear the sorrow as she did. After *this* came on the anxiety for the other children. *This* I believe supported her, but that is now over—and the day through she is dejected—weeps bitterly at times, and at night and morning sheds floods of tears. All this I could bear to see in another—I should trust to time, and to the power of that resignation to the will of God which at length would become a habit of the mind, but now too well I see is only a revolution of feeling—I should trust to time and would gladly sympathize in the sorrow to its full extent—but in her case it must be struggled against or it will destroy her. When Catherine died she was terribly shaken; for her body was not strong enough to bear up against the shock of the mind, and that corroding sorrow which followed. She was beginning to recover when this second shock came; and now she seems more feeble than ever. We are determined to quit Grasmere, and have every reason to expect that we shall get that house called Rydale Mount now occupied by Mr North (you recollect Mrs North in the history of the Greens) he has sold the place to Lady Fleming. Willham is in great favour at Rydale hall, and has applied to the Ladies Fleming and has received for answer that they will send Mr Jackson to him in a day or two to settle the business, therefore we may consider it as good as promised. I am sure you must remember the house—it is most delightfully situated—the very place which in happier days we longed for. There is no objection to it but that from the garden we shall view the Grasmere hills;

yet on the other hand we should wish to be within a walk of Grasmere, and should wish to keep up that bond betwixt the living and the dead by going weekly to the Parish church beside which their bodies are laid ; and I do not think there will be any thing unkindly in the sadness produced by the sight of those dear hills except in Mary's mind—and I am not sure that it will be so in hers. I would fain hope not and that her cheerfulness may return when those familiar objects connected with the daily goings-on of the children are no longer before her eyes—objects which are to all of us perpetual sources of melancholy and of frequent anguish. Thomas was the darling of the house, and of everyone who looked at him—he was innocent as a newborn Babe—with a heavenly light on his countenance—peaceable, affectionate, yet lively and ardent in the pursuit of knowledge in the most extraordinary degree. This spirit was kindled in him a year ago—till that time he hardly knew his letters—he was absent in Wales three months which stopped his progress—and we were some weeks without a school master—but no sooner did the new Master begin to teach after Dr Bell's plan than Thomas was distinguished among his school-fellows for his peculiar attention not only to his books but to his duty in every point. In truth he seemed to walk in the light of conscience, duty and order—but it was the spirit of pure innocence and an ardent soul that guided him. Oh my dear friend! he is an unutterable loss to all of us—and to his Sister and Brothers—he was the friend of each and all of them. They quarrelled with each other—they have wayward humours, but they never quarrelled with Thomas. Dorothy feels this, and often with tears talks to me of Thomas's goodness. Yes, our loss is unutterable ; and as you rightly say, it is a selfish grief when we pine after the pure spirit of a child returned to the Heaven from whence it came—pure and unspotted as when it first came from the presence of its Maker. Yet this child seemed so particularly fitted to give and receive happiness—to calm the hearts of those who looked upon him, and to enjoy the best things of this life from the virtuous ardour which he possessed ; that it is most hard to think upon his grave without the anguish of regret ; which nothing can ever wholly repress save a Christian's faith in

another world and in the mercy of God which woy have a right our good though we are too blind to see *how* this is: rorous people I trust the time will come when his dear Mother & Lady Fleming fortified; if not I am sure she will sink away, her coner, and their be gradually undermined. It has been a cruel stroke & tend how—he loved Thomas with such a peculiar tenderness, or do not meekness of his temper, which was such that I believe him says vexed anybody in the whole course of the six years and begun that he was lent to us, and from that weakness at his cs and which, though it seemed not to threaten Death or even suffe, his gave gentle warnings that we were insecure in the possession the him But I said I would retrace the last 5 weeks—a painful task for both of us, me to write and you to read; but I would fain have you know all that you can ever now know about this darling Child. I had been at Watermillock a fortnight and on the evening preceding my departure I received a letter from Sara, telling me that all were well except Thomas, who had been confined to the house since Thursday and had a cough, and that they were looking out for the Measles. I read this letter among a company of chearful friends; and an unconquerable sadness overcame me, and poor Innocent I shed tears for him, little thinking that at that very time he was lying a senseless corse;—my Friends chid me; and in vain I strove to get up my spirits. —I answered them ‘if I were sure it were the Measles I should have no fears; but I dread that cough which he had two years ago, and we always believed that he had had the Measles’. The next morning, with the morning light my fears vanished. I went in Mr Marshall’s carriage to Penruddock and proceeded towards Keswick on the outside of the Penrith coach, intending, if I had good news from home, to stay a few days at Mr Calvert’s—but at Threlkeld I met my Brother—After I had come a little to myself, I was told that a Grasmere cart was going home, and I might either be conveyed in it, or send for a chaise. I chose the cart, and there I lay upon some straw—William beside me a part of the way—and part of the way he walked. It was dark when I reached home and I was rouzed by the sight of Candles at the door, from a kind of stupor. I have told you how I found Mary—and you may guess the rest. The morning before he had been

quite chearful—the fever seemed to be gone—and he had talked of what he would do when he was well—how he would wait upon his sister and Brothers—and he said to his Mother ‘I hope I shall be as I am this morning as long as I lie in bed’—‘Why how is that’ said his Mother, and he answered ‘Not so hot as I was yesterday’. He had not complained the day before and had been perfectly still and quiet. Poor thing! he looked at your profile and Mr Clarkson’s which hung over the Chimney-piece and said (This was but about an hour before he was seized) said ‘Mother, they have been bad picture makers they have made no legs.’ His Mother explained the reason of this, and satisfied with her explanation he said ‘Ho!’ as he always used to do. At 12 o’clock a coughing fit and sickness seized him—(Not an hour before Mr Scambler had seen him and said he was going on as well as possible) and William had walked out with Mr Scambler. He returned, found the child worse—went for Mr Scambler—though without much alarm, and when he returned dear Sara met him at the door and told him there was no hope—and he died at 5 o’clock. He did not suffer much pain except for the first hour and a half or two hours—he was relieved by bleeding, and the last words he said were ‘I am getting better’.—Yet he had had the fear of death for a few moments during the coughing fit—and he said to his Mother ‘I shall die, I shall die’—and he trembled very much—but agony though it must have been, it could only be the shapeless dread of a moment.—Yet it was heart-rending to hear it. We all, except Sara, followed him to the Grave. Poor thing! she has suffered and still suffers greatly; and it brought on the pain in her side, but it has now gone. These have been hard trials for her; but inexpressible is the comfort which she has been to me in both cases—and to all of us, but to me especially. I know not how I could have borne up if I had not had her when Catherine died—and I could never have kept up without her against Mary’s depression of mind, God bless her poor thing! Mary is better this morning than when I began this letter, and my dear Friend do not afflict yourself—I hope when I write again that I shall have more hopeful tidings. Mr North is to leave his house in February and we mean to request through Mrs Lloyd or some other acquaint-

tance of the Norths, to go in immediately; but they have a right to the house till May-day, and they are such rancorous people that they will not only do nothing to accomodate Lady Fleming but everything that is in their power to injure her, and their dispositions towards us are not very friendly. We intend however to try; and if our pleadings for an afflicted Mother do not avail I shall give them up as reprobate spirits. William says that this is a hard expression so cut it out.<sup>1</sup> William has begun to look into his poem the Recluse within the two last days and I hope he will be the better for it—he looks better and his stomach has been less deranged. It would have pitied the hardest heart to witness what he has gone through—he went for Mr Scambler to the child without fear of danger, he returned and found him dying—That miserable night—they went to bed; but slept not—and early the next morning he set out to meet me—and what a task had he then to perform!—but enough my dearest Friend I did not mean to distress you. I began for that little darling's sake to tell you what he suffered—but Oh! how vain the task to tell you what he *was*—The guleless creature—he was the very emblem of innocence and purity and infantine sweetness with an ardour of soul that would have beseemed one of riper years, capable of understanding the full worth of knowledge and virtue, engaged in the noblest of causes, the pursuit of those precious endowments.

I have written this letter at three sittings. I am now returned from Ambleside whither I went with Dorothy to get 2 teeth drawn which thwarted the growth of those she had before cast.<sup>2</sup> She behaved like a little heroine. I have left her at Ambleside for fear of cold. She has many faults; but is a sweet creature and I trust will make a valuable woman if we live to see it. She has great sensibility with liveliness in the extreme which is attended with its frequently accompanying fault, restlessness; and at times unquietness of manners. John and she are opposites—Thomas was between them—he had not the faults of either. Willy is a very quick and spirited child—I wish he—I wish any one of them was more like Thomas. Yet if it were so perhaps they would not be so fit for this world—*his* were heavenly

<sup>1</sup> This sentence is written in above the line.

<sup>2</sup> So MS.

graces—and Catherine's temper was as sweet as his—in *her* temper too there was no seed of evil.

We have heard lately from Wales. As you may judge they were all greatly distressed by the death of their little darling. Mary Monkhouse (so I still call her<sup>1</sup>) had been poorly; but was better. She had had one of her bad colds. I am glad to think that you will see Coleridge. Poor soul! I only think of him now with my wonted affection, and with tender feelings of compassion for his infirmities. We have had several letters from him. Our sorrow has sunk into him, and he loved the darling the best of all our little ones. He talks of coming down as soon as possible, if his play succeeds.<sup>2</sup> I hope it will, and then I am confident he will come. Mrs C. is just the same as ever, full of troubles—one wiping away the other—full of bustle, and full of complaints, yet not against him. There is one comfort, that nothing hurts her; otherwise it would be very painful to think of her, for cause enough she has had for complaint.

Our kindest love attends you—do write for your letters do Mary good and all of us—then write my dearest Friend—what a comfort it would be to see you! God bless you for ever

Your affectionate

D. Wordsworth.

William who has just looked over this letter sends his tenderest love to you.

We have just heard of the death of my brother Christopher's [having lost his youngest]<sup>3</sup> child even more suddenly than our two were taken from us. It was about 9 weeks old a 'noble, strong and beautiful Boy'—was well at 4 o'clock in the morning, and was found dead or nearly so by the nurse at six—lying thus upon her arm. I am thankful it is not one of the elder children, but at any age such strokes are hard to bear. He was to have been called William after my dearest Brother. I shall send this in two letters for fear of being too heavy and also a letter to Tom Monkhouse, which pray request Mr Smith to frank for me. God bless you again and again.—Do write soon—and as long

<sup>1</sup> She was now Mrs Thomas Hutchinson.

<sup>2</sup> *v.* Note to Letter 460. But despite his promise, and W. and D.'s urgent entreaties, he did not come, but went off instead to the seaside. *v.C.R.*, p.71.

<sup>3</sup> So MS.

JANUARY 1813

a letter as you can. On thinking a third time about the letters I send the whole of mine to you by this post, and I enclose a few lines addressed to Mr Tom Monkhouse, which pray keep till you receive another cover from me which will contain a letter for France to be enclosed in that addressed to Mr Monkhouse.

MS.<sup>1</sup>

470. *W. W. to Lord Lonsdale*

M(—) G(—)

Jan 8, 1813.

My Lord,

The last Post brought me your Lordship's Letter, enclosing a draft for £100, for which mark of regard I beg leave to offer my thankful acknowledgments. I feel that it would little become me to oppose your Lordship's opinion or to interfere with your wish that this act of kindness should be retrospective. But if an assurance on my part that in the spirit of your Lordship's wishes I will 'call upon you whenever I have occasion to do so' if this may reconcile you to my declining further assistance at present, I have no difficulty in giving such assurance. But herein I submit to what may be your Lordship's pleasure; for a backwardness to meet your most liberal suggestions would be unworthy of me.

I cannot forbear, my Lord, to add that you have been the means of relieving my mind in a manner that I am sure will be gratifying to your heart. The House which I have for some time occupied is the Parsonage of Grasmere. It stands close by the Churchyard; and I have found it absolutely necessary that we should quit a Place, which, by recalling to our minds at every moment the losses we have sustained in the course of the last year, would grievously retard our progress toward that tranquillity which it is our duty to aim at. By your Lordship's goodness we shall be enabled to remove, without uneasiness from some additional expense of rent, from this House to a most desirable Residence soon to be vacant at Rydale. I shall be

<sup>1</sup> The MS is so carefully written that it was obviously intended as a final copy to be sent to Lord L. But in the second sentence 'I feel . . . interfere' is deleted and a somewhat illegible substitute added after the signature. It must, therefore, have been recopied before despatch

JANUARY 1813

further assisted in my present depression of mind (indeed I have already been so) by feeling myself at liberty to resort to that species of intellectual exertion which only is sufficiently powerful to rouse me, and which for some time I could not have yielded to, on account of a book undertaken for profit. This I can now defer without imprudence till I can proceed with it more heartily than at present would be possible. I have troubled your Lordship with this detail, being conscious that this is the best way of expressing my thanks to a mind like yours.

Your sympathy and that of your Family in our distress much affects me and mine. I have a heartfelt Pleasure in saying that my Little-one is quite recovered.

I have the honour to be

With affectionate respect

My Lord

Your Lordship's obliged and faithful Servant

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*

*471. D. W. to R. W.*

Grasmere 11<sup>th</sup> January 1813.

My dear Brother,

William has intended writing to you for some time past; but the Task was so painful to him that he has put it off from day to day, and I have therefore taken it upon myself, being unwilling that any event which has had so material an effect upon our happiness should longer remain unknown to you. On the 1<sup>st</sup> of last month William's second Son, Thomas, died of an inflammation on the lungs, while the eruption of the measles was upon him. He had been carrying<sup>1</sup> on as favorably as possible; and but half an hour before the inflammation began, the Apothecary had seen him and pronounced him in a fair way of speedy recovery. In fact there had never been a moment's apprehension about him till the change took place, at once—and he was dead in five hours afterwards. This shock has been a dreadful one, coming so soon after the other which was equally sudden;

<sup>1</sup> *written* carried



and to add to the former affliction both the Father and Mother were absent, and could not be summoned to the Funeral. I was at Watermillock when Thomas died, but I had the comfort of following him to his grave. He was the darling of the whole house and beloved by every body who knew him. His dispositions were affectionate and good—he was fond of his Book and was in all respects as promising a Child as ever breathed. God's will must be submitted to, and I hope his poor Mother and all of us will be enabled to submit as we ought; but it has been a hard stroke for her; and has shattered her very much. The Boy was six years and a half old. There are now but three left—John—Dorothy, and William—aged 9—8—and two and a half years. Our present Residence, which is close to the Church-yard and the school which was our darling's Daily pride and pleasure is become so melancholy that we have resolved to remove from it, and Wm has taken a house at Rydale which is very pleasantly situated; thither we shall remove at May-day, or before, if the present Tenant quits it before that time, which is expected. I hope you will come to see us as soon as possible after your return to Sockbridge—I was much disappointed that I did not see you when I was in that neighbourhood, and I do not think I can have the heart to make the same journey next summer—therefore I hope you will come to us.

We are much obliged to you for the account of the money that we have drawn for; but pray be so kind as to send an exact account of what we possess on the other side. I hope that there was enough remaining of the Remnant of my Father's property with what we had from my Uncle William to cover the debt to my Aunt Wordsworth; but how this is pray let us know—and whether you have made any settlement with the Executors of my Uncle Crackenthorpe. Do be so good as let this statement be sent to us without delay. We wish to shape our expences accordingly.

William will draw upon you in the course of a week for 19£ in favour of Mr Edward Partridge at one month after date.

Again I entreat you to come and see us. Human life is short—year passes on after year and we do not meet, and I wish you to see and know your Nephews and Niece. The late warnings make

JANUARY 1813

us feel daily, the uncertainty of their life, and ours—May God  
bless you, my dear Brother

Believe me your ever affectionate Sister

D Wordsworth

Willham and Mary send their kindest Love I shall expect a  
letter from you very soon.

*Address:* Richard Wordsworth Esq<sup>re</sup>, Staple Inn, London.

*MS.* 472. *W. W. to Samuel Rogers*

*R.*

Grasmere January 12<sup>th</sup>, 1813

My dear Sir,

I am gratified by your readiness to serve me in the affair of my intended Publication, but I am obliged to defer it, and by a cause which you will be most sorry to hear, viz., the recent death of my dear and amiable Son, Thomas. He died this day six weeks past of the measles; he was seen by the medical attendant about twelve at noon, pronounced to be as favourably held as child could be, and his dissolution took place in less than 5 Hours from that time. An inflammation in the lungs carried him off thus suddenly. You must remember him well; he was our second Son (6 years and a half old), and I recollect well made one of the Party that fine afternoon when we all drank tea together with Dr. Bell in his garden. This sudden blow, coming when we were just beginning to recover from one equally sudden, has overwhelmed us. Last summer we lost a sweet little Girl, 4 years old, and Brother and Sister now rest side [by side] in Grasmere Churchyard where we hope that our dust will one day mingle with theirs. If at some future time I can force my mind to the occupation which was thus lamentably interrupted, as I trust I shall be able to do, then I will again have recourse to your kindness in this Concern. We find it absolutely necessary to quit a Residence which forces upon us at every moment so many memorials of the happy but short lives of our departed Innocents, and we have taken the House called Rydale Mount, lately the Property of Mr. North and occupied [by] him, but now belonging to Lady Le Fleming. We shall be pleased to see you there; you know that the House is favourably situated.

JANUARY 1813

It gives me much satisfaction to learn that your time has passed so agreeably in Scotland; may sorrow that is perpetually travelling about the world be long in finding you! I am glad that Sharp is in expectation of returning to Parham; if you see him, remember me affectionately to him, and be so good as to communicate to him our loss. I am obliged to Miss Rogers for her remembrance of me; pray present my regards to her in return. Mrs. W., my Sister, and Miss Hutchinson join in kind remembrances to you,

And believe me, my dear sir, faithfully yours,

W. Wordsworth

P.S. You make no mention of the Volume of your Poems which you promised. I am disappointed at this. What you say of W. Scott reminds me of an Epigram something like the following—

Tom writes his Verses with huge speed,  
Faster than Printer's Boy can set 'em,  
Faster far than we can read,  
And only not so fast as we forget 'em.

Mrs. W., poor Woman! who sits by me, says, with a kind of sorrowful smile—this is spite, for you know that Mr. Scott's verses are the delight of the Times, and that thousands can repeat scores of pages.

*Address:* Samuel Rogers Esq<sup>re</sup>, St James's Place, London.

*473. D. W. to Elizabeth Threlkeld and Jane Marshall*  
*MS.*

*K(—)*

Grasmere Jan<sup>y</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> 1813

My dear Elizabeth,

No doubt you have heard the sad particulars of our last affliction, the Death of our Darling Thomas, within six months after the equally sudden Death of his Sister. You remember him a lovely Baby with a heavenly sweetness in his countenance which he preserved to the last, an innocence as pure as at the day of his Birth. He took the measles when I was at Water-millock, and suffered as little in the disorder as any child could do, and at eleven o'clock on the morning of the day upon which he died the medical attendant saw him, and pronounced him

going on perfectly well. Half an hour afterwards he was seized with an Inflammation upon the Lungs which carried him off in five hours. Oh my dear Friends, judge of the agony of my grief when I met my Brother at Threlkeld the following morning in my way home, and he told me that that most beloved child was taken from us for ever. It had been my intention to go to Keswick for a few days ; but of course the Coach went on without me, and when I was able to think about going home we were on the point of sending for a Chaise when we were told that a Grasmere man was going immediately to Grasmere with a Cart ; so in that Cart I laid myself down and was conveyed to the house of mourning. My dear Sister received me with fortitude and composure. She was indeed a comforter ; but I am sorry to say—*that first effort* being passed, and the anxiety over for the three remaining Children who have since had the measles, her spirits are very weak and she is so miserably thin—worn down, as I may say, that it is quite melancholy to look upon her. Yet I trust she does not repine at the decrees of Providence. I trust we all are submitted to them, but it has been a hard trial—for Thomas was of all the Children that one who caused us the least of pain, and who gave us the purest of delights. He was affectionate, sweet-tempered, ardent in the pursuit of learning, invariably doing his duty without effort or interference on the part of others—and above all had a simplicity which was his own, an infantine innocence, which I now believe marked him as not of this world, but chosen by God himself, to augment the number of blessed Spirits. Could we but have opened our eyes to receive that warning we might while he was lent unto us have better profited from the light of his happy Countenance, and his most innocent simplicity. But Oh! dear Child, never never shall I forget thee, and I hope I shall hereafter find healing and comfort in the Remembrance. I did not intend to distress you ; I did not mean to dwell upon our unutterable loss ; and I will not speak of it again. He is happier than we can make him, and though I cannot yet bear to visit his grave, as I used to do his little Sister's even from the first week of her Interment, I trust I may yet find comfort there, being admonished by the Text of Scripture which is engraven upon her Tomb-stone—'Suffer the little

Children to come unto me and forbid them not ; for of such is the Kingdom of God'.

I requested Miss Pollard to inform my Aunt of our Loss, and I wrote to my Aunt myself about a week after, directing to the Post-office Bath. I think she must have received my letter, therefore I am uneasy that I have not heard from her, fearing that she is unable to write on account of Mr. Rawson's having had a relapse. Pray, when you write to her, if she be not returned to Halifax, tell her that I have been very uneasy at not hearing from her ; and in the mean time, my dear Elizabeth, pray write to me and tell me how Mr. Rawson's health goes on, and all other Particulars respecting Mrs. R., your Mother, the Fergusons, and all my Halifax Friends.

I ought to write to Mrs. Marshall ; but I do not feel myself in spirits to write a long letter, and a short one would be of little value, therefore I must beg that you and she will let this letter serve for both of you ; and I am sure you will have the goodness to re-direct it, and send it to New Grange.

John Dorothy and William have all had the measles—they did not sicken till a week after their Brother's death. John and William were both very ill—John had the disorder worse a hundred times, to all appearance than Thomas—and William after the measles were gone, caught cold and had an attack of spasmodic croup. Thank God they are all well now.

You will be glad to hear that we are going to remove from the Parsonage House, a place which is so very melancholy to us now that we resolved immediately to look out for another house, and we have got the promise of the pleasantest residence in this neighbourhood. The house is in perfect repair, comfortable and convenient, and is in the very situation which in the happiest of our days we chose as the most delightful in the country. We have some hopes of entering upon it before May-day (the regular term) as the present occupant talks of removing in March.

I have had a most kind letter from Miss Pollard, which brought me a very agreeable account of the two dear Children left at Watermillock. I hope they will escape the measles, for I should have many fears for Ellen. Yet the Race is not to the Swift nor the Battle to the strong. *She* perhaps might get over

JANUARY 1813

it better than a stronger Child. She is the same age as our Thomas; and for that reason when at Watermillock I looked at her with a more tender interest, little thinking that the Child whom she reminded me of was so soon to be taken from us for ever. She is a very sweet Girl.

I spent a happy time at Watermillock; but it is a time which I cannot now look back upon without sadness.

It gives m[e] the greatest pleasure to hear of your Mother's hea[th] and strength, blessings which, at her time of life, cannot be sufficiently prized. I wish I may hear that my fears for our good Friend Mr. Rawson are unfounded.

Give my kind Love to all my Cousins. I congratulate Mrs. Sutchffe upon the Birth of her Daughter. They will, I am sure sympathize with us in our affliction. Have you heard from America lately, and what sort of Tidings? In short; tell me every thing; and forgive this melancholy letter. Perhaps when I write again I may be able to speak of other matters. God bless you my dear Friend, may you and your Mother yet enjoy many years of peace and happiness together. My Brother and Sister beg their kind Love, and Miss Hutchinson—who has been a sharer with us in the sorrows of the last year. Believe me your affect<sup>e</sup>

D. Wordsworth

I will say one word to Mrs. Marshall on the other side.

My dear Jane,

I do not ask your forgiveness for sending you a letter not addressed to yourself. I have not the spirits to take up the pen again at this time—but write to me and I promise you shall hear from me again very soon, and do not be uneasy about me. I walk daily and strive against sadness, but I cannot conceal from you that this is a hard trial—the hardest I have ever had except when my Brother John died—but God himself knows that he hath worse in store for us. Give my love to your Husband, and the children big and little—I love them all, though I mention the names of none. I shall write to your Sister in a few days. God bless you. Believe me ever your affect<sup>e</sup>,

D. W.

*Address:* Miss Threlkeld, Saville Row, Halifax, Yorkshire.

MS.

## 474. D. W. to Jane Marshall

K(—)

Sunday 24<sup>th</sup> Jan. [1813]

My dear Friend,

I received your letter about two hours ago along with one from our dear Friend Mrs. Rawson, and I hasten to thank you for your kindness in writing to me, and in thinking so much about us. I hope you will have received, before this reaches you, a letter which I addressed to Elizabeth Threlkeld a few days ago; and which I desired her to forward to you, for I felt myself unequal to the task of writing a second long letter, and a short one *to you* would neither have satisfied you nor myself. Forgive me, my dear Friend, for having been so long silent. My spirits have at times been weak and I shrank from the thoughts of writing, persuading myself that tomorrow or the next day I should be more fit for it. But do not be uneasy about me, I am very well in my health, and I go on as usual with my daily pursuits; and I trust I do not *repine* at the loss of that beloved Child, who is returned to that Heaven from whence he so lately came, as pure a Spirit as ever was received into those holy regions.

Untainted he remained in this world—and is now happy—and gone but a few years before us—so I feel—so I think of him; yet my tears will flow—I cannot help it. The image of him, his very self, is so vivid in my mind—it is with me like a perpetual presence; and at certain moments the anguish of those tender recollections is more than I can bear—followed by that one thought—‘I shall never see him more’!

You know how I loved him when he was alive—how fondly I prized his promising virtues. But my dear Friend, I want not to distress you; yet I write as if I did—no it is not so—my heart is full of the sweet image of him whom I shall see no more; and it is yet too soon for me to think of what he was in this world without anguish. At times, when I muse on a future life and on his blessedness in another world, I lose those thoughts of anguish; the child becomes spiritualized to my mind. I wish I could have such musings more frequently—and longer; but alas! the image

JANUARY 1813

of the Boy disturbs me—and I weep again. Time, I know, will soften this, but as long as I have breath and life, thy Grave beloved Child! will be remembered by me with pensive sadness.

I have been weeping a torrent of tears my dear Jane, and I am better—forgive me—and do not try to reason me out of this indulgence of grief—it does me good—for it must have its course—and when I write to you, the tender Mother of ten Children, and the Companion of my youth, the sorrow comes fresh upon me. To another I should have written calmly, and shall be able to do so to you again. My poor Sister I have spoken of at large in my letter to Elizabeth. I think she has looked rather better these two days. My Brother is grown very thin, and at times I think he looks ten years older since the death of Thomas.

I hope we shall not remain more than two months or 10 weeks longer in this house, and you must come and see us when we get to the other. It is a place that ten years ago I should have almost danced with Joy if I could have dreamed it would ever be ours.

My dear Jane you tell me you have been ill and do not say what has been your disorder. Pray take care of yourself. I am much hurt to hear of it.

It is a great pleasure to me that all the Children are so well, and that they are so comfortable at Watermullock. I often think of sweet Ellen, and innocent Julia.

Give our kind love to Mr. Marshall with many thanks for his kindness to us. I am called off and must conclude directly or I shall lose a post.

God bless you—do write soon a[g]ain, and tell me more about yourself.

Yours evermore

D. W.

Remember me to Miss Brown. You can hardly imagine how useful your apples have been to us.

I walk every day—work—read etc. etc.

*Address:* Mrs Marshall, New Grange, Leeds.



475. *D. W. to Mary Hutchinson (née Monkhouse)*  
MS.

Feb<sup>y</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> 1813.

My dear Mary,

Little did I think when I parted from you all that it would be such a hard task to resolve to write to you. Very soon after you left us, William, Mary and Dorothy went to Keswick, and the morning after their return I set off on my long-promised visit to Watermillock—and never more did I see that blessed Darling alive. He slept that night with Willy and me by his own particular desire—and Oh! how well I recollect feeling him in my arms after Willy had left us, and how sweetly he asked me if he might get up; and came to me to be dressed. The last view I had of him was in the Church-yard on his way to school. His Father met me at Threlkeld and then he told me the sad event—I came home in a cart—It was on the Wednesday, and on the Saturday we followed him to his grave—Oh Mary! why do I repeat this dismal story? Because you loved his innocent spirit—Because you can measure my affliction, and it fills my heart when I talk to you, and I cannot write till I have disburthened myself of what was a heavy load when I took the pen in my hand. The ways of Providence are inscrutable. That child was taken from us who never disturbed our minds with one wayward inclination—Right forward did he tread the path of duty—and we looked at him with the fondest hopes, that in after years he would be our pride and comfort as he was then a source of tender delight. But he was destined for a better world; that divine sweetness in his countenance marked him out as a chosen Spirit, and if we could but have seen it we might have known that he was not intended for *us*. Therefore let us rather thank God for having so long lent to us this Blessing, than repine that he is taken away; for the gain is his—he is happier than we could have made him, and it is but for ourselves that we grieve.—I have been obliged to stop; for alas! I am very weak at times though I trust I am resigned to this affliction, and am sensible that far heavier might have fallen upon us, and that it is [rather] our duty to be thankful for what is left than to shed unavailing tears for the Departed, and I will distress you no longer; I am lighter

hearted now myself, and I bless God for his Goodness in having showered so many gracious Gifts upon that child whom we once possessed, and whose sweet image only Death, which will again join us to him can remove from us. His poor Mother supported herself and all of us at first like a guardian Angel: but her spirits sank very low when the anxiety was over and she returned to this melancholy place; and lately she has been very poorly; but Mr. Scambler has given her some tonic medicines which (with wine which she now drinks) we hope will be of use to her. The medicines agree with her, and she has twice ridden out upon Sara's pony. Mr. Scambler wishes her to be in the open air as much as possible; but lately the weather has been too stormy except on a chance day now and then. She is thinner than ever, and has that same black complexion which is so dismal with her thin cheeks. Dear Sara has been poorly but she is better now. It will however be better for her and for all of us when we are removed to another house, though I agree with you that the distance to which we are going is not perhaps enough, for Mary; yet I am by no means sure of this. It is having those objects continually present in which the Children used to delight—above all the school and the Church-yard which is the greatest evil. At Rydale we shall be removed from these, while at the same time many new and pleasing objects will be constantly before us. It is true that when she comes to Church, on a Sunday, it will be like coming to the home of the dead Children; but on the other hand to be entirely removed from them would be a source of lingering regret, and we all wish that our Bodies may lie beside theirs. Do not imagine from this, my dear Mary, that, if my brother and sister would have been likely to consent to it, I should have opposed our removing into your neighbourhood. The motives to such removal are very strong, and if I thought it would conduce to Mary's benefit (which I am sure it would if she would consent to it) I should be the last person to utter an objection, whatever might be my pangs at leaving this country, where I have spent so many happy days. The Norths do not intend to go to Ambleside till the end of April, therefore we shall not enter the house till May-Day. I hope you have written to your Brother Tom about the carpet, as we should like to have it

when we go to Rydale, that we may get ourselves settled and all upholstery work done at once. We expect that Miss Green will get the new house at Rydale, as there is no demur except a trifling one on the score of Rent, which I have no doubt will be settled by the Landlord's yielding to her terms. I am glad on Mary's account, as I think a little of Miss Green's company now and then will be of use to her. Poor Mrs. King departed on Sunday Fortnight. Mr. King and Mr. Wilcock accompanied her to Kendal, and the next day got down together—I suppose in triumph. She writes to us that her journey was as pleasant as could be expected under such circumstances; and says that she hopes to be happier than she has been when she is used to the change. Mr. King is removed to Patterdale, and the plate and linen are gone thither. If I had been in Mrs. King's place my pride would never have suffered this—I would have taken those Badges of Consequence with me, and have let them provide for themselves. Mr. Astley is in treaty for the house, and Mr. Crump's new house is thrown upon his hands; for Mr. Humphrey and he have disagreed upon the Terms and Mr. H is going to quit Grasmere, so there will be three houses to let, the parsonage, the Taylor's Cottage, and the Wyke Cottage—I think we have no other news except that Peggy Ashburner has lost a fat pig ready for the knife—choked with paste and poor Aggy's mismanagement is the cause. Peggy is as usual—very ill one day—and the next as lively as if she had taken up a new lease of life. We like Mr. Powley exceedingly—he seems to be very conscientious both in the discharge of his office as minister and Schoolmaster. He is grown quite fond of teaching; and the progress that was made before our little Darling's death was very great; and I have no doubt has made no stop since, from what I gather from Mr. Powley's conversation, but I have not had the courage to enter the school again. John is not to go to Mr. Dawes till we have removed—and I think that his improvement has been greater under Mr. Powley; but with his shy disposition it is desirable he should associate with Boys his equal in Rank. He now goes to Mr. de Quincey for a *nominal hour* every day to learn Latin upon a plan of Mr. de Quincey's own 'by which a Boy of the most moderate abilities may be made a good latin scholar in

six weeks!!!!' This said nominal hour now generally is included in the space of twenty minutes; either the scholar learns with such uncommon rapidity that more time is unnecessary, or the Master tires. Which of these conjectures is the more probable I leave you to guess. At present Sara teaches Dorothy Latin and if she were steady she would get on rapidly, for she is as quick as lightning. She goes to Mr. Powley to learn to write. Willy is a sweet creature—the greatest Gossip—for he knows all people and all the news, and the greatest chatterer you ever saw—Sweet he is—but Oh! how different from Tom! I used, when Tom was alive to see a likeness in their faces, but now I never see it (and this often distresses me for I can see no likeness in any of them to Him)—I suppose the reason of it is this, that the sentiment of Thomas's face continually abides in my recollections, and that same sentiment (whatever resemblance there may be in the features) does not exist in any of their countenances.—Willy is now beside me—'What must I say to your Godmother?' 'Bring me some Bide cake Tell her!' He has taken up a book, and there he reads fragments of a hundred little songs—about Cock-Robin, pussy cat and all sorts of things. He is very entertaining; but one half of the heart is sad while the other laughs at his strange fancies—I suppose Joanna will have left you before this letter reaches you, but when you write to her pray tell her that we have had a letter from Mr Johnson, who is in good health and quite satisfied with his situation, and I suppose has *prospects*. The Bishop of Hereford has done him the honour to call upon him and sit an hour, and has given him the privilege of having his letters sent under cover to him. I think it would be a nice thing for Joanna and him if the Bishop would give him a good Herefordshire living; but he is in favour with all the Bishops, and no matter if he should be fixed in another Diocese. I hope he will have the courage to call upon her—I have told him where she is to be found in London. We were very sorry to hear of the Death of little Henry's Brother; and we trust that Joanna did not venture to go to Mr. Robinson's unless you heard that the disease was stopped in their family.—I think I have nothing more to tell you about our own concerns except that we are going to keep a Lad and one Maid

at Rydale, for the sake of the garden ; instead of two maids, and Fanny will continue with us. Molly is probably going to be Mrs Southey's nurse. Mary Dawson talks in private to us of leaving Mr. de Quincey—What a prize she would be to your brother John as housekeeper! She is tired of Mr de Q's meanness and greediness.—My dear Mary with what pleasure did I once think of setting forward to see you in May! but you know that I cannot now turn my mind from home—indeed I feel at present as if it were impossible—I feel as if I should be for ever haunted by the fear of something dismal happening, if I were at a distance—I only walked over the mountains—fifteen miles—and what a change awaited me at my return—and poor Mary. Only three days before Catherine's death I had written such an account of her, as was calculated to make her more fearless and secure than she had been for years before. Give my kindest love to Tom—tell him that I used to talk of Powys Castle and all the places that we were to see by the Road and to think of the joy I should have at meeting him and seeing you all at Hindwell. It often grieves me to think I have never been there ; but I cannot—cannot yet bring my mind to look forward to a time for going. God bless you all my dear good Friends—Long may you be happy together and long may it be before you are visited with afflictions like that which we have been suffering under! Give my love to your Aunt and to John. Dorothy often asks about her Godmother. Do accept this melancholy letter in good part—I thought I had had more to tell you or I think I should hardly have taken the office from Sara, who has many more subjects to write upon in connexion with Wales than I have ; but my heart has long yearned to tell you, my dear Mary that I love you tenderly and shall ever think of the days that Mary *Monkhouse* spent here—*Thomas's* God-mother. May God bless all your doings, and may you be as happy in this world as you deserve to be.—Much however as I wished to utter my affectionate sentiments towards you, I should not now have taken the pen if I had not fancied myself better provided with ordinary matters to talk about. Believe me ever your affectionate Friend D Wordsworth.

We had a letter from Mrs. Clarkson last night. She was in

FEBRUARY 1813

London—but going back to Bury in a week or two—her health and spirits variable—Her Sister well—Coleridge's play has been completely successful—Mrs Coleridge is much excited as you may guess—Again God bless you.

I fear you cannot read this scrawl.

Do not think that I require an answer addressed to *me*, though at all times I should be glad to hear from you but it is the same thing when you write to Sara.

*Address:* Mrs Hutchinson, Hindwell, near New Radnor.

*MS.*

*476. D. W. to R. W.*

16 Feb<sup>ry</sup> 1813.

My dear Brother,

I thank you for your kind Letter, which I was very glad to receive. I hope you have seen Wm Crackanthorp and are likely to bring matters to a conclusion with him, and I trust you will be able to come over Kirkstone to see us in the Spring, and do not fail to bring our accounts with you for we wish very much for an accurate Statement of what we are entitled to.

I drew upon you yesterday for £50 in favour of Mr Henry Thompson, at one Month—and today I have sent an Order (I do not know that it is quite regular) to Messrs. Twining for 16£-8s-6d, which we owe them. They will present the Paper to you; and be so good as to pay that Sum to them.

We have desired them hence-forward to take their account to you. We have just ordered a fresh supply of Tea, and the Bill for that Tea will probably be presented to you about this time next year, I will however, the first time I write after we have received the Tea, inform you of the amount of the Debt, to prevent any mistake or delay when it is demanded.

Mary continues to be but poorly, and I think nothing will have power to overcome her melancholy while we remain here.

I am very glad, my dear Brother, that your health is so much improved. You must not relax in your care of yourself; yet I would fain hope that a journey over Kirkstone w(oul)d not hurt you.

William and Mary send their kind love—Believe me ever your affect<sup>e</sup> Sister

Dorothy Wordsworth

*Address.* Richard Wordsworth Esq<sup>re</sup>, Staple Inn, London.

MARCH 1813

MS.

477. *D. W. to R. W.*

[March 1813]

My dear Brother,

Enclosed is a letter which I beg you will send to Messrs. Twining. It is an Order for Tea for a Friend of ours, Mr Cookson, of Kendal, who has begged me to discharge the enclosed account for [him]. I have therefore sent them an order upon you for 14£-12s-6- which be so good as to answer when Messrs Twining send it to you, and I enclose the Bill for which pray procure a Receipt, and bring it with you when you come into the North.

I am your affect<sup>e</sup> Sister

D Wordsworth.

*Address:* Richard Wordsworth Esq<sup>r</sup>, Staple Inn, London.

MS.

478. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

K(—)

Thursday April 8<sup>th</sup> [1813]

Your letter, my dearest Friend, reached us last night, I am grateful for an unexpected pleasure, and my grateful feelings impel me to write immediately. You have been better than you are wont in writing again so soon. Do not think that under this praise is implied a censure, I too well know how many cheerless bodily feelings you have to struggle with to wonder, or to lament selfishly that your letters are sometimes slow in coming. On the whole you give a good account of your health, and there is comfort in the hope, though distant, of seeing you next year; and though with all hopes fear is linked in my mind in a way unknown before, I shall often turn to the idea of our meeting. God grant that *you* may live many years and that *we* may be able to enjoy as we ought to do the Blessings which Providence yet allows us to possess—and Oh! may we all if further afflictions are speedily to visit us—may we all be enabled to see in them the hand of mercy, and to trust that our sufferings in this world are given to us in order that we may be perfected in a better world! Truly, as you feelingly speak in your last letter, all other

consolations are unstable and weak. But this leads me to the green graves in the corner of our Church-Yard and let that ground be peaceful! I feel now that my heart is going to struggle with unbefitting sorrow—while I talk of resignation—but I trust the time will come when all the tears I shed shall be tears of hope and quiet tenderness.—Yet if you had known Thomas—if you had seen him—if you had felt the hopes which his innocent intelligent and eager—yet *most* innocent and heavenly countenance raised in our hearts many a time when we silently looked upon him—you would wonder that we have been able to bear the loss of him as well as we have borne it; but with an humbled spirit I must confess we have not been submitted as we ought to have been.

I have laid down the pen for some minutes, and I can write upon other matters less deeply interesting. Yet once more—blessings be on his grave—that turf upon which his pure feet so often have trod—Oh!<sup>1</sup>

William left us this morning to go to Appleby to receive instruction from his predecessor in the Stamp Office, having received the confirmation of his appointment. Never man set off upon such an errand with less of the importance of office upon him—his grand consolation was that he should find Sara there, and that they would be companions on the journey home. She had thought herself obliged to go to Appleby to assist Miss Weir in nursing one of her Brother John's daughters (the eldest of the second Brood). She had recovered from the Measles, caught cold, which took the shape of an Influenza then going about, and she was in imminent danger. Miss Weir never left her Bed-side for 8 days or nights. The account reached Sara when she was at Kendal assisting Miss Green to purchase some furniture for a house she has taken at Rydale, and Sara though the child was recovering, with her accustomed humanity offered to go to Miss Weir. If she had been at home we should not have suffered it, for though Sara's health is much better on the whole, she is ill able to struggle with sorrow or the fatigues of watching, and of sorrow she has had her share at home. William's going will however be a relief

<sup>1</sup> The MS is here blotted with a tear stain



APRIL 1813

to her. The Income of the place is better than 400£ per annum. From this deduct the expense of a clerk who is to serve the double purposes of Clerk and Gardener. This morning Mary and I walked by William's side (who rode on Sara's pony) as far as Rydale, and on the way we met Miss Knott, from whom we learnt a curious circumstance, namely that the same office of Distributor of Stamps for the County of Westmoreland was held forty years ago by her Grandfather in that very house whither we are going. Mr Knott was succeeded by our relation<sup>1</sup> Mr Wilkin who has resigned on account of inability to conduct the business. This resignation would not have been necessary; but he had unfortunately entrusted the business to the management of a drunken man who neglected it. Old Mr Knott held the office many years after he was incapable of performing the duties himself; and, as Miss Knott informs us they were performed by his servant, who waited at table &c &c &c—. It is impossible for me, unless you saw Lord Lonsdale's letters, to give you an idea of the delicacy of his conduct towards my Brother. We are all very thankful for the prospect of an entire release from care about spending money for any little luxuries that we may desire or providing against future wants for the children; but at first we hardly seemed to be glad—glad we were not—we hardly *thought* about the change.—I was with Mrs Lloyd and while I was talking with her it came into my mind that I had something to tell her; but what it was I could not recollect—and about half an hour after it came into my mind that it was about the place. You will rejoice to hear that dearest Mary is much better—she was very poorly after I wrote to you—her complaint was of the most weakening kind—for seven weeks! We began to think she might be with child; however tonic medicines and riding on horseback, whatever was the case, were likely to prove equally useful, and she grew better, and it has since been proved that she is not with child; and she is grown considerably stronger, and by the help of a quiet and resigned mind her spirits are better, much better than I expected they would have been by this time. Some have wished that she might have another Child; but I cannot join in this wish; for

<sup>1</sup> So MS: *possibly* our *should* be her.

her anxiety would be so great in case of illness or weakness of the child, and of its death her sorrow so overwhelming that I think it is more to be desired, as far as we can foresee anything that it should not be so. After I wrote to you last I was vexed with myself for having spoken so ill-naturedly of the Norths; for we had occasion to have some communications with them respecting the house and they were very civil; but I do not now repent me of my malice; for I believe that their civility was only forced from them because they had no plea to behave in any other manner, and wanted the courage to be uncivil; for a few days after the Family was removed from the house; and when we had been informed by a person to whom Mr North had said it, that he had nothing left in the house but a few bottles, William wrote a note requesting Mr N's permission to enter upon the house, and giving his reasons in a very delicate manner, *hinting* plainly at the most important one, and we received an answer, couched in civil terms, to the following effect: that Mr N. would be happy to accommodate Mr W. as soon as he had got preparations made for the reception of at least nine cartloads of goods which were yet in the house. Now these goods are the wine in his cellars, and he has bins to make for his wine at Ambleside. Would not anyone but himself have requested permission to keep the wine locked up in the cellars, and have given the free use of the house which he no longer wanted himself? It is three weeks or more since the house was empty, and we hear nothing further, so we shall not remove till May day. We are beginning to prepare—making curtains quilting bed-quilts (old fashioned work) etc etc.

My dear friend, as to Coleridge you have done all that can be done, and we are grieved that you have had so much uneasiness, and taken so much trouble about him. He will not let himself be served by others. Oh, that the day may ever come when he will serve himself! Then will his eyes be opened, and he will see clearly that we have loved him always, do still [love] him, and have ever loved—not measuring his deserts. I do not now wish him to come into the North; that is, I do not wish him to do it for the sake of any wish to gratify us. But if he should do it of him-

APRIL 1813

self I should be glad as the best sign that he was endeavouring to perform his duties. His conduct to you has been selfish and unfeeling in the extreme, which makes me hope no good of him at present, especially as I hear from all quarters so much of his confident announcement of plans for this musical drama, that comedy, the other essay. Let him doubt, and his powers will revive. Till then they must sleep. God bless him. He little knows with what tenderness we have lately thought of him, nor how entirely we are softened to all sense of injury. We have had no thoughts of him but such as ought to have made him lean upon us with confidential love, and fear not to confess his weaknesses.

The boys come to us almost every week. Hartley is as odd as ever, and in the weak points of his character resembles his Father very much; but he is not prone to sensual indulgence—quite the contrary—and has not one expensive habit. Derwent is to me a much more interesting Boy. He is very clever. I should wish him to be put in the way of some profession in which *scientific* knowledge would be useful; for his mind takes that turn. He is uncommonly acute and accurate. William will now be enabled to assist in sending Hartley to college; but of course this must not be mentioned; for the best thing that can happen to his Father will be that he should suppose that the whole care of putting Hartley forward must fall upon himself. You have been long absent from your dear Tom. I hope you will think he has made good use of his time—God grant that he may be a blessing to you. Give my tenderest love to him and your Husband and Father. Remember me to Mrs. Kitchener. Do write soon, as soon as you are able. This is a beautiful day. You set forward on your journey to-morrow.

Yours evermore

D. W.

Do forgive my scrawling—You have Willy's pencil writing on the outside of my letter. It is well Mr Clarkson will not have the reading of this letter—he would make a pretty story out of it.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

APRIL 1813

MS.

479. D. W. to Richard Addison

Grasmere 27<sup>th</sup> April [1813]

Dear Sir,

Some time ago Miss Hutchinson sent a Box to her Sister Joanna in London, which contained (among other things which we have been informed were duly received) a letter addressed to my Brother Richard in which was enclosed a letter to Messrs Twining which I desired him to send to them, and I desired my Brother to pay to them the Sum of 14£-12s-6d on account of Mrs Cookson of Kendal, upon their demand. My letter to the Twinings contained an Order for 40lb of Souchong Tea at 7/- 1 lb Pekoe Tea—and 1 lb of the best black tea to be sent to Mr Cookson; which Tea has never been received, therefore I conclude that my Brother has forgotten to forward the letter to Messrs Twining.

I shall be much obliged to you if the money has not been paid, (namely 14£-12s-6d) if you will have the goodness to send immediately to Devereux Court to pay it for *Mr Cookson*, and pray place it to my account, and at the same time I wish you would order the tea which I have set down on the other side of the paper to be sent immediately by the Kendal Waggon to Mr Cookson, in case it is not already sent; and whether the money is paid or not be so good as to cause inquiries to be made respecting the Tea.

When you see Mr Thomas Monkhouse be so good as to tell him that we hope soon to hear that he has purchased carpets for us. We shall remove to Rydale about the 12th of May.

Pray make my kind Remembrances to your Mother and Miss Hindson

I am, dear Sir

Yours respectfully

D Wordsworth

*Address:* Richard Addison Esq<sup>re</sup>, Staple Inn, London.

MS.

480. W. W. to Richard Addison

Dear Sir,

Grasmere May 1<sup>st</sup> [1813]

I have this day drawn upon my Brother for £7-7 in favour of John Hanson Esq<sup>re</sup> (at sight) which draft you will have the goodness to honour.

MAY 1813

I am Sir with best respects from my family to yourself and  
your friends respect<sup>ly</sup> yours

W. Wordsworth—

It may interest you to hear that I am appointed to the Office  
of Distributor of Stamps for Westmorl<sup>d</sup> etc

*Address:* Rich<sup>d</sup> Addison Esq<sup>re</sup>, Staple Inn, London.

*MS.*                    481. D. W. to Jane Marshall

*K*(—)

Rydale Mount, Thursday morning [May 2, 1813]

My dear Friend,

When I tell you that we removed yesterday, you will not wonder that I write a short note. We are all well, though some of us, especially my Sister, jaded with our fatigues. The weather is delightful, and the place a paradise; but my inner thoughts *will* go back to Grasmere. I was the last person who left the House yesterday evening. It seemed as quiet as the grave; and the very church-yard where our darlings lie, when I gave a last look upon it [seemed] to chear my thoughts. There I could think of life and immortality—the house only reminded me of desolation, gloom, emptiness, and chearless silence—but why do I now turn to these thoughts? the morning is bright and I am more chearful today.

I write now merely to request that you will send Miss Watson's Novel as soon as you have done with it—directed to Mrs. Coleridge to be left at Miss Crosthwaites' Keswick; and if you have not read it pray read it immediately, for I promised Lloyd long since to procure it immediately after your return. I have been disappointed at not hearing from you before now. God bless you all.

D. Wordsworth

The Novel may be sent by the coach from Penrith.

*Address:* Mrs Marshall, Watermillock, near Penrith.

MAY 1813

MS. 482. D. W. to Richard Addison

Rydale Mount, May 18<sup>th</sup> 1813

Dear Sir,

I trouble you with this letter to inform you that I have this day drawn upon my Brother for 50£ in favor of Mr Cookson,

I am, dear Sir,

Yours respectfully

D Wordsworth

Address: Richard Addison Esq<sup>re</sup>, Staple Inn, London.

MS. 483. W. W. to Basil Montagu

Rydale Mount, May 30<sup>th</sup> 1813

My dear Montagu

I have been dancing about the Country for these last 6 Weeks arranging things for the conduct of my new business; this has prevented me from acknowledging the receipt of your several Letters. I have not however neglected their Contents; I spoke to Richard upon the subject of the sum you are about to pay, I beg'd him to write to Mr Addison, to give up whatever may be in his hands. This I doubt not Rich<sup>d</sup> has done. As to the Money, I have just made a purchase in the Vale of Keswick and I shall want it to pay for the same.

We were happy to hear that Mrs Montagu got so well through her time, and as you say nothing to the Contrary we conclude that both the Mother and child are doing well. Upon the parcel which I received from Algernon was written *with two books*, but I only received one, which in our present unsettling and putting up of the Books I cannot turn to at this moment; so know not which Volume it is, but I will tell you at some future time.

The Bill which I drew for 20£ at two months will be due on the 7<sup>th</sup> of June.

I congratulate you on your professional success which you deserve.

Our new residence is a charming one And I hope it will not be lo[n]g before you and Mrs M— pronounce its eulogy upon

MAY 1813

the spot. The Season is now in its glory——The Title Page to the Don Quixote is as follows.

The History of the Valorous and Witty Knight Errant

Don Quixote of the Mancha

Written in Spanish by Michael Cervantes

Translated in to English

By Thomas Shelton

And now printed *Verbatim* from the 4<sup>to</sup>

Edit: of 1620

With a curious set of new Cuts, from  
the French of Coypel

London, printed for D. Midwinter &c.

M.DCCXL

With affectionate Love Yours

W Wordsworth

*Address:* Basil Montagu Esq<sup>re</sup>, Lincoln's Inn, London.

*MS.*            484. *W. W. to George Thompson*

Penrith June 28<sup>th</sup> [1813]

Dear Sir,

On the 22nd of May last I received an acknowledgement from Mr Robison of Penrith for stamped Papers and parchments received from me to the amount of two thousand two hundred and forty six pounds, having at the same time given an acknowledgement that he had transferred this amount of Stamps to me, he acting for Mr Wilkin.—Soon after Mr Robison informs me that he had in his possession six skins at 3/6, Duty £2. amounting to £18. 1<sup>s</sup> 'which came in his last parcel from Mr Wilkin and which were packed up to return but neglected to be given to the Carrier; They had therefore, writes he, 'be added to the amount of stock taken from himself.<sup>1</sup> Accordingly this was done; and I gave Mr Wilkin credit for these stamps, and took them into the account sent to Government of stamps received by me.

On the 9<sup>th</sup> of June I took Mr Robison's stock again at which period it amounted to 2157. 6. 2—he paid me in Cash £87. 14, 4,

<sup>1</sup> So MS.

JUNE 1813

which sum with the Poundage £1. 2. 2½ made an amount of 2246, 2. 8, the stock as taken on the 22nd of May. At this time the 6 skins which I had given Mr Wilkin credit for at his desire slipped my memory,—so that I now by my own acknowledgment stand debtor through Mr Wilkin to Government for £13. 1. 0 more than I have received.

I represented this to Mr Robison to day; having called upon him for the money or the stamps—and he refers me to you for the money he having accounted to Mr Wilkin for it. I will thank you to inform me if Mr Wilkin be agreeable that I should charge him with that sum viz.—13. 1. in account.

An early answer will oblige me. I was very much mortified at missing you, another time I hope you will contrive by all means to call.

Yours sincerely  
Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* Mr George Thompson, Appleby.

*MS.*

*485. D. W. to R. W.*

Rydale Mount August 3<sup>rd</sup> [1813]

My dear Brother,

I write to entreat you that you will not delay to send down the Accounts to be presented to Mr Crackanthorp.<sup>1</sup> Pray do it immediately—I should think it would be as well to send them at once to Mr Grave, only we should like to hear from you when they *are* sent. Mr Cr[ack]anthorpe and his Sisters have been here and we spent some very pleasant days with them. He is a very pleasing young Man, and I like what I saw of him exceedingly—and also of his Sisters.

He intends going abroad very soon, and he told William that he was extremely anxious to get the accounts settled before his Departure.

I hope that we shall hear from you that you are pretty well—and I trust I shall have the pleasure of visiting you at Sockbridge again this Autumn—but you must [come] first to see us.

<sup>1</sup> William Crackenthorp, son of 'Uncle Kit', D. W. and W. W.'s guardian, and one of their father's executors.



AUGUST 1813

Will[am and] Mary are now at Whitehaven. Lord Lonsdale is there. Before William went to W. he desired I would write, to press you to send the Accounts.

I remain, dear Richard  
Your ever affect<sup>e</sup> Sister  
D. Wordsworth

Pray send us the statement which you promised, that we may know exactly what we are worth.

*Address:* Richard Wordsworth Esq<sup>re</sup>, Staple Inn, London.

*MS. 486. D. W. to Sara Hutchinson*

Kendal Saturday 10<sup>th</sup> August [1813]

My dearest Sara,

You will be surprized to find me still at Kendal. The Marshalls wrote that they could not come till the middle of the month, so as Mrs Cookson very much wished me to stay, and as I wished to pay her a visit that was worth something I consented; and indeed I have been in great luck for they have had Mr Blakeney and crowds of other company. I was truly glad to escape him; but I think if I had known how very much they[were]going to be bustled with company and going out I should have gone home for the sake of regular attendance on the children. After all we hear no more of Miss Fletcher, and I cannot but fear she will not come—and from whim and lack of spirit I fear if she does they will never make it answer for her. They dined on Wednesday at Mr de Q's, met the Wilsons, and took Dr Parry the Inspector of the Stamp Office, who has stayed at Rydal M.—a pleasant Man, and he and the Distributor are great friends; but it does appear that nothing can be gained by Interest, and there is no allowance for extra expenses excep[t] 1.s in the 20.s for carriage; so our place is positively docked. Wilkin or his Friends must have acted a rogush part in the representation for the sake of getting a larger allowance. I verily believe that Wm, deducting expenses and clerk will not make above 100£ this year, but the sale of stamps next half year will be much more. Mary says that Miss Green has been poorly since the Lowthers were here—and

adds 'thereby hangs a tale'. She had never been up at the Mount—I guess she had been offended at not being invited,—what a foolish Body that she could ever think Rydale could suit her! Nothing but poverty keeps her there this [? month], and what has made her poor but furnishing that house so expensively? Mary desires you will get Miss Green some Remnants of dark-coloured calico to make out her patch work, for window curtains, and she adds that you are to get her some beautiful pale blue calico to line them with; but she says nothing of the quantity. Here is a letter for you from Miss Dolbie. It contains nothing particular, except that Miss King will not believe that Luff did not know what use was to be made of the house when he lett it. I have one from Miss King also which confirms this. Mary tells me that poor little D. continues to look very ill. She was overstimulated when her cousin John came and looked wretchedly when I left home. This is very grievous, for she was particularly well, and looked so before that time. Her eyes are very weak. Miss Knott writes to her Aunt in great spirits. She and Mrs H had been at L. Lomond, Katterine, Inverness etc. etc—Lloyd met them at Carlisle, and they returned to Allonby for a week. Wonders cease not. It is inconceivable to me how Mrs H could have a moment's comfort. I think that Mary will hire Mary Allison so trouble yourself no further. As to your return, though Mary when she desires me to answer your letter, says nothing about it, I think I may positively assure you that William is not likely to fetch you. He has had so many engagements that I believe he will wish to be quiet. I am very sorry for this, as I foresee a troublesome and disagreeable journey for you, if you come with John<sup>1</sup>—and delays upon the Road. It would be far better if H.<sup>1</sup> could come with you and stay a while, but that would cause delay also; for he could not leave home during John's absence. Mrs Cookson desires me to tell you that we have plenty of snuff here as well as you: and have greatly the advantage over you in point of liveliness for we are merry till 12 o'clock at night. This liveliness I can assure you does not extend to the town in general. We have visited very often in a free way, and that I thought dull enough; but yesterday we were at a party at

<sup>1</sup> John and H : John and Henry Hutchinson.

AUGUST 1813

John [ ? ]'s and that for dullness surpassed all my conceptions—only Mr B in a private room introduced me to the old Woman, and she was exquisitely amusing. The Cooksons are the kindest people in the world and it is impossible not to be comfortable with them, if we could but keep aloof from visiting. I shall return to Rydale on Monday—and then no more going from home for me!—But what do you think? (and this shall prevent my promised visit to Miss Barker at Keswick) What do you think? Coleridge and the Morgans are coming down immediately, in such a hurry that they cannot wait for Southey. The M.s intend to settle at K for cheapness. Mary says 'I suppose you know that the Morgans have *smashed*'. Now this I did not know, but I had heard that they were poor, and had had losses I believe. Mary says that she doubts not Coleridge had given them to understand there was room enough for them at G. Hall; but Mrs C has taken lodgings for them. Where will the poet's home be now? Dear Sara, It is altogether a melancholy business—com[ing] with them and would not come to see his children! No plans laid for H.<sup>1</sup> I foresee nothing but jealousies and discom-forts. Happy we in being 15 miles off! I have bought Willy a Doll—so you must chuse something else for him. I can think of no more commissions but you must refer to my last letter, and remember the fur for the collar and bands of my pelisse. Dear Sara, this is a sad horrid stupid letter—I have only seen Parson [ ? Harrison ] once. Mr C seems to think that he follows low company and he complains of poverty and Alicia trails about the streets. Truly sorry I am for these things and certainly his never coming to see me looks badly. Ma'am I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Yates Maa'm at Mr Rawson's Ma'am, and she was very well Ma'am and made many inquiries about Rydale Mount Ma'am and the Ladies at the Hall Ma'am! She has a good countenance and I found her one of the pleasant-est people of the party. I like the [?]'s, the Thompsons and Miss Holme, but all people are better when they keep away from parties—and their fine clothes.

I expect every moment to be called to dinner and after dinner we are going to call at John Gough's. I long for dear Rydale

<sup>1</sup> Hartley C.

AUGUST 1813

again—and to see them all and you there my dear Sara. Keep at home all winter—and if D goes to school we may have time for quiet Reading. I brought the measure of the Darling's tombstone, and William was to have written out the two texts and sent them to me, but it is not done. This hangs on my spirits—but when I go home I will perform the task myself—Dear Sara, I am little fit for it, for do what I can the thought of him rends my heart at times and hard work have I had since I came t[o Ken]dal to bear up often and often. Before a fortnight I hope you will be with us

[*unsigned*]

*Address:* Miss Sara Hutchinson, at John Hutchinson's Esq<sup>re</sup>,  
Stockton-upon-Tees.

*MS.*

487. *W. W. to R. W.*

Rydale Mount August 19<sup>th</sup> [1813]

My dear Richard,

I reply to your letter by return of Post. When Montagu expressed by letter his wish to pay off the Annuity I begged in my answer to know what I had best do with the Policy, not doubting that it belonged to me; but not knowing at that time, nor indeed till I received your letter that any benefit might arise from it except the contingent one from continuing the Insurance till the event of Montagu's death. He replied that, as he had paid the Insurance, it ought to be considered as belonging to him, and to the best of my remembrance I returned no answer to this, so that, as far as *silence implied consent*, I certainly did *agree* that any advantage arising from it should be his, in the full conviction that he would make no proposition but what was right and honourable, and being not much interested in it on account of the misconception before stated. The question for consideration is this; though the Money was actually paid to the Insurance Office by me through your hands ought it not to be considered as primarily paid by Montagu to me? I received 37£-10s per annum for 300£: and though it was *at my option* whether to insure or not, yet I have reason to believe, though I am not certain of the fact, that Montagu was induced to pay so large an

AUGUST 1813

Interest as this seems to be, that I might be enabled to insure his Life. Therefore it appears to me that in Equity he is entitled to the benefit of the Policy. I mean if he has allowed me larger Interest than in the common course of Annuity dealings, not raised on landed property or otherwise, I had a right to expect, induced thereto by a wish that I might be enabled to insure his life. If what he has allowed be *not* more than in similar circumstances is usually granted it seems reasonable *then* that the benefit of the Policy should be mine. Having stated these facts and opinions I leave it to you to settle the matter with him.

It was in the Autumn of the year 1788 that our Grandfather died—either in the month of September, October, or November. We are exceedingly glad to hear that the accounts are in a state of forwardness, wishing much that every thing should be settled as soon as may be. Mr Hutton can learn from the Register at Penrith the precise time of our Grandfather's death.

I am very anxious to have my Sureties complete, and wish to have the Form, with all directions as soon as possible, in order that I may have the Bonds executed when I take my quarterly rounds, which will be shortly.

There was a sum of Money which I desired Mr Thomas Monkhouse<sup>1</sup> to apply for at Staple Inn some time ago, which Mr Addison declined paying in your absence. If it is not already done, pray let the money be paid immediately, as he has already been too long without his money. The sum, I believe, was 53£ odd, but he has since that time paid something more, therefore you will answer his demand, whatever it may be.

Mary and Dorothy beg their kind love and hope to see you here this year. By means of Mr Hutton you may have a copy of the Register of my Grandfather's death.

We shall hope to hear from you again as soon as you have made out the Accounts.

I remain your affectionate Brother

Wm Wordsworth.

*Address:* Richard Wordsworth Esq<sup>re</sup>, Staple Inn, London.

<sup>1</sup> 'relating to Mr Monkhouse's payment for carpets'. (R. W.'s endorsement.)

AUGUST 1813

MS.

488. *W. W. to R. W.*

Rydale August 27<sup>th</sup> 1813

My dear Brother,

I have received the Parcel containing the accounts etc and have written to Mr Crackanthorpe, from whom I expect an answer daily, to appoint a time for our meeting; when I hope this Business will be finally settled.

I shall be glad to receive the proper Form for my Subdistributor's Bonds as soon as convenient and will thank you to advance whatever sum may be justly demanded on my account from the Treasury.

We are all well and join in Love to you. I am dear Brother  
yours affec<sup>ly</sup>

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* Rich<sup>d</sup> Wordsworth Esq<sup>re</sup>, Staple Inn, London.

MS.

489. *W. W. to Francis Wrangham*

G(—) K.

Rydal Mount near Ambleside

August 28<sup>th</sup> 1813

My dear Wrangham,

Your letter arrived when I was upon the point of going from home, on business. I took it with me intending to answer it upon the road, but I had not courage to undertake the office on account of the inquiries it contains concerning my family. I will be brief on this melancholy subject. In the course of the last year I have lost two sweet children, a girl and a boy, at the ages of 4 and six and a half. These Innocents were the delight of our hearts, and beloved by every body that knew them. They were cut off in a few hours—one by the measles, and the other by convulsions; dying one, half a year after, the other. I quit this sorrowful subject, secure of your sympathy as a Father, and as my Friend.

I have transmitted the request in your Letter to my Brother, so that no doubt you will hear from him; but this act of Duty I have only discharged today, from want of fortitude.

AUGUST 1813

My employment I find salutary to me, and of consequence in a pecuniary point of view, as my *Literary* employments bring me no emolument, nor promise any. As to what you say about the Ministry—I very much prefer the course of their Policy to that of the Opposition, especially on two points most near my heart,—resistance of Buonaparte by force of arms, and their adherence to the principles of the British constitution in withholding Political Power from the Roman Catholics. My most determined hostility shall always be directed against those statesmen who, like Whitbread, Grenville and others, would crouch to a sanguinary Tyrant; and I cannot act with those who see no danger to the constitution in introducing Papists into Parliament. There are other points of policy on which I deem the Opposition grievously mistaken, and therefore, I am at present, and long have been by principle a supporter of [the] Ministry, as far as my little influence extends.

With affectionate wishes for your welfare and that of your family, and with best regards to Mrs Wrangham

I am my dear friend

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

*Address:* Rev<sup>d</sup> Francis Wrangham, Hunmanby, Bridlington.

*MS.*            490. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

*K(—)*

[Sept. (1<sup>st</sup> week) 1813]<sup>1</sup>

My dearest Friend,

I take a large sheet of paper because I do not like to begin with my scrawling hand as if I *intended* to write you a short Letter, though as I am determined to save the post, and as I do not know when the Man goes to Ambleside or what interruptions I may have, I do not know whether the letter will turn out long or short; but I have this satisfaction that to you it will be twice over worth the postage when I tell you that there has been no unpleasant cause for my long silence. Many employments and

<sup>1</sup> This letter and the following may be dated from the reference in Letter 491 to Grasmere Fair, which took place in the first week of September, and in both to the arrival from London of the carpets.

a little bustle that perhaps we have sometimes impatiently wished to be over have been no evil to any one of us, and I hope the minds of all by these means, and by the intervention of pious thoughts (which must needs bring on Resignation to all the sorrows of this world, especially when so many blessings are left) have been strengthened and that we shall be able to enjoy the pleasures of leisure when leisure comes. Oh that you were here! or that you were coming in a fortnight for then we shall have our carpets laid down and shall be all complete. I talk lightly but you cannot think (for you have never been at this beautiful place) you cannot think with what earnestness I utter the wish. The carpets popped in after the wish was uttered and with a smile and a tear I set down the foolish thought—but now I must tell you of our grandeur. We are going to have a *Turkey*!!! carpet in the dining-room, and a Brussels in Wilham's study. You stare, and the simplicity of the dear Town End Cottage comes before your eyes, and you are tempted to say, 'Are they changed, are they setting up for fine Folks? for making parties, giving Dinners etc etc?' No, no, you do not make such a guess; but you want an explanation, and I must give it you. The Turkey carpet (it is a large room) will cost 22 guineas, and a Scotch carpet would cost 9 or 10. The Turkey will last 4 Scotch, therefore will be the cheapest, and will never be shabby, and from this consideration we were all of one mind that the dining Room carpet should be a Turkey one; but Mary and I were rather ashamed of the thought of a Brussels and inclined to the Scotch as looking less ambitious and less like setting up ourselves upon the model of our neighbours—the Ambleside gentry, who all intend calling upon us, though happily most of them considered it would be inconvenient at present, and I assure you we take their apologies very quietly and say as few civil things in return as possible. Our Master was all for the Brussels and to him we yielded—a humour took him to make his Room smart, and as we think that, in the end, even that will be cheaper than a Scotch carpet we did not oppose his wish. Tom Monkhouse has been the purchaser of these sumptuous wares, and has got them at the cheapest hand. The Study is furnished with a large book-case, some chairs that we had at Allan Bank painted



black, and Sir George Beaumont's pictures, and looks very neat. We have got window curtains for it, and a nice writing-table and a new bed for Sara and stair carpets and oil cloth for the passage—and these are all the new things we wanted and the house is very neat and comfortable, and most convenient, though far from being as good a house as we expected. We had never seen the inside of it till we came to live in it. We have three kitchens, one of which is called the *deep* kitchen. The grate is decked out by the kitchen maid with flourishing green Boughs, which are only displaced in the washing week when this same kitchen is used as a laundry. At other times the clock lives there in perfect solitude, except that it has the company of two white tables and other appropriate furniture.

You cannot imagine what a deal of work removing from one house to another causes—there is so much unripping of curtains etc—and so much carpenter's work, but before the end of next week all will be over and would have been long since if we had not had to *want* for what we wanted. We are all gardeners, especially Sarah, who is mistress and superintendent of that concern. I am contented to work under her, and Mary does her share, and sometimes we work very hard, and this is a great amusement to us, though sad thoughts often come between.

Thomas was a darling in a garden, our best helper, steady to his work, always pleased. God bless his memory. I see him wherever I turn, beautiful innocent that he was. He had a slow heavenly up-turning of his large blue eyes that is never to be forgotten. Would that you had seen him! But, my dear friend, why have I turned to this subject? Because I write to you what comes uppermost, the pen following the heart—but no more. You must, indeed you must, come next year. I never talk of *next year's* plans, but I think of death. Come however you must, if you live, whether we are *all* alive or not. It is the place of all others for you, so dry that you need never have a wet foot after the heaviest shower; and the prospect so various and beautiful that an Invalid or a weakly person might be accused of discontentedness who should wish for anything else, or repine at not being able to go further than round our garden.

John Gough takes boys to prepare them in Mathematics for

the University, and it has struck Sara and me as a likely plan for you to adopt to place Tom under his care for a while, and then there could be no possible objection to your coming into the North for a while—and in our house you might have every accomodation. It is large enough for both you and your Maid and Tom occasionally, and Mr Clarkson as long as he could stay. Do come and say in your next that you will. Often do we talk of it and have wished that you were here even in the midst of our worst bustles. You may judge how busy we have been when I tell you that we knew nothing of the Curate's Bill<sup>1</sup> and William was not at home to explain it to us. We have had no time to read Newspapers but have been obliged to content ourselves with William's report even of the late most important battles in Germany and all other proceedings. Murders we do read and were horror struck with that of Mr and Mrs Brown and the confession of the murderer—Good God! If the thought of murder is to come in that way into the head of a person apparently not insane, nobody seems to be safe; but it seems to us that all these murders have been committed by people of no education, and are strong arguments in favour of the early and universal instruction of the Children of the Poor. Blessed be your father and all good people who labour in this holy work! Pray tell us anything further that you know, which is not in the papers, respecting Mr and Mrs Brown their family and the Murderer. What you have told us affected us very much. William is decidedly against the Catholics, and I think he would convince you if you had an hour's talk with him; you *shall*, and you must have it next summer. We have such a Terrace for you to walk upon and such a nice seat at the end of it. Oh my dearest Friend that you were here. We have not received Mr Clarkson's Book<sup>2</sup> which vexes us much. Pray how is it sent that we may inquire after it. I do not think that a copy has reached this neighbourhood, or we should have heard of it. I long to see it; most of it must be new to *me* at least and the subject is a very

<sup>1</sup> A Bill to make £80 the minimum salary for a Curate. The Bill was attacked as hard on Incumbents, and defended as likely to discourage absenteeism. At this period the average salary for Curates was £20.

<sup>2</sup> *Memoirs of the Private and Public Life of William Penn*, by Thomas Clarkson, M A, in two volumes. 1813.

SEPTEMBER 1813

interesting one. Of course I need not ask you to inquire the reason why the Book has not reached us if by so doing you can forward it to us. I am glad to hear your Brother Robert is going on so well—why does not he fix upon a wife to Grace his pretty dwelling?—Sam is my favourite of all your brothers and I should much rejoice to hear that he had his Farm on good terms, nicely fitted up and had a good Wife to make him as happy as he deserves to be. Remember me to them all and to your dear Father whom I hope before I die to see again. We have had a letter from Luff dated January. They were only just arrived at the Mauritius. You may judge what a tedious passage they had had, for a Friend of Miss Dowling's who sailed 4 months after them had arrived before them. They give a wretched account of the place, overrun with insects continually biting, provisions and everything else enormously dear—and the country without fertility or beauty. They hoped to be moved to Java—or possibly to Lisbon which would be better, but what a voyage! Poor Mrs Luff! I pity her the most for she must have the pangs of Remorse. He went chiefly to satisfy her, and the Remembrance of his motives may bear him up. Luff mentioned you and all his friends but his letter was very short. Mrs L. had written to others in the same style of regret. Mary is well in health though weak and miserably thin, yet it is amazing what exertions she can go through. Sara has been poorly but is better. We expect Miss Barker to morrow, Sara has been with her at Keswick. William is at Penrith on Stamp business Till the end of this Month he will be entirely engaged with it. He has done nothing else for weeks and has been from home 2 thirds of his time. Afterwards all will be easy, little for him to do. He has got a clerk who promises well. He is to work in the garden also. Do write very soon, tell us about the Book. This is a reason for your writing immediately and pray do. God bless you my dear Friend. ever yours

D. W.

My kindest love to [seal] and to Tom.

No news of Coleridge! Charles Lloyd is pretty well at present, but poor soul he is often *dreadfully* ill.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

MS.

491. D. W. to Sara Hutchinson

[Sept (1st week) 1813]

My dearest Sara,

Though my letter cannot go off till tomorrow night, being in an unsettled way I think I had best try to recollect what has passed since you left us; but I am in a stupid humour (though I *have* a pinch of snuff) and perhaps it would have been better for you if I had waited till tomorrow. You left us on Tuesday, and we all went to the Sale, where there were few bidders but they staunch ones and things went very dear, yet we got one good Bargain, 6 buff chairs, with cushions and cane bottoms for the Study—at 9/-. William's cushions therefore are not wanted and we have asked Mrs Cookson to see if Holland will take them again and William made a purchase of which he is very proud but it is dear enough—the drawing room curtains with a grand cornice the length of the Room—admirable if we were going to join the Company of Mr and Mrs Dean. He would fain persuade us that his curtains—and with a stripe above  $\frac{1}{4}$  broad—are handsomer than our own—and if we were to leave this house (which God forbid) and got another with 3 sitting rooms they would do very well; but I think they will come to be cut up for sofa covers—lined with green stuff—4 curtains—1£-13<sup>s</sup>—William bid hard for two sofas but Mr. Harden outfaced him—and Mrs Green (the Paintress!)—We thought her rather extravagant in giving 6£ 15s for a sofa—but times have been better and her heart is up. Miss Green bought a curtain. We had a charming afternoon, and really it is worth while to go to a Sale, when there is so much to see from the windows. The next day came Peggy Ashburner, Mary, Jane, and their 3 Bairns—and Mrs Fleming, Mrs Green, and Jenny Mackereth to tea (By the Bye Ellen was married on Sunday). It was a charming Day and all were delighted with their visit—but when I was busy making cakes and pies they arrived, and as all our Bustles come at once a Miss Malcolm and her Nephew, and Mrs. Richardson of Kendal came. We had had a letter from Mrs Lloyd apprizing us of their Intention. Mrs R. was coming from Allonby to meet the Judge and was to return on Monday and Miss M. had taken the opportunity

## SEPTEMBER 1813

of coming along with her to see a little of the Lakes. Miss M. is the Sister of my Br. Christ's most intimate Friend, and of Sir John Malcolm and Wm. said we must ask her to stay at our house. Luckily she was going on to Elleray that day, where she stayed all night, and when Wm went to the Bishop's to dine he met her at Ambleside and she and her nephew came and stayed till Monday. She is a pleasant *Scotch* woman—Scotch in her accent, and Scotch in her manners, with the frankness which you often see in her country-women, quiet activity, and I dare say, industry—and is a pleasant companion having many anecdotes, and a large acquaintance. Friday was rainy. Saturday morning rainy; but at 10 it cleared up and we went to Grasmere to dinner. D. carried our basket crossed over the stepping Stones at the head of Rydale and we all walked round the Lake and to Butterlip How—We had a pleasant quiet day—and on Sunday by invitation Mr Richard Watson and Mr. Wilson came to dinner. Mrs. Wilson expected but the Farriers arrived so she did not come. We had Miss Green. The day went off very well—Richard Watson is a very gentleman-like canny man who tempts one to forget his naughty ways. The morning was wet, so we had prayers at home after our cooking preparations were over. Monday we were alone all day—and I went with Wm. in the evening to Ambleside and we called at Mrs Green's—for this has been on our consciences long. She was very gracious; though we gave her no Invitation. Mrs [? Boyd] and her Niece and Miss Barlow were there and William was chatty, so the visit told. Came home after 9 o'clock, in a heavy rain—but I ought to have told you that William took off to the 2nd day's sale at Dove Nest, and bought a Meat Safe and another writing Desk. Tuesday morning (Grasmere Fair day) was very rainy—heavy showers with scarcely a pause between—but we thought it was all in our favour and resolved to go; and Miss Green came up in one of her fair fits and to our great surprise *she* would go too—, we were very sorry and advised against it being sure that she would be ill; but she resolved not to be ill, and accordingly though it rained heavily most of the way she was no worse. Luckily Mr Harden was not there, and there were store of cheap pennyworths of which we got our share and two or three dear

ones. The Sale was in the Barn and we entered into the spirit of it, Wm and Mary and Miss Green took up their lodgings at the Black Bull. I walked home in pouring rain and arrived at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 9. I stayed at home all day and Fanny went to see [?] who was ill and came home by Hackett. Jane getting better—but I fear the worst, though Fanny, it is plain suspects nothing. She brought the orders to return with her in the morning with a cart—a glorious morning and clear sunshine till night. The day before had been showery. The dining room Tables were bought in. They bid them to 14£ and William offered 14gun. They are very beautiful, but I am not sorry he did not get them. We stayed the sale out to the very last and the beds were sold by candle-light and all walked home in the bright moonshine, I with a water decanter and Glass in my hand and William and Mary with a large looking glass—oval with a gilt frame—to be hung in the best lodging room—very cheap—1£ 13s. Fanny<sup>1</sup> went home with a fully loaded cart and John<sup>1</sup> is gone today with one which will be half loaded. Miss Green is below [*seal*] and never weary with talking of her cheap purchases—Tea China—Desert China—2 lustres for her chimney. She put them up at a guinea and nobody bid against her—a bed for her Maid—and the German clock. We bought a Bed, Tubs and chairs for Fanny—and many things for ourselves. Amongst the rest your cupboard table which is a very nice thing. We have got a stock of Decanters—some glasses—a dozen knives—2 pillows—Baskets—a pot of stocks for D—Enough of these sales. Mr Humphries has gone off—Wilcock has taken possession of his furniture and it will be sold; but we must take care of ourselves and not buy. I had forgotten that William had bought a sort of sofa for his Room—at about 1£ 5s—very nice and it will answer his purpose. Mary is no worse for her fatigues—and Miss Green snorts and nods—and chatters—Chatters oh me! till I am weary. She is dining with us, Sally being gone to Comistone with John Carter. D is in the next room at her Latin and I hear the Ladies below—

<sup>1</sup> Fanny, one of the W.s' servants. John, i.e. John Carter whom W. had engaged to assist him in the clerical duties connected with his office of Stamp Distributor, and to act as gardener and general handyman. He remained in the employ of the W.s for more than forty years.

# SEPTEMBER 1813

no doubt from the china to the Lustres—from the Lustres to the Clock—with now and then a transition to our more humble wares. Mrs Calvert cannot come at present which I am not sorry for. William went to Penrith this morning. I walked with him to the Swan. He will be 8 or 9 days absent for he goes to Lowther and Kirkby Steven—He means to dismiss Mr. Winter I believe. Nothing done in the garden but John has little work in the office at present and is to go out tomorrow. Mary has been in good spirits, the sales were the very thing for her. Sally Green is working for us—She is very neat and industrious but miserably slow. It rains now fast enough to hinder work in the harvest field; but the day is pleasant enough for walking. I leave the rest of my paper till tomorrow—I often wish you were back again. William bitterly regretted you were not here to talk over the humours of the Sales—Indeed if I had written the day after Mr Pedder's I should have told you some funny stories. Sally has almost finished the Bed but we want more Bed lace. We hear nothing of Miss Fletcher.—I think D has been rather steadier; but I fear we shall have no school for her, and every hour I see faults in her that at school would be cured at once without trouble. *Saturday morning.* Last night a letter came from Eliz<sup>th</sup> Wordsworth<sup>1</sup> that she, and Mrs Peake and D.<sup>1</sup> would be here today; they to stay a week and proceed to Chester, and D. to remain with us. They have been a week at Eusemere, I wish they had stayed there another week, but I guess that the Capt'n and his Lady find it irksome to remain long without gayer company. We wanted to get our sofas and carpets arranged. The London carpetting came yesterday, but no Bill of parcels. Tom Monkhouse in a letter which came last week said that he would note down the particulars at the Bottom; but he did not. Therefore write to him and ask him to send the Bill because we want to present it to the carriers, and desire him to draw on Staple Inn for the money. What a pity we cut up the Buff sofa cover. Try at Mrs Dixon's if you can get enough for 2 sofa covers and pillows. You will have only a small

<sup>1</sup> Wife of Richard W. (1752–1816) the son of Richard W. of Whitehaven, D.W. and W.W.'s uncle and guardian. D = Dorothy, Eliz. and Richard W's daughter (v. next letter).

SEPTEMBER 1813

cover to work. We are quite bewildered amongst our furniture. This comes of [? buying] pennyworths—We have far more chairs than [? we know] what to do with, and the dining room will not be [? at all] nice with the sofa. We had three Black ch[airs in] the middle of the Room but they cannot s[tay if] we keep all the worked Bottomed ones: I caught a cold with standing upon the grass plot at Coniston to bid—but Miss Green who went in opposition to advice ails nothing—I believe her *cheap* dusters and *cheap* Desert china kept away all uneasiness. Only think, she could not find in her heart to buy a Bed or Mattress for her Maid's Bedstock—and laid out so much money for what she does not want, Bargains which Dorothy is charmed with and wonders at the cheapness of them. Miss Green asked to borrow our chaff Bed yesterday but we cannot spare it.

My kindest love to Henry. The horse is paid for.

Get me some fur for my pellsse. What was the price of our Decanters? No news from Ann Hutton and William desires to tell you that if he had been with you, you would not have got to Barnard Castle when you meant to go to Richmond. Dear Sara write soon and often. I wish you were back again. They have been at work these ten minutes, trying to move the great sofa, and I do believe it cannot be done. Remember to get my money from Hindwell. Mary looks much better. All the Barns well—poor things! Willy in ecstacies with the purchases.

*Address:* Miss Sara Hutchinson, at T. Hutchinson's Esq<sup>re</sup>,  
Stockton-upon-Tees.

*MS.*            492. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

*K(—)*

4<sup>th</sup> October [1813]

My dearest Friend,

I am utterly inexcusable for having been so long in writing to you though I have had a thousand reasons for it. First and foremost (and in that are involved all the rest) I was determined not to write until I had read your Husband's Book, of which literally I have not even now read ten pages, from want of time to read anything. My whole summer's reading has been a part



OCTOBER 1813

of two volumes of Mrs Grant's *American Lady*,<sup>1</sup> which Southey lent to be speedily returned, and a dip or two in Southey's *Nelson*<sup>2</sup>—with snatches at the Newspaper and Sunday's readings with the Bairns. I look forward to long evenings and winter's quiet; and I hope they will not be succeeded by such a bustly summer as the last, though of that we have had no reason to complain, for it has not been of a very fatiguing nature nor such as exclude the intervention of serious thought, and harshly banish reflections which *will* have their course at one time or another, which must be indulged or tranquillity can never come; and it has been much better for all of us, especially Mary, than perfect stillness would have been. Yet in looking back upon it I feel that much of the knowledge which I had formerly gained from Books has slipped from me, and it is grievous to think that hardly one new idea has come in by that means. This in itself would be no great evil, but the sorrows of this life weaken the memory so much that I find reading of far less use than it used to be to me, and if it were not that my feelings were as much alive as ever there would be a growing tendency for the mind to barrenness. But how I have wandered from my point. We shall have more leisure in Winter, and we never *can* have such a summer, for consider the work of removal—and we have had so many visitors, who had not been to see us for a long time before, and who came to see the new place almost as much as to see *us*. Our domestic occupations are now comparatively few. We have fitted up the house completely—Willy goes to school—and there is no likelihood of more children to nurse; and though if we could nurse them with the same chearful confidence as before I should be glad that Mary were likely to have another Child, I do not now wish it. I should so dread the anxieties attending the common diseases of Infancy—but there is no prospect of it—and a Lady is going to begin a school at Ambleside, which will release us of 4 hours in the day employed except when other engagements absolutely prevented it in attending to Dorothy. I earnestly wish that the school may answer. First because if it

<sup>1</sup> *Memours of an American Lady* by Mrs. Anne Grant of Laggan, 1808, author of the popular *Letters from the Mountains* (1806).

<sup>2</sup> Southey's *Life of Nelson*, an expansion of his article in the fifth number of the *Quarterly Review*, was published in 1813.

does, D will make ten times the progress with far less trouble to herself, and because it is a painful reflection that we are thus employed in what another could perform better, and at the same time doing a service to herself, while to us it is quite the contrary. Of all the girls in the world Dorothy most requires the discipline of a school. She is as quick as lightning but thoughtless and unsteady. From the restlessness of her disposition continually needing the silent influence of example to keep her, if it were only from shuffling in her chair. For the last three weeks her name-sake Dorothy W<sup>1</sup>—a fine girl three years older but very backward at her Books has been with us, and I taught them regularly, and it is inconceivable with how much more ease than with Dorothy alone. This little girl who is like an elder Sister of the Family, resembling both J and D in features, is to stay till Midsummer and go to school. They are delighted with the idea of taking their dinners and the walk will do them good—it is not quite a mile and a half. John goes to Mr Dawes' school so they will be a nice party. Poor Mrs Peake has been with us a fortnight. She is a sweet gentle Creature beloved by every one [she] has known either in prosperity or adversity. She had more enjoyment while she was with us than I could have thought possible, for the loss of such a Husband is a heart-breaking sorrow. I came with her and her Sister and Brother as far as Kendal last Tuesday—she is on her way to her Husband's Friends in London. That Brother, a lad of 15, was wounded by the same cannon Ball which killed her Husband, was taken up insensible and covered with Captain Peake's Blood. The poor Widow seems to feed on his discourse taking in every circumstance, and making a hundred thousand inquiries which cannot be answered. We had the Mother also for several days, a mild sweet-tempered woman, who could not have lived till this day if she had not been gifted with a surpassing patience. She has an indolent Husband, who has long been helpless from corpulency; and is subject to the most frantic passions—her eldest son is shaken in body and mind by a paralytic stroke. She lost one son by the yellow fever, a Daughter by the hydrophobia—and to crown all—and worst of all; another Daughter, who was the

<sup>1</sup> v. last letter.

housekeeper of the family, a remarkably steady and sensible young Woman to all appearance, has lately connected herself with a young lad—their servant—an idle Blackguard—was with child by him, and that, disgraceful as it was, would have been comparatively a small affliction, if she had not stolen away to be married. The Father is frantic with rage—and as the Man is worthless nothing can be looked forward for them but poverty and wretchedness. We hope that Mrs Peake will have a pension from the Government and her Husband's Friends are very good and respectable people, so she in worldly matters will not be ill off; but the needs of her family and the claims of a selfish father I fear will press upon her kind nature—but she must not live near them. You have heard no doubt of our Friend Tillbrook's bad accident. I met him in Ambleside streets and I cannot express how much I was shocked when I recognized him after looking steadily at him some time. He was going on Crutches and naturally I feared something even worse than the truth—at the same time remembrances of changes at home rushed upon me and I was much affected. He was 3 times at Rydale—very chearful—and I hope Mr Grosvenor will soon set him right—he recovered daily while he was at Ambleside. I like Tillbrook well—he is a kind honest creature and always seems at home with us. When you see him he will tell you all about us and Rydale, and I hope he will get your husband into such a genial mood that you will at once plan your journey into the North. You took no notice of my hint about John Gough for Tom. I do think from what I see it would be as nice a [? situation] for him. There are two very nice lads with him now, one is the son of Mr Marshall of Watermillock. He seems to be very happy and his mind is awakened to great activity by the society and instructions of Mr Gough. I have been at Kendal since Tuesday and shall stay there till the end of the week. Luckily for me I have escaped a visitor at home, a Mr Blakeney from Whitehaven, a kind creature but ridiculously vain. He has been at Rydale ever since I came to K. I shall stay till Friday or Saturday. I could tell you some droll stories of this said Mr B with whom William and Mary spent a few days at Whitehaven lately. Southey is in London—Perhaps that accident may bring

Coleridge down. He ought to come down to see after Hartley, who wants removing to another school before he goes to College; for his oddities increase daily, and he wants other Discipline. But because he ought to come, I fear he will not; and how is H. to be sent to College? These perplexities no doubt glance across his mind like dreams, but nothing will rouse him to his duty *as duty*. Tillbrook told us of the Edinburgh review and of Mr. Graham's Rage. They are a vicious set and as such have now begun to be hated by all good people, and as judges of literature the Few who know anything have long despised them; but the misfortune is that they are but a *Few*. This Book cannot be so interesting we know as the History of the Abolition, but whenever Mr Clarkson is deeply interested he writes well and *must write* well—he cannot help it—and in the flatter parts of all [his] works there is always a pleasing simplicity and good sense which the Edinburgh Reviewer can neither understand nor value.—I cannot feel as you do respecting the Laureateship.<sup>1</sup> It seems to me there is no disgrace attending to the Office itself, and it may be filled without sacrificing to servility or flattery. Surely we cannot be so disgraced but this great nation may perform acts worthy of praise, and even if personal comp<sup>ts</sup> to the Monarch are necessary surely there will be something to praise without falsehood or bad indeed must he be. I have written this letter under all sorts of interruptions and a meagre letter it is for I have told you nothing; and my Brains are never very clear when I am from home for a short visit. Mary is much better than she was—all else well. We expect Sara from Stockton about the 20<sup>th</sup>. She has been there nearly a month. Henry has been at Rydale and rode to S. with her. William has been at Lowther where he met the Duchess of Richmond, and *heaps* of fine folks. Do write immediately. Oh do say you will come next summer—Now do not put off writing or I assure you I will [ ? ]. Love to Mr Tom your Father and Mrs Kitchener. I must not forget *her*. Tillbrook gives a charming account of your Tom. God bless you my beloved Friend and do write. I will not do the same again, I will write very soon—I will write a long

<sup>1</sup> Southey had just been appointed Poet Laureate, on Scott's declining the office.

OCTOBER 1813

answer when I can have a whole quiet evening—a great relief you escaped as you did when your horse played that trick.

Kendal 4<sup>th</sup> October. Wm and M's Wedding day—

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Bury, Suffolk.

*MS.*            *492a. W. W. to Basil Montagu*

Rydal Mount

My dear Montagu,

Thursday 20<sup>th</sup> Jan<sup>ry</sup> [1814]

My sister went over to Keswick yesterday to see Basil<sup>1</sup> and to assist Miss Barker.<sup>1</sup> She found him easier, and he had had a better night. But since I wrote you he had been considerably worse having had a copious discharge of blood, which led Mr Edmundson to apprehend the worst.—When D. wrote yesterday he had been 24 hours without a renewal of the discharge, but he is deplorably reduced.

He begs me to thank you for your kind offer and intentions and will let you know when he wants anything.—This is from himself. For my own part I think it would be well that you should send a supply of money immediately. Not that I know that he is at present without, but he is scrupulous about putting you to expence; and your sending his money before it may be wanted might spare him inconvenience and pain. Mrs Lloyd went over with my Sister to see him, Mrs Lloyd returned last night in the Chaise, but late and through a violent storm of snow—so that we did not see her on her return. I understand that Basil is in good [? spirits] but tranquillity is indispensable to him, he [? appears] to be agitated when he [?] receives Letters concerning his health. Therefore what you have to say, had better not be addressed to him directly, but to Miss Barker.—With much concern for the situation of poor Basil who has much interested all who have known him in this country, I remain dear Montagu,

Your very affectionate Friend

Wm Wordsworth

If he recovers I should most strenuously recom[mend] Horse exercise to him. He [has] walked too much.

*Address:* Basil Montagu Esq<sup>re</sup>, Lincoln's Inn, London.

<sup>1</sup> For Basil *v. E. L.* p. 138 *and foll.*; for Miss Barker *v. Letter* 498.

JANUARY 1814

*MS.*

493. *D. W. to R. W.*

Keswick 23<sup>rd</sup> Janry 1814

My dear Brother,

William has desired me to write to inform you that he drew upon you on the 20<sup>th</sup> of this month for 40£-15s-8d in favor of Mr Isaac Dickinson, at one Month after date.

I came to Keswick on Wednesday to assist Miss Barker, a Friend of ours, in nursing poor Basil Montagu, (M's eldest Son) who came to Ambleside to spend the winter, and chancing to be at Miss Barker's upon a Visit he was seized with a most violent spitting of Blood, and is brought to great weakness. He is only moved out of bed every other day to have his bed made. If the severity of the weather should abate he will probably get out again; but I fear there is little chance of his final recovery. We apprehend that a Consumption will come on.

I hope you bear this cold weather better than you did the *heat* of summer. We are all well. William and his Son John skating on Rydale Water every day.

Believe me, dear Richard

your affect<sup>e</sup> Sister

D Wordsworth

Dorothy Wordsworth (Rd W's youngest Daughter) is at Rydale. She has been there four months and is to stay till the midsummer Holidays. She is a very good Girl, and we are all exceedingly fond of her.

*Address:* Richard Wordsworth Esq<sup>re</sup>, Staple Inn, London.

*MS.*

494. *D. W. to R. W.*

Keswick Feb<sup>ry</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> [1814]

My dear Brother,

I am sorry to have occasion to trouble you again so soon with a letter, for if I had known of the occasion which I have had today to draw upon you I might, when I apprized you of William's draft, also have informed you of mine.

I drew upon you this day in favour of Miss Mary Crosthwaite for 50£, at two Months. I am going today to write to Messrs

FEBRUARY 1814

Twining with an order for Tea, and I must desire them to draw upon you for the amount of their last year's Bill against William. I believe the Sum is £[*seal*] or upwards.—I am still (at) Keswick—Basil Montagu continues in a state of great weakness; but the discharge of Blood has ceased, and we hope he will be enabled to move from this place in the course of a few weeks, if the Frost should go away; but this extreme cold is much against him. I hope you are pretty well, and that we shall see you n[ext] Spring. I am, dear [Richard]

Your affect<sup>e</sup> [Sister]

D Word[sworth]

*Address:* Richard Wordsworth Esq<sup>re</sup>, Staple Inn, London.

*495. W. W. to Lord Lonsdale*

K(—)

Rydal Mount, Feb. 9, 1814.

. . . Every one knows of what importance the equestrian order was in preserving tranquillity and a balance and gradation of power in ancient Rome; the like may take place among ourselves through the medium of an armed yeomanry; and surely a preservative of this kind is largely called for by the tendencies of things at present. . . . If the whole island was covered with a force of this kind, the Press properly curbed, the Poor Laws gradually reformed, provision made for new Churches to keep pace with the population (an indispensable measure) if these things were done and other improvements carried forward as they have been, order may yet be preserved among us, and the people remain free and happy. . . .

*MS.*

*496. W. W. to Richard Sharp*

Rydal Mount 21<sup>st</sup> Feb<sup>y</sup> [1814]

My dear Sir,

Having an inflammation in my eye I am obliged to employ an amanuensis, which will be a gain to you as you will be sure of legible writing.

About the time when I received your last, enclosing the £10 for charitable uses, Miss Hutchinson (whose pen I now employ) had a melancholy Letter from a connection of her's the contents

of which being communicated to me at that time, made me think that your benevolence and ability might perhaps furnish some relief for the distress there described. The particulars are as follows. Mrs Monkhouse the person who writes the Letter, is by marriage an Aunt of Mrs W. and Miss H. She has been a few years a widow having nothing but an annuity to live upon which expires with her. This Annuity she shares with her Niece, a widow likewise, who is principally supported, along with her two Children, by that allowance—they all living together—Mrs M., the Aunt, is advanced in years; and has some reason to dread a Cancer; and under this apprehension expresses herself under great anxiety for the fate of her Niece and the two Children after her death—and adds that her mind would be relieved from a heavy load if she could see the Boy in a way of being educated without being burthensome to his Mother. With this view she has made application to some of her Friends to procure him admission into Christ's Hospital but without success. Now the purport of this Letter is—not to avail myself of your general benevolence, or particular kindness to me, so far as to tax you with obligations or disagreeable exertions for the relief of this afflicted Woman; but merely to communicate the facts to you in the full confidence that the case is one which will excite your sympathy, and that if you have an influence, direct or indirect, over the Trustees of that Institution you will be likely of your own accord to exert it, unless there should be weighty reasons to the contrary. If nothing can be done in this Institution could you point out any other from which a Person so situated might be benefitted?

I have the pleasure to say that we have made four or five worthy families happy in this Country out of your donation—and Mrs. W., your Almoner, will furnish you in writing with an account of the Disbursements when we have the pleasure of seeing you next summer, which we confidently hope for—unless a Peace wafts you over to Paris.

I take the Pen to subscribe myself  
most truly and respectfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* Richard Sharp Esq<sup>re</sup>, Mark Lane, London.



APRIL 1814

MS.

497. W. W. to R. W.

Rydale Mount 1<sup>st</sup> April 1814

My dear Richard,

In my last Letter I am afraid I forgot to request you to call yourself if in London, and receive from Basil Montagu two hundred pounds on my account, delivering up at the same time the securities relating to the annuity. I have already received one hundred, and Montagu, when the two hundred shall be paid which is now, he assures me, ready, will owe me nothing but about a year's interest of three hundred pounds, and what may be due to me on account of the Policy which will be settled as soon as he and I meet.

If you are not in Town pray write *immediately* to Mr Addison, to receive the money for me and to give up the writings.—I shall want the money to pay for the small purchase I made near Keswick, and shall draw upon you for 250£ in a short time.

Most affectionately your

Wm Wordsworth

Address: Rich<sup>d</sup> Wordsworth, Esq<sup>re</sup>, Sockbridge, near Penrith,  
to be forwarded.

MS.

498. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

K(—)

Keswick Sunday April 24<sup>th</sup> [1814]

You will be surprised at the date of this letter 'still at Keswick'. True it is that I am still here but I should have been at home to day if all-day rain yesterday had not kept me here, and to-day there is such a storm of wind and rain and snow upon the mountain-tops that I cannot stir. I hope the elements will have satisfied their rage before to-morrow morning when I would willingly depart on foot with Hartley Coleridge who is returning to school; but if otherwise I must submit to the Coach, for I am now restlessly impatient to be at home again. It is a month today since I returned to Keswick after a visit to Rydale of a week; for though I was no longer wanted as a Nurse, Miss Barker had, perhaps, more need than ever for me as a companion. Basil was there, and has been ever since able to sit in the

Drawing-room; and as Miss Barker's dining-room is his bedroom she had but one place to sit in and nothing could have been more irksome or melancholy than to be all day long confined with him, without the intervention of any other society; for I am sorry to tell you that almost at the very first [day] of my coming hither she had a dispute with the Females of the other house, which unfortunately, and I think very injudiciously, Southey took up—and though he comes to this house to sit with Montagu, he takes care that Miss Barker should know that his visits are not to *her*, yet they talk to each other as pleasantly as can be, and each has a high esteem for the other—But the Ladies 'cannot possibly enter Miss B's house', and there is no free intercourse except with the children whom Miss Barker loves very much and has always been excessively kind to; and they run in and out at their pleasure. I go to the other house as usual, and I assure you the part I have had to play has not been agreeable; for between my zeal for Miss Barker, and the hotness of their tempers, with the utter impossibility of making them look coolly either upon her supposed faults, or her virtues, I have had much ado to prevent quarrels with *me* also. These however, I determined to avoid, and when irritation of mind bubbled over I was obliged to desire that the subject might be dropped. To act as a Mediator is impossible; for Miss B would speak her opinions so plainly if any discussions were to take place between them; and *they* would be in such an outrageous passion that the Breach would only be widened. I trust to their being *forced* together in the Summer, or jumbling upon one another in the Garden—for their gardens join—without any partition but a low railing, and the Road to each house is the same. Should this happen both parties may be hereafter more comfortable than before this estrangement; for there was formerly far too much familiarity between them, considering the total difference in their characters and the perfect incapacity of all of the Fricker name from forming a conception of the merits of Miss Barker. How should they assimilate with generosity, frankness, sincerity and perfect disinterestedness; above all when the person possessing these qualities is of a warm temper and disdains to conceal her opinions on any point, and is in the habit of expressing a worthy

indignation at all tricks and meanness. We have long foreseen that a rupture would take place; or at least that each party would be exposed to so many petty irritations that there would be much less of pleasure than of discomfort in their intercourse. They never can again be on exactly the same terms and keeping (if ever a reconciliation does take place) at a greater distance they will be much better Friends. Miss B came into this country solely on Southey's account and it is a hard case for her that Southey should so yield to the influence of his wife and her sisters as to make him blind to the solitude and uncomfortable-ness of Miss B's situation if deprived of *his* society—for though she is of a very independent mind, and has numerous resources within herself, yet she has a high enjoyment of society—has been accustomed to it all her life, and is of a very social nature. But I am using half my paper and you are looking for something about Rydale—myself and our own Family. I was led into this long story to show you *how* it could possibly be that I should feel myself bound to stay more than three months from home. Miss Barker is to follow me in a fortnight to Rydale, where after her long confinement and anxiety she will spend a few weeks very pleasantly. I am to take lodgings at Ambleside for Basil M, who, I am sorry to say, has shewn very little delicacy, being loth to remove from good quarters where he lives *Scot Free*. This I much suspect to be the case, or some expression of uneasiness would long since have broken from him, from the reflection that he had for four months kept Miss Barker and her house and servants constantly devoted to him, and he would have proposed to move as soon as there was any possibility of it. He rides out daily and is now to all appearance nearly as well as before he had the first attack of hæmorrhage; but he must spend the next winter in a warmer Climate. If it had not been for this unlucky quarrel I should have been at home many weeks since but as things stand I could not find it in my heart to leave Miss Barker, and the thought of being of so much importance to her, and the pleasure of her society have reconciled me in great measure to my absence from my Family, though I have had many an hour of homesickness. Besides *now* above all other time I should have wished to be at home, for William is actually

printing 9 books of his long poem.<sup>1</sup> It has been copied in my absence, and great alterations have been made some of which indeed I had an opportunity of seeing during my week's visit. But the printing has since been going on briskly, and not one proof-sheet has yet met my eyes. We are all most thankful that William has brought his mind to consent to printing so much of this work; for the MSS. were in such a state that, if it had pleased Heaven to take him from this world, they would have been almost useless. I do not think the book will be published before next winter, but, at the same time, will come out a new edition of his poems in two volumes octavo, and shortly afterwards, *Peter Bell*, *The White Doe*, and *Benjamin the Waggoner*.<sup>1</sup> This is resolved upon, and I think you may depend upon not being disappointed. Both Wm and Mary looked very ill when I saw them, Mary thinner than ever and evidently weak, though enabled by the power of her spirits to go through more exertion than many a strong and healthy woman would think herself fit for. The worst of it is that she has a bad appetite, and the habit which she has always had of disregarding herself makes her unwilling that any little things not going in the Family should be provided for her—and we always observe that when we happen to have anything nicer than common she always eats of it heartily. Unfortunately we happen for the last  $\frac{1}{2}$  year to have had the worst cook in England—but Mary Dawson is coming to live with us at Whitsuntide (whom you remember our servant at the Town End) and Sara and I intend to give *her* an unlimited commission to cook all sorts of nice things for Mary, to which Mary will not object; for (strange it is) Mary in these little things would be far more easily ruled by a servant than by us. Thus extremes meet. The more she loves people the less attentive she is to their happiness in trifles which make up so much of human life—but her own health is not a trifle yet that same disposition of self-sacrifice which has characterized her through life prevents her from taking any care of herself, though she sees and knows how uneasy it makes us. We cannot persuade her to drink wine which both Sara and I are sure is of great service to her. She

<sup>1</sup> *The Excursion* was published in 1814, *Poems* in 2 volumes in 1815, and *The White Doe* in the same year. *Peter Bell* and *The Waggoner* did not appear till 1819.

will never take a glass except when we have company, and we always find that she looks better and is stronger when she has been obliged to drink wine for a week or a fortnight together. William was badly pulled down by the Influenza in the winter, and his hard work since has prevented him from gaining flesh; but he is well and goes on with great vigour and cheerfulness in his labours. Sara too was poorly in the winter, she is pretty well now though she is grown thinner. *I* am in excellent health and all persons both in the neighbourhood of Rydale and at Keswick say they have not seen me look so well for many years. *I* am really growing fat. The children have all had dreadful coughs—but they are now quite well. Dorothy goes to school and goes on with her Books as well as you can expect any child to do, who does not willingly make it her business and her pleasure, and *I* hope the time will come when this blessed change will take place, without giving myself much uneasiness at present, as her mind is active and she is by no means backward with any part of learning. As to dear John—as far as scholarship goes he is certainly the greatest Dunce in England; yet *I* am confident that if the difficulty of learning were once got over he would have great pleasure in Books. He has an excellent memory and his attention never sleeps when any one is reading to him.

*He* is gone; the darling who loved his books, and whom his father used to contemplate as the future companion of his studies. Why do *I* turn to these sad thoughts! Oh! my dearest friend, the pangs which the recollection of that heavenly child causes me it is hard to stifle; and many a struggle have *I* had,—in all situations, in company and alone, and when in converse as now with you,—but *I* trust there is no wickedness in this which is unavoidable. *I* am reconciled, and resigned, and cheerful, except when the struggle is upon me. His poor mother was shaken bitterly by Catherine's death and *I* fear she never will be the same cheerful creature as heretofore. When left to herself she is dejected, and very often weeps bitterly; but *I* must turn to other subjects. Willy is a dear child—exceptionally lively and very clever—but utterly averse from books! This *I* think is entirely owing to his having been so much indulged, and *I* hope that like Thomas, he will at once awaken and when he begins to

learn as with Thomas there will be no difficulty. I truly sympathised with you when you expressed regret that none of our children loved Books. Herbert Southey is the perfection of a child loving Books and learning, he is all a *Child* at play, and has all the simplicity of a child in all his attainments. The Coleridges are all scholars; but there is not one of them wholly free from affectations—the rest of the Southseys are excellent learners and though there is nothing as yet to be seen of extraordinary in any but Herbert they are so ready and industrious that it is nothing but a pleasure to teach them. I trust in the goodness of your Son's heart and understanding for a final relief to all your anxieties. You are over anxious as all Mothers are and all who dearly love children and are intimately connected with their education who are *not Mothers*. So I feel in my own case; but I think I am mending in this way; seeing how little we are capable of governing the effects of others upon our best, and to ourselves seemingly our wisest endeavours. Pray give my kindest love to Tom and tell him when I next come to Bury I shall expect to find quite the polite well ordered young gentleman and that he will no longer plague me with noises. To the last page I am come, and not a word of the Emperor Alexander, the King of France or the fallen Monarch! Surely it might seem that to us, encircled by these mountains, our own little concerns outweigh the mighty joys and sorrows of nations; or I could not have been so long silent. It is not so, every heart has exulted, we have danced for joy! But how strange! it is like a dream—peace, peace all in a moment—prisoners let loose—Englishmen and Frenchmen brothers at once!—no treaties no stipulations. I am however vexed beyond my strength that Buonaparte should have been thus treated—the power was in the hands of the Allies. If he would have stood out with a few of his Miscreants they should have fought him to the Death and yielding himself a prisoner he should have been tried for the murders of the Duc d'Enghien, of Pichegru, of Captain Wright, of Palm—of one or all;<sup>1</sup> and what a pension they have granted him! This

<sup>1</sup> In this month (April, 1814) an armistice was signed between the French and the Allies, and Napoleon abdicated and retired to Elba. The Duc d'Enghien and Pichegru had been executed by him in 1804, Capt. John Wesley Wright in 1805, and John Philip Palm in 1806.

APRIL 1814

is folly, rather than liberality ; for of what use can a large income be in an island without luxuries, and without company. He can have no *wants* beyond a bare maintenance. Therefore if the superflux be used it must be for the purposes of intrigue or the support of bad people. In short he ought not to be suffered to live, except utterly deprived of power, and while he has so much money he will certainly contrive to convert it into power.

I have left myself no room, but there were many parts of it which I intended to reply to but do write as soon as possible, tell us everything and if possible gives us hopes by mentioning the *time* that you will come to see us. My love to your Husband, your dear Father and to your Sister when you write. Remember me to Henry Robinson when you see him.

Coleridge is at Bristol doing nothing and how living I cannot tell. He is at the house of an old Friend Mr Wade and has no money. The Morgans are near Bath and had not heard from him for many months. He has talked of coming down to Keswick but all is hopeless. My Brother Richard has married his servant—a young woman about two and twenty!!! God bless you my dearest Friend yours evermore

D. Wordsworth.

I should like to see Mrs Kitchener among the Bacons. My love to her. If you should see the Beachings at Bury do not speak of the quarrel between Miss Barker and the next house.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

*MS.*            499. *W. W. to Francis Wrangham*

*K(—)*

Rydal Mount Ap 26 [1814]

N<sup>r</sup> Kendal

My dear Wrangham,

I trouble you with this in behalf of a very deserving young Clergyman of the name of Jameson, who is just gone from this neighbourhood to a Curacy at Shirborne in the neighbourhood of Ferry Bridge. He has a Mother and a younger Brother dependant upon his exertions ; and it is his wish to take pupils in order to encrease his income, which, as a Curate, you know cannot but be small.—He is an excellent young Man, a good Scholar, and likely to become much better, for he is extremely industrious.

Among his talents, I must mention that for drawing ; in which he is a proficient having at one time designed himself for that profession.—Now my wish is, that if it fall in your way you would vouchsafe him your patronage, and notice.—You come to York upon occasions and if you could drop him a Line at such times he would reckon nothing of going over to wait upon you, were he at liberty.—He thinks of taking pupils at £50 per Ann. and if you could recommend any body to Him, relying upon my judgement, I should take it as a great kindness and one to my self: as I [am] much interested in his welfare and that of his Family.—Mr J— could have abundant favorable reports from references as to character competence &c, in this part of the Country. But he fears they would not turn to as much account, as a good Word from any distinguished Yorkshire Scholar, and in particular from your self, who perhaps don't know how famous you are throughout the wide Region of your native County—not to allude to your Celebrity else-where. Of course you cannot speak for him directly till you have seen him ; but might he be permitted to refer to you, you would have no objection to say, that you were as yet ignorant of his merits, as to your own knowledge ; but that your *esteemed* friend Mr Wordsworth, that *popular* Poet, Stamp-Collector for Westmoreland &c, had recommended him strenuously to you, as in all things deserving.

I am busy with the Printers' Devils. A Portion of a long Poem from me will see the light ere long. I hope it will give you pleasure. It is serious, and has been written with great labour.—Are you likely to be in these parts, during the Summer. I hope so, but should be very sorry that you come dur[ing] my absence, which will be of some weeks. [I] mean to make a tour in Scotland with Mrs W. and her sister Miss Hutchinson. I congratulate you on the overthrow of the execrable Despot: and the complete triumph of the *War*-[? party] of which noble body I had the honour to be as active a Member as my abilities and industry would allow. Best remembrances to yourself and to Mrs Wrangham, and believe me,

Affectionately yours

W Wordsworth

*Address:* The Rev<sup>d</sup> Francis Wrangham, Hunmanby, Bridlington, Yorkshire.



APRIL 1814

MS

500. W. W. to Thomas Poole

T.P. K.

Rydal Mount, near Ambleside,

April 28<sup>th</sup>, 1814.

My dear Poole,

I have long thought of writing to you upon the situation of Hartley Coleridge, and have only been prevented by considerations of delicacy towards his Father, whose exertions on behalf of this child I hoped would have rendered any interference of the Friends of the Family unnecessary. But I cannot learn that poor C has mustered courage to look this matter fairly in the face; it is therefore incumbent on his Friends to do their best to prevent the father's weaknesses being ruinous to the Son. H is now 17 years and a half old; and, therefore, no time is to be lost in determining upon his future course of life.

Knowing your attachment to C and to his family, and that C is now residing at no great distance from you, I beg that you would contrive to see and converse with him upon this subject. I do not expect that C will be able to do anything himself, but his consent will be indispensable before any of his Friends can openly stir in exertions for H. It is a subject on every side attended with difficulties; for in the first place it is not easy to determine what the youth is fit for. His Talents appear to be very considerable, but not of that kind which may be *confidently* relied upon as securities for an independence in any usual course of exertion. His attainments also though in some departments far exceeding the common measure of those of his age are extremely irregular; and he is deficient in much valuable knowledge both of books and things that might have been gained at a Public School. But could he be *immedrately* sent for one year to a school of this kind, I should be emboldened to hope somewhat confidently that such a preparation would enable him to go successfully through either of the Universities.

But it avails little to think or write much about this, till a fund has been secured for his maintenance till he can support himself, in whatever course of life may be determined upon. Now, I know of nobody who has declared intentions to contribute to this, but Lady Beaumont, who has most kindly offered to advance thirty pounds a year towards maintaining H at the

APRIL 1814

University. Southey has a little world dependent upon his industry; and my own means are not more than my family requires; but something I would willingly contribute, and if it were convenient to you to assist him in this way or any other, it would encourage one to make applications elsewhere. But in all this I defer to you, and wish to know what you advise, and most happy shall I be, to join in anything you recommend.

Having said all that appears necessary on this subject, I cannot but add to an old Friend two or three words about myself; though you probably will have heard from others how I am going on. I live at present in a most delightful situation; and have a public employment which is a comfortable addition to my income, but I pay £100 per annum out of it to my predecessor, and it falls nearly another 100 below the value at which my noble Patron, Lord Lonsdale, had been led to estimate it.

My marriage has been as happy as man's could be, saving that we have lost two sweet children (out of five), a boy and girl of the several ages of six and a half and four years. This was a heavy affliction to us, as they were as amiable and promising creatures as a House could be blest with. My poetical Labours have often suffered long interruptions; but I have at last resolved to send to the Press a portion of a Poem which, if I live to finish it, I hope future times will 'not willingly let die'. These you know are the words of my great Predecessor, and the depth of my feelings upon some subjects seems to justify me in the act of applying them to myself, while speaking to a Friend, who I know has always been partial to me.

When you write, speak of yourself and your family. I hear wonders of a niece of yours. May we not hope to see you here? Let it not be during my absence. I shall be from home at least for six weeks during the ensuing summer, meaning to take a tour in Scotland with my wife and her sister. My sister joins in affectionate remembrances to you; and I shall say for my wife that she will be most happy to see you in this place, with which I venture to promise that you will be much pleased. Believe me, my dear Poole,

Most faithfully yours,

W. Wordsworth.

Excuse my wretched penmanship.

Address: Tho<sup>s</sup> Poole Esq<sup>r</sup>e, Nether Stowey, Somersetshire.

MAY 1814

MS. 501. W. W. to Samuel Rogers

R(—) K(—)

Rydal Mount, May 5<sup>th</sup> 1814

My dear Sir,

Some little time since, in consequence of a distressful representation made to me of the condition of some Person connected nearly by marriage with Mrs. Wordsworth, I applied to our common Friend, Mr. Sharp,<sup>1</sup> to know if he had any means of procuring an admittance into Christ's Hospital, for a Child of one of the Parties. His reply was such as I feared it would be notwithstanding my firm reliance on his kindness, and as he could do nothing himself, he referred me to you as a Governor of a charitable institution in the City, equally eligible. He said, he would speak to you on the subject, and inform you of the particulars of the Case which I laid before him, and need not repeat. If you cannot assist me, pray, point out any means of relief that you are acquainted with, as the Parties are very deserving and the Case a melancholy One. I should have written sooner, but as I knew that applications were making elsewhere I had hopes that their success would have rendered it unnecessary for me to trouble you.

I have to thank you for a Present of your Volume of Poems, received some time since, through the hands of Southey. I have read it with great pleasure. The Columbus<sup>2</sup> is what you intended, it has many bright and striking passages, and Poems, upon this plan, please better on a second Perusal than the first. The *Gaps* at first disappoint and vex you.

There is a pretty piece<sup>3</sup> in which you have done me the honour of imitating me—towards the conclusion particularly, where you must have remembered the High-land Girl.—I like the Poem much; but the first paragraph is hurt by two apostrophes, to objects of different character, one to Luss, and one to your Sister; and the Apostrophe is not a figure, that like Janus, carries two faces with a good grace.

I am about to print—(do not start!) eight thousand lines,

<sup>1</sup> v. letter of Feb. 21.

<sup>2</sup> *The Voyage of Columbus* was published in 1810, and the *Poems* in 1812 and 1814.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. the lines 'Written in the Highlands'.

MAY 1814

which is but a small portion of what I shall oppress the world with, if strength and life do not fail me. I shall be content if the Publication pays its expenses, for Mr. Scott and your friend Lord B. flourishing at the rate they do, how can an honest *Poet* hope to thrive?

I expect to hear of your taking flight to Paris, unless the convocation of Emperors and other Personages by which London is to be honoured,<sup>1</sup> detain you to assist at the festivities. For me, I should like dearly to see old Blucher, but as the fates will not allow, I mean to recompense myself, by an excursion with Mrs. W. to Scotland, where I hope to fall in occasionally, with a Ptarmigan, a Roe, or an Eagle; and the living Bird I certainly should prefer to its Image on the Pannel of a dishonoured Emperor's Coach.

Farewell—I shall be happy to see you here at all times, for your Company is a treat.

Most truly yours.

W. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Samuel Rogers Esq., S. James Place, S. James St.,  
London.

*MS.*            502. *W. W. to Francis Wrangham*  
*K.*

Rydale Mount near Ambleside.

July 16<sup>th</sup> 1814

My dear Wrangham,

I depart for a Tour in Scotland to morrow, and sit down with this most wretched pen merely to let you know, that I have ordered a Copy of my Poem to be forwarded as soon as out, to your Publisher; who he is Longman will, I trust, know. I have unfortunately mislaid your last and could not recall to mind the directions you gave me. I thought of desiring Longman to hand the Book to Montagu's to be by him forwarded to you; but when I reflected what a gulph (that word looks queer so spelt) the house in Newman street is, I deemed it best to give the above direction to Longman; if you apprehend that the Poem will not reach you in this way, pray write to Longman stating how you

<sup>1</sup> The Allied Sovereigns paid a short visit to the Prince Regent during this summer.

JULY 1814

would have it sent: it will be out I hope in ten days from this time at the latest.

I should have been glad to meet you in the late scene of festivities, in London. But having this Tour in view, I could not spare cash for Both, nor indeed should have liked to be so long from home as the two absences would have required. Scotland might have indeed been deferred till another year, but I was anxious that Mrs W— should have the benefit which I hope she will derive from this Excursion, both as to health and spirits.

Excuse this wretched Scrawl which is written in extreme haste. Miss Hutchinson has just opened the door. I asked her if she had any commands. 'Nothing,' was the answer—'but He (scilicet Mr W—) may give my Love to Brompton Spire.'<sup>1</sup> Mind, therefore, you do not forget to comply with the Lady's request; I know you are duly sensible of the importance of such messages, being a man of sentiment, and gallant withal without being a m[an] of gallantry: Which Mrs W— and [your] cloth forbid! This is unaccountable, and, I fear, inexcusable levity, farewell; I shall wish myself (for you) a good journey, and a happy return. May all that's good attend you and yours. very affectionately your sincere friend

W. Wordsworth

Address: The Rev<sup>d</sup> Francis Wrangham, Hunmanby, Bridlington, Yorkshire.

MS. 503. D. W. to Richard Addison

To Mr Addison.

Shrewsbury, Sept<sup>r</sup> 25, 1814

Dear Sir,

I write to inform you that I drew upon my Brother on the 21st Inst (in favor of J G Crump Esq<sup>re</sup>) from Liverpool at one Month for thirty Pounds. Miss Hutchinson and I are now at Shrewsbury in our way to Hindwell, and are waiting in expectation of Mr Thomas Hutchinson, who is coming to meet us—

I am, Sir Yours truly

D Wordsworth

Address: Messrs Wordsworth and Addison, Staple Inn, London.

<sup>1</sup> Both W. and Wrangham were married at Brompton Church, Yorks.

OCTOBER 1814

MS

504. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

K(—)

Hindwell Sunday night 9<sup>th</sup> October [1814]  
near Radnor

The date of this letter will surprise you, but before I enter into an explanation of it I must speak of what is at this time most interesting to me, you and your travels. During the solitude at Rydale Mount, I for a long while anxiously expected a letter from you from Paris by every post; but at last I gave it up, divining the true reason, and I cannot help very much regretting that you forgot to tell me where to address you while you were there, as I should have been exceedingly glad that you had seen the young woman<sup>1</sup> whom I mentioned to you, the more so as a treaty of marriage is now on foot between her and the Brother of the Officer Beaudouin whom I mentioned to you as having been at Rydale, and she and her Mother are extremely anxious that I should be present at the wedding, and for that purpose pressed me very much to go in October. This, unless such good fortune had attended us as being taken under your and your Husband's protection, we could not think of at this season, and therefore I wish that the marriage should be deferred till next spring or summer, because I desire exceedingly to see the poor Girl before she takes another protection than her Mother, under whom I believe she has been bred up in perfect purity and innocence, and to whom she is life and light and perpetual pleasure; though from the over-generous dispositions of the Mother they have had to struggle through many difficulties. Well, I began to say that I particularly wished that you could have seen them at this time as through you I should have been able to enter into some explanations, which, imperfectly as I express myself in French, are difficult, and as you would have been able to confirm or contradict the reports which we receive from Caroline's Mother and Mr Beaudouin of her interesting and amiable qualities. They both say that she resembles her father most strikingly, and her letters give a picture of a feeling and ingenuous mind. Yet there must be something I think very unfavourable to true delicacy in French manners.

<sup>1</sup> Caroline Vallon.

Both C and her Mother urge my going in October on the account, that after a young person is engaged to be married, it is desirable that the delay afterwards should be as short as possible, as she is subject to perpetual scrutiny and unpleasant remarks, and one of the reasons which they urge for marriage in general, is that a single Woman in France unless she have a fortune is not treated with any '*consideration*'. But now I have wandered from the point where I intended to begin! and that was you yourself. My dear Friend, I congratulate you first and foremost upon your health and strength. The blessing of strength I hardly ever dared even to wish that you might enjoy in a degree equal to your present powers. I now do not despair of climbing some of our own mountain heights with you before we die—and how little could this have been expected when you used to enter our Cottage pale and worn out after a slow walk from Robert Newton's. We are delighted to hear that you are so much pleased with Paris and the French people—now we venture in our little way to expect pleasure and amusement. All the accounts we have received from other quarters have been unfavourable—that neither provisions nor anything else was much cheaper than in England, which, allowing for the loss in exchange we thought would make things dearer—and the people rude and brutal in their manners. Now I guess there must have been some fault in the manners of the Reporters, yet we cannot help thinking at the same time that your judgement is formed from the best of the people, to whose society your pretensions and the Recommendations which you carried with you naturally introduced you. There are many things we want to know, yet when I set myself about asking the questions I can hardly recollect anything, and as a help to my bad memory all the Hutchinsons are chattering by the fire-side. With respect to the *mode* of travelling—we of course, must go as cheaply as possible consistent with tolerable comfort—and in an open carriage because Sara cannot ride in a close one. Are any of the diligences so constructed?—and, supposing we can meet with no eligible companions from England do you think we might venture to go alone? I think I should have no fears; but Sara would fain have a gentleman, and we can, at all events, desire Mr Beaudouin to come from

Paris to meet us at Calais; the expense however makes this last plan somewhat objectionable. Oh! that Henry Robinson were going again! You know I like him well as a companion. And still a thousand times better—Oh! That you were going! We should wish to convey presents of English manufacture. Can this be done without much risk or disagreeable trouble? When William and I were at Calais our Trunk was simply opened—we paid half a crown or three shillings—the Trunk was closed again. In returning also we should like to bring back some things of french manufacture, under what sort of management is this practicable? Of course it would be easy enough to hide lace and such small articles, but can silks be brought unmade up—or if made up is there any danger of their being seized? I am sure I had many other matters to enquire about; but really I cannot call any thing else to mind, therefore I will sum up all by desiring you to send us whatever information you may think likely to be useful to us. I wish you had but sent your address, I should have liked to have introduced our friend Beaudouin to you, and should have very much wished that it had been possible for you to see his Brother. You say that you have told us very little—so it may seem to you, and we should have liked to have heard from you ten times as much; but I do assure you your letter was most interesting to us. You must indeed have a great deal to tell us having seen so many remarkable personages. I wish you had but visited La Fayette in his retirement, it was, however, a high gratification to see him anywhere. You do not say when you intend to leave London or Purfleet; but I suppose not very soon as you say Mr C has gone to Bury and you must wait for his return before you see the Book. Hazlitt's review appeared in the *Examiner*.<sup>1</sup> It is not half so good a review as I should have thought he would have written; for, with all his disagreeable qualities, he is a very clever fellow. He says that the narrative parts of the poem are a dead weight upon it; but speaks in raptures of the philosophical. Now that the narrative will be liked the best by most readers we have no doubt; therefore we are always most glad to hear that the religious and philo-

<sup>1</sup> Hazlitt reviewed the *Excursion* in the *Examiner* of Aug. 21 and 28; a third article appeared on Oct. 9 which D cannot yet have seen.



sophical parts are relished. Of their merits I cannot entertain the faintest shadow of a doubt; yet I am afraid that for a time an outcry will be raised by many Readers and many Reviewers, which may injure the Sale. It is now time to lead you to Hindwell and back again to Rydale. Here Sara and I arrived last Tuesday but one after a very delightful journey. The Travellers arrived at home the Friday preceding our departure and three days before we set off I had not a thought of coming here till next Spring—and I had great difficulty in resolving to leave William and Mary so soon after their long absence—but Mr Crump was coming as far as Liverpool—Sara who had promised to spend some time with her Friends here now resolved to come along with him or with Mr Cookson of Kendal who was coming on horseback the week following. I thought I never could have so good an opportunity for coming—the weather was delightful. I was loth to part with Sara and unwilling for her to come alone, so last Friday fortnight on a lovely afternoon we set off to Kendal in the Irish car. It seemed to us that we never had seen the vale of Windermere and the mountains of Langdale look so glorious, but we were determined to be merry, and Sara, with all the bustle of our sudden resolution was almost spared the pang of parting. We had a party of gentlemen to dinner on that very day, who walked with us to the bottom of the hill at Rydale to see us seated in our Car, amongst them were Mr Wilson and Mr Hogg the Etrick shepherd. We stayed Saturday at Kendal and on Sunday morning at 5 o'clock mounted the top of the coach with Mr Crump. The morning was charming and we were lucky enough to have a delightful companion as far as Preston, an American of the name of Warner. He was about 40 years of age, very well informed upon all subjects, evidently had had the education of a scholar, expressed himself always with propriety, often with eloquence, and there was a sweet benevolence in his countenance, and in all the sentiments which he expressed—in short we were half in love with him<sup>1</sup> and very sorry his destination was to Manchester instead of Liverpool. He had just returned from Scotland and like Sara had been travelling in the Highlands, which was a strong bond of con-

<sup>1</sup> him: MS. them.

nection between us; and besides Sara mentioned that she had been particularly impressed by an American Preacher whom they had heard at Perth, the most eloquent and apostolic preacher beyond all comparison that any of them had ever heard or seen. They could not learn his name and I was quite vexed with William that he had not introduced himself to him. It was a most agreeable surprise to us to hear that he was an intimate friend of Mr Warner, had come over in the same ship; his name Dr Romaine. Do you or does Mr Clarkson know anything about him? We reached Liverpool at 7 o'clock on Monday evening not at all tired, stayed there with Mr Crump (the Ladies are at Grasmere) till Thursday, remained at Chester till Saturday with our cousin formerly Nancy Wordsworth<sup>1</sup> now Mrs Ireland—proceeded on the outside of the coach to Shrewsbury where we stayed till Monday morning. T. H. met us there with a gig, on Monday we came to Ludlow and on Tuesday to Hindwell where we shall have been a fortnight to-morrow. We were much entertained and interested with Chester and delighted with Shrewsbury and Ludlow—all Friends are well at H. Mrs Hutchinson is one of the sweetest creatures in the world and her Husband is as good and kind as it is possible, and I believe one of the most contented of Men. Joanna is very well—she was poorly all the spring and summer, Mary and she have just returned from Swansea where they both received great benefit. This is a very pretty place and the country around is mostly beautiful. We have walked a great deal. Sara is very strong—she can walk 6 miles at a stretch. Her Scotch journey agreed with her wonderfully, and Mary was always in good spirits and everybody said her looks were much improved when she returned; but I am sorry to tell you that I fear it will have no permanent effect upon her spirits for she fell very low again after her return. She will however now be kept busy and that is the best thing for her. She writes that they have crowds of company. The Southes and children were with them last week. Sara and I are going upon a little Tour up the Wye with T. H. He is very kind and thinks nothing a trouble by which he can

<sup>1</sup> Youngest daughter of Richard W of Whitehaven. The Rev. G. Ireland was her second husband.

OCTOBER 1814

contribute to our comfort. Mary is now busy with her little scholars whom she teaches on Dr Bell's plan, and she is so happy amongst them and so well fitted for the duty of instruction by Books, and all other cares belonging to children that it grieves us very much that there is no prospect of a family at present. Pray write immediately and send us Tillbrooke's address—he wrote to me and I have left the letter at home and forgotten the address—

You could hardly believe it possible for anything but a Lake to be so beautiful as the pool before this house. It is perfectly clear and inhabited by multitudes of geese and Ducks, and two fair swans keep their silent and solitary state apart from all the flutter and gabble of the inferior birds.

John Monkhouse lives at the distance of 12 miles, before we return from our Town we shall pay him a visit, so if you write before or on next Sunday direct at Stow near the Hay, Brecon. The farm is a partnership concern. John M lives a very lonely life yet he is chearful and happy. Fortunately he is very fond of reading.

Sara sends her very best love. She longs with me to hear from you again, so pray write immediately and believe me ever-more your affectionate Friend

D. W.

Mary H. desires to be particularly remembered to you. Adieu again. God bless you my dearest Friend—Your letter was forwarded to us from Rydale. I fear the French *people* will never stir themselves in the African cause.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, at John Clarkson's Esq, Purfleet, near London.

*MS. 505. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

November 11<sup>th</sup> [1814]

My conscience has long been busy prompting me to write to you; and if I could have done so unknown to Sara I would have written; but as she had determined to write tho' she put it off from day to day, I was unwilling to take the pen, being well

assured that she would so satisfy her mind saying 'There is no need for me to write as you have written'. I rode over to the Stowe yesterday with Joanna Hutchinson, and while she and John Monkhouse are walking through the fields I think I cannot do better than thank you for your last most satisfactory letter, briefly tell you that we are all well, and transcribe a poem which we have received from William—you will have an opportunity of reading it very soon in the Octavo Edition of his poems, which is now printing and speedily will be published; but I think you will not say my time is mis-spent in giving you a pleasure beforehand which would only have been half a pleasure when at the same time you should have seen many other poems that are new to you; for he is printing considerable additions to the old stock. He wrote to me from Lowther Castle on the 4<sup>th</sup> and intended to return to Rydale on the 7<sup>th</sup>. He was unlucky in not arriving at L. a few days earlier as the Duke of Devonshire had been there and expressed a great desire to see him. He had just returned from Ireland, where he had made 'the Excursion' the Companion of his tour and had been greatly pleased with it. I say he was unfortunate because his enemies will be busy enough in the Reviews and elsewhere, and it is really of no little importance to us that the Work should sell—and for another reason. He intends publishing the 'White Doe' in the spring, and the scene of that Poem is Bolton Abbey, the favorite and much admired by him property of the Duke of Devonshire. Perhaps you may not guess for I have but half explained myself why I am sorry that William did not see the Duke on account of the sale of the Excursion. I think the more Friends he has either of Rank or Talents or notoriety the better, that they may *talk* against the Writers, for the more that is said of the work the better; none deny that he has talents and poetic Genius. I saw two sections of Hazlitt's Review at Rydale, and did not think them nearly so well written as I should have expected from him—though he praised *more* than I should have expected. His opinion that all the Characters are but one character, I cannot but think utterly false—there seems to me to be an astonishing difference considering that the primary elements are the same—fine Talents and strong imagination. He says that the

NOVEMBER 1814

narratives are a Clog upon the poem. I was not sorry to hear that for I am sure with common Readers those parts of the poem will be by far the most interesting. Mary tells me that they have seen the last part of Hazlitt's Review which is more a Criticism upon Country Life and its effects than upon the poem, and amongst other evils he has the audacity to complain that there are no Courtesans to be found in the country. He makes another bold assertion that all people living in retirement hate each other. Mary tells me that Wilham has a plan for going up to London with me when we go to France in April. Sara will remain here and I shall go home before the December moon is at the full—probably about the 18<sup>th</sup>. I wish you may be in London either when we go to France or return; but if we have not that good fortune I would fain return by Bury. This if all goes well we certainly shall do; but I have a depressing timidity when I speak of plans for any distant time. Thank God! all goes well at home. I left home on the 16<sup>th</sup> September so I shall have been more than three months absent when I return. I have been very happy at Hindwell. The country is beautiful, and we have been so fortunate in weather as not to have been confined to the house a single day. By little and little I have become a tolerable horse-woman. I have no fears and that is a great point, but I cannot attain the power of managing my horse; I can however ride for four or five hours without fatigue, at a pace which was torture to me when I first began. To-morrow I am going to Hereford with John Monkhouse, a distance of 16 miles and we shall return in the evening. I often think of your rides when I used to walk by your side. They were very pleasant but would have been still more pleasant if we could have ridden side by side, and if I had been mistress of my present skill I should certainly have endeavoured to procure a horse. We shall return to Hindwell on Sunday or Monday. We came unexpectedly upon John Monkhouse to his great joy: for he leads a solitary life; but his temper is so happy and his mind so busy that he is never dull. He is a thoroughly amiable man; of such kindly affections, and so happy in communicating his sentiments on Books (he is a great Reader) and everything else that I cannot but more than ever regret that his wife was taken from him, or that he has not

been fortunate enough to fix his affections upon another amiable woman to supply her place. His sister is very happy, and a sweet creature, and her husband is most truly sensible of her worth. I only regret that she should live where her merits are hardly seen or felt except by her own family. They are however those of the most importance and she is very contented and expresses her benevolent and charitable disposition towards her poor neighbours. But I am going on and shall not have Room for the poem. I shall put my letter into the Post Office at Hereford, and shall not tell Sara that I have written that I may not prevent her fulfilling her intentions.—Now for the poem it is printed after ‘Yarrow unvisited’—

[*Here follows Yarrow Visited, 1814, as Oxf. W., p. 301, but ll. 2, 3.*

Of which so long I cherished  
A fancy dear to waking thought

*l. 6 words for notes*

*l. 13. And with her own St Mary's Lake*

*ll. 62-4. A covert for protection*

To studious ease and generous cares,  
And every chaste affection]

Alas! I am as bad as Sara. I have not yet written to Tillbrook, but I hope I shall very soon. In the meantime give my kind love to him if you see him. Your anecdote of Tom that he sate up all night reading William's poem gave me as much pleasure as anything I have heard of the effect produced by it. I must say I think it speaks highly in favour of Tom's feeling and enthusiasm that he was so wrought upon. Do write as soon as you can. I believe Sara's letter will reach you ere long; but do not wait for it I pray you. I feel cheered now while I write to you because I seem to see before me a little way. If we are all alive I am almost confident that we shall meet somewhere before the end of next summer—at Bury—in London, or in Westmorland.

I have had one of the worst pens that ever was used—John Monkhouse cannot find his knife to mend it for me. I should not mind this if it were not for the poem; but I am afraid you will not find it easy to make it out and that will spoil the first effect of it.

NOVEMBER 1814

Joanna Hutchinson and John M. beg their best remembrances. They are busy putting up Books and they want me to help them. We have been making ourselves merry with their unscientific way of putting them up—all by the backs.

My love to Mr Clarkson and Tom. God Bless you my dearest Friend

Yours evermore

D. W.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Bury, Suffolk.

Gilhes<sup>1</sup> 506. W. W. to Robert Pearce Gillies<sup>2</sup>

K(—)

Rydal Mount Nov. 12. 1814

You are a most indulgent and good-natured critic, or I think you would hardly have been so much pleased with *Yarrow Visited*; we think it heavier than my things generally are, and nothing but a wish to show to Mr Hogg<sup>3</sup> that my inclination towards him, and his proposed work were favourable, could have induced me to part with it in that state. I have composed three new stanzas in place of the three first, and another to be inserted before the two last, and have made some alterations in other parts; therefore, when you see Mr. Hogg, beg from me that he will not print the poem till he has read the copy which I have added to Miss E. Wilson's MSS, as I scarcely doubt, notwithstanding the bias of first impressions, that he will prefer it.

In the same MSS. you will find a sonnet addressed to yourself,<sup>4</sup> which I should have mentioned before, but for a reason of the same kind as kept you silent on the subject of yours. I am

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of a Literary Veteran* by R. P. Gilhes, 3 vols 1851.

<sup>2</sup> R. P. Gilhes (1788–1858), poet and miscellaneous writer, had met W. in Edinburgh in the previous summer. He had just lost much of his fortune in a rash speculation. In 1825 he lost the rest of his money, and went to London in 1827 to edit the *Foreign Quarterly*; in 1847 he was in prison for debt, and W. helped him in his financial embarrassment. He had a great admiration for W., of whom he spoke as his 'unalterable friend'. His chief works were *Childe Alarique, a poetic reverie* (1814), *Rinaldo, a desultory poem*, and *Illustrations of the Poetical Character in 6 Tales* (1816), and his *Memoirs*.

<sup>3</sup> James Hogg (1770–1835), the Ettrick Shepherd. His *Queen's Wake*, referred to in the next letter, was published in 1813.

<sup>4</sup> 'From the dark chambers of dejection freed,' v. Oxf W., p. 260.

not a little concerned that you continue to suffer from morbid feelings, and still more that you regard them as incurable. This is a most delicate subject, and which, perhaps, I ought not to touch at all, considering the slender knowledge which circumstances have yet allowed me of the characteristics of your malady. But this I can confidently say, that poetry and the poetic spirit will either help you, or harm you, as you use them. If you find in yourself more of the latter effect than of the former, forswear the Muses, and apply tooth and nail to law, to mathematics, to mechanics, to anything, only escape from your insidious foe. But if you are benefited by your intercourse with the lyre, then give yourself up to it with the enthusiasm which I am sure is natural to you. I should like to be remembered to Mr. Lappenberg,<sup>1</sup> to Mr. Hogg, and our friends in Queen Street, of course.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Sharpe,<sup>3</sup> I hope, does not forget me. Adieu, most faithfully, and with great respect. Yours,

William Wordsworth.

*Gillies*

507. *W. W. to R. P. Gillies*

K(—)

Rydal Mount, Nov. 23, 1814.

My dear Sir,

You must have feared that notwithstanding your care, the parcel has not reached its destination; I have, however, the gratification of saying that it arrived punctually at Kendal. I have to thank you, also, for *Egbert*, which is pleasingly and vigorously written, and proves that with a due sacrifice of exertion, you will be capable of performing things that will have a strong claim on the regards of posterity. But keep, I pray you, to the great models; there is in some parts of this tale, particularly page fourth, too much of a bad writer—Lord Byron; and I will observe that towards the conclusion, the intervention of the peasant is not only unnecessary, but injurious to the tale, inasmuch as it takes away from that species of credibility on which it rests. I have peeped into *The Ruminator*, and turned to your

<sup>1</sup> Translator of 'We are Seven', 'To a Butterfly', and several others of W's poems into German.

<sup>2</sup> The Wilsons.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Sharpe (1781–1851), antiquary, artist, and friend of Scott. He lived in Edinburgh.



NOVEMBER 1814

first letter, which is well executed, and seizes the attention very agreeably. Your longer poem I have barely looked into, but I promise myself no inconsiderable pleasure in the perusal of this.

I thank you for *The Queen's Wake*. Since I saw you in Edinburgh I have read it. It does Mr. Hogg great credit. Of the tales, I liked best, much the best, *The Witch of Fife*, the former part of *Kulmene*, and the *Abbot Mackinnon*. Mr. Hogg himself, I remember, seemed most partial to *Mary Scott*, though he thought it too long. For my own part, though I always deem the opinion of an able writer upon his own works entitled to consideration, I cannot agree with Mr. Hogg in this preference. The story of *Mary Scott* appears to me extremely improbable, and not skilfully conducted; besides, the style of the piece is often vicious. The intermediate parts of *The Queen's Wake* are done with much spirit, but the style here, also, is often disfigured with false finery, and in too many places it recalls Mr. Scott to one's mind. Mr. Hogg has too much genius to require that support, however respectable in itself. As to style, if I had an opportunity I should like to converse with you thereupon. Such is your sensibility, and your power of mind, that I am sure I could induce you to abandon many favourite modes of speech; for example, why should you write, 'Where the lake gleams beneath the *autumn* sun,' instead of 'autumnal', which is surely more natural and harmonious? We say 'summer sun,' because we have no adjective termination for that season, but 'vernal' and 'autumnal' are both unexceptionable words. Miss Seward uses 'hybernal', and I think it is to be regretted that the word is not familiar. But these discussions render a letter extremely dull.

I sent the alterations of *Yarrow Visited* to Miss Hutchinson and my sister, in Wales, who think them great improvements, and are delighted with the poem as it now stands. Second parts, if much inferior to the first, are always disgusting, and as I had succeeded in *Yarrow Unvisited*, I was anxious that there should be no falling off; but that was unavoidable, perhaps, from the subject, as imagination almost always transcends reality. I remain, hoping that you will excuse this most hasty scrawl, with great regard and respect, yours most truly,

William Wordsworth.

NOVEMBER 1814

MS.

508. W. W. to C. W.

Nov. 26<sup>th</sup> [1814]

My dear Brother,

Not hearing from you I had some apprehensions (as the Booksellers are not the most attentive persons in the world to directions given them) that my intentions in sending you *The Excursion* might not have been fulfilled. But a few days before the receipt of yours I learned from Mrs. Lloyd that the Work had reached you. I should have been sorry had you not been pleased with it; sorry both as a Poet and an Englishman. I hear from many quarters high commendations and not a few from the members of your Profession. Yesterday I had a letter from Sir George Beaumont in which he says the Bishop of London is enchanted with the *Excursion*, and indeed I hear but one opinion on the subject! The Printers have just begun the 2nd Volume of my Poems, so that I hope they will be ready for Publication about the beginning of Janry. Many delays have taken place, for none of which I was accountable, or they might have been before the public ere this time. I have not yet heard anything of the Sale of the *Excursion*; which I should have done had it been such as was likely to lead the way to the steady demand of a second Edition which many Persons are waiting for; and I should be sorry if their disappointment be of long continuance, as must be the case if the work does not go off in reasonable time.—I see that you have some sermons ready for Publication; Why did not you mention this to me? I remember that I am in your debt for a bound set of your Ecclesiastical History which was presented to Mr. Johnson; and which you shall be paid for the first convenient opportunity; therefore pray let me know the amount.—Dorothy is in S. Wales with Mr. Hutchinson's family; we expect her home by the next [?]: She is well. I saw Richard and his Bride at Sockbridge; he was pretty well, and she is a very decent and comely person, but he has done a foolish thing in marrying one so young; not to speak of the disgrace of forming such a connection with a servant, and that, one of his own. Mrs Lloyd is but poorly, and Charles has not been well lately; though when we saw him a few days

NOVEMBER 1814

ago he was unusually so. He has printed his *Alfieri*, and composed a novel recently with his usual rapidity.<sup>1</sup> I have not seen it.—Mary is well and so are the children except that Wm has a bad cold; which always somewhat alarms us, as his colds never fail to be accompanied with considerable difficulty in breathing, and a croupy sound in the throat which is most painful to hear. He is a stout lively and healthy child, of great promise. His sister is quick and clever. She is very careless and inattentive, but capable of learning rapidly would she give her mind to it. John is for book-attainments the slowest Child almost I ever knew. He has an excellent judgment and well regulated affections; but I am much disappointed in my expectations of retracing the Latin and Greek classics with him. Incredible pains has been taken with him, but he is to this day a deplorably bad reader of *English* even. You do not mention your farming. How does it answer, verily and truly?

With best love from Mary to yourself and our sister Priscilla I remain my dear Christopher most faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth

Our neighbour the Bishop is declining gradually but more in mind than in body. Pray tell how your expectations stand as to succeeding him. Do not forget this.

*Address:* The Very Rev<sup>d</sup> The Dean of Bocking, Essex.

*Gillies*

509. *W. W. to R. P. Gillies*

*K(—)*

Rydal Mount, Dec. 22, 1814.

My dear Sir,

Your account of yourself distresses me. Flee from your present abode. If you resolve on going to London, let me beg of you to take Westmoreland in your way. You can make a trial here, and should it not answer, you are only so far on your way to town. We shall be glad to see you, though I know that my house is too small, and my family far too noisy, for a person whose nerves are out of tune. But there are lodgings in the

<sup>1</sup> The translation of *Alfieri* was published in 1815 and dedicated to Southey—the novel *Isabel* was privately printed at Ulverston in 1820.

neighbourhood which might possibly suit you, though their accomodations are not very luxurious. But you remember Horace's invitation to Maecenas:—<sup>1</sup>

'Plerumque gratae divitibus vices,  
Mundaeque parvo sub lare pauperum  
Cenae, sine auleis et ostro,  
*Sollicitam explicuere frontem.*'

Your first position, that every idea which passes through a poet's mind may be made passionate, and therefore poetical, I am not sure that I understand. If you mean through a poet's mind when in a poetical mood, the words are nothing but an identical proposition. But a poet must be subject to a thousand thoughts in common with other men, and many of them must, I suppose, be as unsusceptible of alliance with poetic passion as the thoughts that interest ordinary men. But the range of poetic feeling is far wider than is ordinarily supposed, and the furnishing new proofs of this fact is the only incontestible demonstration of genuine poetic genius. 2dly, 'The moment a clear idea of any kind is conceived, it ought to be brought out directly and [as] rapidly as possible, without any view to any particular style of language.' I am not sure that I comprehend your meaning here. Is it that a man's thoughts should be noted down in prose, or that he should express them in any kind of verse that they most easily fall into? I think it well to make brief memoranda of our most interesting thoughts in prose; but to write fragments of verse is an embarrassing practice. A similar course answers well in painting, under the name of *Studies*; but in poetry it is apt to betray a writer into awkwardness, and to turn him out of his course for the purpose of lugging on these ready-made pieces by the head and shoulders. Or do you simply mean, that such thoughts as arise in the process of composition should be expressed in the first words that offer themselves, as being likely to be most energetic and natural? If so, this is not a rule to be followed without cautious exceptions. My first expressions I often find detestable; and it is frequently true of second words as of second thoughts, that they are the best. I entirely accord with you in your third observation, that we should be cautious

<sup>1</sup> *Carm.* iii. 29.

not to waste our lives in dreams of imaginary excellence, for a thousand reasons, and not the least for this, that these notions of excellence may perhaps be erroneous, and then our inability to catch a phantom of no value may prevent us from attempting to seize a precious substance within our reach.

When your letter arrived I was in the act of reading to Mrs. Wordsworth your *Exile*, which pleased me more, I think, than anything that I have read of yours. There is, indeed, something of 'mystification' about it, which does not enhance its value with me; but it is, I think, in many passages delightfully conceived and expressed. I was particularly charmed with the seventeenth stanza, first part. This is a passage which I shall often repeat to myself; and I assure you that, with the exception of Burns and Cowper, there is very little of recent verse, however much it may interest me, that sticks to my memory (I mean which I get by heart). The recommendation of your volume is, that it is elegant, sensitive, and harmonious,—a rare merit in these days; its defect, that it deals too much in pleasurable and melancholy generalities. But if you preserve your health of body, I am confident you will produce something in verse that will last. I have read *The Ruminator*, and I fear that I did not like it quite as much as you would wish. It wants depth and strength, yet it is pleasingly and elegantly written, and contains everywhere the sentiments of a liberal spirit.

Mr. Hogg's *Badlew* (I suppose it to be his) I could not get through. There are two pretty passages; the flight of the deer, and the falling of the child from the rock of Stirling, though both are a little *outré*. But the story is coarsely conceived, and, in my judgment, as coarsely executed; the style barbarous, and the versification harsh and uncouth. Mr. Hogg is too illiterate to write in any measure or style that does not savour of balladism. This is much to be regretted, for he is possessed of no ordinary power.

I am delighted to learn that your Edinburgh Aristarch has declared against *The Excursion*, as he will have the mortification of seeing a book enjoy a high reputation, to which he has not contributed. Do not imagine that my principles lead me to condemn Scott's method of pleasing the public, or that I have

DECEMBER 1814

not a very high respect for his various talents and extensive attainments. I sent him *The Excursion*, and am rather surprised that I have had no letter from him to acknowledge the receipt of it. Pray present my regards to him when you see him. I have seen a book advertised under your name, which I suppose to be a novel. How comes it that you do not mention it? I am afraid that my indolence will prevent me from prefixing any prose remarks to my poems. The old preface will be reprinted as an appendix. I have not ventured to place your name *before* the sonnet addressed to you, but I have assigned it a place in the volume.

With great respect, I remain yours

William Wordsworth.

MS.

510. D. W. to R. W.

December 27<sup>th</sup> [1814]

My dear Brother,

William is engaged with company therefore he has desired me to say that he has filled up the Draft which you sent him for 325£ and transmitted it to the Kendal Bankers who will duly accept it, and remit to the Stamp office Bills due at the end of this month. There will be no other inconvenience arising from your not being able to advance Cash at present, than that Wm will have to pay so much per Cent for its passing through the Bank, and, of course, the discount.

I am happy to inform you that my Nephew William is now restored to perfect health, after a most dangerous illness. All the rest of the Family are well and join with me in kind Love.

I spent ten weeks very agreeably with Mr Thomas Hutchinson and his Family in Radnorshire, Miss H. went with me to Hindwell, and I have left her there.

I am sorry to hear that your Wife is so poorly—with best Respects to her, and, wishing you both a happy new year, I remain, dear Richard

Your affectionate Sister

D Wordsworth

Address: Richard Wordsworth Esq<sup>re</sup>, Sockbridge, near Penrith.

DECEMBER 1814

511. W. W. to Catherine Clarkson

K(—)<sup>1</sup> CR(—)

[December 1814]

My dear Friend,

I dont know that it is quite fair to sit down to answer a letter of friendship the moment it is received, but allow me to do so in this case.—To you I will whisper that *The Excursion* has one merit if it has no other, viz. variety of musical effect. Tell Patty Smith<sup>2</sup> this. The name is a secret with me, and would make her stare. Exhort her to study with her fingers till she has learned to confess it to herself. Miss S's notion of poetical imagery is probably taken from *The Pleasures of Hope*, or *Gertrude of Wyoming*; see, for instance stanza first of said poems. There is very little imagery of *that* kind in *The Excursion*; but I am far from subscribing to your concession that there is little imagery in the poem; either collateral, in the way of metaphor colouring the style; illustrative, in the way of simile; or directly under the shape of description or incident. There is a great deal, though not quite so much as will be found in the other parts of the poem, where the subjects are more lyrically treated, and where there is less narration or description turning upon manners, and those repeated actions which constitute habits, or a course of life. Poetic passion (Dennis has well observed) is of two kinds; imaginative and enthusiastic, and merely human and ordinary. Of the former it is only to be feared that there is too great a proportion. But all this must inevitably be lost upon Miss P. S.

The soul, dear Mrs. Clarkson, may be re-given, when it has been taken away. My own 'Solitary' is an instance of this; but a soul that has been dwarfed by a course of bad culture cannot, after a certain age, be expanded into one of even ordinary proportion. Mere error of opinion, mere apprehension of ill consequences from supposed mistaken views on my part, could never have rendered your correspondent blind to the innumerable analogies and types of infinity, or insensible to the countless

<sup>1</sup> This letter is printed from K. collated with H. C. R.'s copy of it (*v. C. R.* pp. 78–82) which contains several passages which K. omits. The latter part (Lamb . . . *end*) is printed by K. as though from another letter, and headed *To correspondent unknown*.

<sup>2</sup> The daughter of William Smith, M P. for Norwich.

awakenings to noble aspiration, which I have transfused into that poem from the Bible of the Universe, as it speaks to the ear of the intelligent, and as it lies open to the eyes of the humble-minded.

I have alluded to the lady's errors of opinion. She talks of my being a worshiper of Nature. A passionate expression, uttered incautiously in the poem upon the Wye, has led her into this mistake; she, reading in cold-heartedness, and substituting the letter for the spirit. Unless I am greatly mistaken, there is nothing of this kind in *The Excursion*. There is indeed a passage towards the end of the fourth book, where the Wanderer introduces the simile of the Boy and the Shell and what follows, that has something ordinarily (but absurdly) called *Spinosistic*. But the intelligent reader will easily see the *dramatic* propriety of the passage. The Wanderer, in the beginning of the book, had given vent to his own devotional feelings, and announced in some degree his own creed. He is here preparing the way for more distinct conceptions of the Deity, by reminding the Solitary of such religious feelings as cannot but exist in the minds of those who affect atheism. She condemns me for not distinguishing between Nature as the work of God, and God himself. But where does she find this doctrine inculcated? Whence does she gather that the author of *The Excursion* looks upon Nature and God as the same? He does not indeed consider the Supreme Being as bearing the same relation to the Universe, as a watch-maker bears to a watch. In fact, there is nothing in the course of the religious education adopted in this country, and in the use made by us of the Holy Scriptures, that appears to me so injurious as perpetually talking about *making* by God.

Oh! that your correspondent had heard a conversation which I had in bed with my sweet little boy, four and a half years old, upon this subject the other morning. 'How did God make me? Where is God? How does he speak? He never spoke to *me*.' I told him that God was a spirit,—that he was not like his flesh, which he could touch; but more like his thoughts, in his mind, which he could not touch. The wind was tossing the fir trees, and the sky and light were dancing about in their dark branches, as seen through the window. Noting these fluctuations, he



exclaimed eagerly, 'There's a bit of him, I see it there!' This is not meant entirely for father's prattle; but for heaven's sake, in your religious talk with children, say as little as possible about *making*. One of the main objects of *The Recluse* is to reduce the calculating understanding to its proper level among the human faculties. Therefore my book must be disliked by Unitarians as their religion rests entirely on that basis and therefore is no religion at all; but—I wont say what.

I have done little or nothing towards your request of furnishing you with arguments to cope with my antagonist. Read the book if it pleases you; the construction of the language is uniformly perspicuous; at least I have taken every possible pains to make it so, therefore you will have no difficulty there. The impediments you may meet with will be of two kinds, such as exist in the *Ode* which concludes my second volume of poems. This poem rests entirely upon two recollections of childhood; one that of a splendour in the objects of sense which is passed away; and the other an indisposition to bend to the law of death, as applying to our own particular case. A reader who has not a vivid recollection of these feelings having existed in his mind in childhood cannot understand that poem. So also with regard to some of those elements of the human soul whose importance is insisted upon in *The Excursion*, and some of those images of sense which are dwelt upon as holding that relation to Immortality and Infinity which I have before alluded to. If a person has not been in the way of receiving these images, it is not likely that he can form such an adequate conception of them as will bring him into vivid sympathy with the Poet. For instance one who has never heard the echoes of the flying Raven's voice in a mountainous country as described at the close of the fourth Book will not perhaps be able to relish that illustration; yet every one must have been in the way of perceiving similar effects from different causes—but I have tired myself and must have tired you. One word upon ordinary or popular passion. Could your correspondent read the description of Robert and the fluctuations of hope and fear in Margaret's mind and the gradual [decay?] of herself and her dwelling without a bedimmed eye then I pity her. Could she read the distress

of the Solitary after the loss of his family and the picture of his quarrel with his own conscience (though this tends to more meditative passion) without some agitation then I envy not her tranquillity. Could the anger of Ellen before she sate down to weep over her Babe, tho' she were but a poor serving maid, be found in a book, and that book said to be without passion, then, thank Heaven! that the person so speaking is neither my Wife nor my Sister, nor one upon whom (unless I could work in her a great alteration) I am forced daily to converse with.

Lamb is justifiably enraged at the spurious review which his friends suspect to be his. No Newmarket jockey, no horse-stealer, was ever able to play a hundredth part of the tricks upon the person of an unhappy beast that the Bavius of the *Quarterly Review* has done for that sweet composition. So I will not scruple to style it, though I never saw it. And, worst of all, Lamb kept no copy and the original MS. is we fear destroyed.

As to the Ed. Review I hold the Author of it in entire contempt. And therefore shall not pollute my fingers with the touch of it. There is one sentence in the Ex. ending in '*Sublime Attractions of the Grave*', which, if the poem had contained nothing else that I valued, would have made it almost a matter of religion with me to keep out of the way of the best stuff which so mean a mind as Mr Jeffrey's could produce in connection with it. His impertinences, to use the mildest term, if once they had a place in my memory would for a time at least stick there. You cannot scower a spot of this kind out of your mind as you may a stain out of your clothes. If the mind were under the power of the will I should read Mr J<sup>y</sup> merely to expose his stupidity to his still more stupid admirers. This not being the case, as I said before I shall not pollute my fingers with touching his book. Give my affectionate regards to Henry Robinson, and the same to Mr Clarkson. I have just read over this letter. It is a sad jumble of stuff, and as ill expressed—I should not send it but in compliance with the wish of Mary and Dorothy. The reason of the thing being so bad is that your friend's remarks were so monstrous. To talk of the offence of writing *The Excursion* and the difficulty of forgiving the author, is carrying audacity and presumption to a height of which I did not think

any woman was capable. Had my poem been much coloured by books, as many parts of what I have to write must be, I should have been accused (as Milton has been) of pedantry, and of having a mind which could not support itself but by other men's labours. Do not you perceive that my conversations almost all take place out of doors, and all with grand objects of Nature, surrounding the speakers, for the express purpose of their being alluded to in illustration of the subjects treated of? *Much* imagery from books would have been an impertinence, and an incumbrance; where it was required, it is found.

As to passion, it is never to be lost sight of that *The Excursion* is part of a work; that in its plan it is conversational; and that, if I had introduced stories exciting curiosity, and filled with violent conflicts of passion and a rapid interchange of striking incidents, these things could have never harmonized with the rest of the work; and all further discourse, comment, or reflections must have been put a stop to. This I write for you, and not for your friend; with whom (if you would take my advice) you will neither converse by letters, nor *via voce*, upon a subject of which she is in every respect disqualified to treat. Farewell. . . .

W. W.

512. W. W. and D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

MS.

K(—)<sup>1</sup>

New Year's Eve [1814]

(W. W. writes)

My dear Friend,

It is very selfish of me to write to you only of my own concerns. But I am encouraged by finding so much of your letter devoted to the *Excursion*. I am glad that it has interested you; I expected no less, and I wish from my Soul that it had been a thousand times more deserving of your regard. In respect to its final destiny I have neither care nor anxiety being assured that if it be of God it must stand; and that if the spirit of truth, 'The Vision and the Faculty divine' be not in it, and so do not

<sup>1</sup> K. who prints a small part of this letter, heads it 'To Correspondent Unknown'.

pervade it, it must perish. So let the wisest and best of the present generation and of Posterity decide the question. Thoroughly indifferent as I am on this point, I will acknowledge that I have a wish for the *sale* of the present Edition, partly to repay the Expense of our Scotch Tour, and still more to place the book within reach of those who can neither purchase nor procure it in its present expensive shape. I therefore beg of you or Mr Clarkson or both of you [that you] will immediately set to work and give it what help you can in the Philanthropist or any well circulated Periodical publication to which you may have easy access. I mentioned the Philanthropist because it circulates a good deal among Quakers, who are wealthy and fond of *unstructive* Books. Besides, though I am a professed admirer of the Church of England, I hope that my religious sentiments will not be offensive to *them*. I smiled at your notion of Coleridge reviewing the Ex. in the Ed. I much doubt whether he has read three pages of the poem, and Jeff. has already printed off a Review; beginning with these elegant and decisive words: 'This will not do'. The sage Critic then proceeding to show cause why. The precious farce is what the Coxcomb's Idolaters call<sup>1</sup> a *crushing* Review. Therefore you see as the evil Spirits are roused it becomes the good ones to stir, or what is to become of the poor Poet and his Labours? I will now tell you by way of chit chat the little that I have heard of the receipt of the poem. Dr Parr<sup>2</sup> (who you recollect gave a proof of his critical acumen in the affair of Ireland's MSS which he pronounced to be genuine Shakespear) has declared that it is 'all *but* Milton'; Dr Johnson a leading man of Birmingham that there has been nothing equal to it since Milton's day. Mr Sergeant Rough<sup>3</sup> had spoken to the same effect. The Bishop of London<sup>4</sup> is in raptures—the Duke of Devonshire made it his companion in a late jaunt to Ireland and

<sup>1</sup> calling. MS.

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Parr (1747–1825), the famous classical scholar and conversationalist, regarded as a 'Whig Dr. Johnson'.

<sup>3</sup> William Rough (1772–1838), lawyer and poet. At this time Sergeant at Law, he rose to become a judge in Ceylon (1830) and Chief Justice of its Supreme Court (1836). He was an intimate friend of Christopher W. at Cambridge, and later of Crabb Robinson.

<sup>4</sup> William Howley (1766–1848), in 1828 appointed Archbishop of Canterbury.

was so much delighted that he frequently expressed his sorrow that he missed me in his late visit to Lowther where I was expected about the same time. All the best endowed readers even of Edinburgh are enchanted with it; this I had from a respected acquaintance who himself purchased three copies. A gentleman of Derby unknown to me pronounces it an *admirably fine poem*. A Lady of Liverpool, a Quaker, breaks through all forms of ceremony to express her gratitude by letter, which she does in most enthusiastic terms. Charles Lamb (I cannot overlook him) calls it the best of Books; and lastly your son Tom sate up all night reading it! If this does not satisfy you I could give you a deal more by rumaging my memory. By way of per Contra, I ought to tell you that the renowned Poet and critic Antony Harrison of facetious memory, and the whole family of Addison (certain proof that the blood is adulterated, though the name continues to be spelt as formerly) found the *Excursion* not un peu but très pesant.<sup>1</sup> It was too low in the subjects for their high-flying fancies. Perhaps you may not remember that A. H. selected as a topic for his Muse, the Bark-house Beck; so called from its collecting into its bosom all the sweets of Jack Hindson's tan-yard. Do not fail to thank Tillbrook<sup>1</sup> for his exertions. I have a great respect and regard for that man; and do earnestly wish that those inconsiderate people the Moggs, whom he thinks highly of, and who are now in great want, may not beguile him of some of his money. Could he by any means be cautioned against an appeal to his heart in this case if it be not too late. I should fear his consenting to be surety for them or something of that kind; it would be very [ ? ] and might be ruinous to him<sup>2</sup> and could not possibly render any substantial service to such thoughtless people. Poor Mary Lamb, you perhaps may have heard is again under confinement. I have this night received a letter from Charles written in great depression of spirits. Our own anxieties have been dreadful, and I seem to possess all my children in trembling, the youngest in particular

<sup>1</sup> In a letter to D. W. dated Xmas day, C. C. had told her that Mr. Smith had brought from London the report that the *Excursion* 'was very fine, but un peu pesant'. She also told her that Tillbrooke had disposed of 5 copies.

<sup>2</sup> them, MS.

after so narrow an escape. The ordinary health of them all is excellent, but they are all subject occasionally as all my Father's family were to bad Catarrhs. Wm is a charming Boy; beautiful and animated; I wish you could see him, he is the delight of my eyes; pray heaven that I may not have to say with Ben Jonson, 'My sin was too much hope of thee loved Boy'.<sup>1</sup> John is of good dispositions but marvellously slow in the acquisition of book-learning. Dorothy is quick generous and affectionate, but she has great faults which probably you may have heard of from her Aunt. I will now conclude with my blessing, every good wish for yourself, your husband, son and all about you. Most affectionately and faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

I believe the poem *has* [? secured] a powerful band of fresh admirers, but not powerful as to the *Sale*.

(D. W. writes)

Your letter came by last night's post and after Miss Weir of Appleby and her teacher Miss Jameson, who are staying with us, were gone to bed, William sate up till twelve o'clock to write to you. If my voice were likely to add anything to the power of his I should join earnestly in entreating that you will not let this occasion slip of serving a good cause in opposition to the impudent malice of an ignorant Pretender to Literary skill. I think with William that something might be done among the Quakers, there is no one of their own Body who has as much influence over them as your Husband; and there is no one better fitted for the task imposed than you, in case Mr Clarkson is not inclined to it or has not sufficiently studied the Book to perform it himself. I could be half angry with you for leaving the Excursion with William Smith. Who is to buy two guinea Books if not people with such fortunes as his? William gave Charles Lloyd a copy with this charge, that he should lend it to no one who could afford to buy it, and accordingly upon the application of our summer neighbour Mrs Green (a widow with 1500£ per annum of whom you must have heard us speak—a blue-stocking Dame) he refused, giving his reasons. She had before exclaimed

<sup>1</sup> Ben Jonson, *On His First Sonnet*. Epigrammes, 1616.

with horror 'Two guineas! and for a *part* of a work!' and she then pettishly told him that she must wait till her return to York when she could have it from a circulating Library; for she never bought books unread! This Lady has stayed under our Roof and has been extremely anxious to number William in the Train of her Friends. By the Bye I think that so small an Edition *must* sell, though I see clearly that the effect of the publication has not been such as I expected. I thought that a powerful Band of fresh admirers would have been immediately formed, though I did not expect that it would escape ridicule or severe censure. All I care about—the sale or anything else is here bounded. I should wish the present Edition to go off, and quickly that it may be printed in a cheaper form: and that we may have some small pecuniary advantage from it. As to the permanent fate of that poem or of my Brother's collected Works I have not the shadow of a doubt. I know that the good and pure and noble-minded will in [*seal*] days and when we sleep in the grave be elevated delighted and better by what he has performed in solitude for the delight of his own Soul independent of lofty hopes of being of service to his fellow-creatures.—I congratulate you on your return to your own home and one year passed without any harsh or distressing changes. Yet the gradual change in your Father's looks cannot but lead to melancholy thoughts. Such are forced upon us and we cannot quiet them, and though I hope some part of the change may, as you say, have been owing to the cold; yet one must expect after a longer absence than usual from a dear Friend at his period of life, to note something that reminds us of what was different in former times. I am rejoiced more than I can express that you have reason to be so well satisfied with your son. I doubt not he will make a noble character—he always had—that I saw clearly—a good foundation and how almost could it be otherwise with such a Father and Mother! but there seemed cause to fear that his wayward and provoking freaks might take root and become habits. They are now over—at least in their former childish shape, and I trust and believe that whatever freaks of *youth* you may now have to contend with, his love of study and his good sense will get the better of—and may God

grant his parents many years of life to enjoy the comfort of possessing a good and dutiful son. Your anecdote of Tom's sitting up all night with the Excursion, and of his dread to hear the contents of my letter shew that he has very strong sensibility. Give my kind love to him and tell him I long to renew our old acquaintance, and begin a new one with him. You do not say a word of coming Northwards next Summer. Sara is determined to visit you at Bury before her return to Rydale; but it is not possible for her to make any precise arrangements till our French journey is either set aside, or the time fixed.—April is the month proposed, and if the weather be tolerable we might as well go then as at any other time; but I find the King is to be anointed in June—all France will be gathered together, and I fear there may be disturbances; for though all is quiet at present it is evident enough that the party of discontented and turbulent spirits is very strong. On this account (as we cannot think of staying less than 9 or 10 weeks) I should wish our journey to be *after* June—if to be at all. But I never never so much dreaded to leave home as now, so deeply am I impressed with the image of what William and Mary have lately suffered in my absence, and with the uncertainty of all things. Besides, the journey will be very expensive which we can ill afford, and the money could be better spent in augmenting my Niece's wedding portion. To this effect I have written to her. She would not consent to marry without my presence; which was the reason that April was fixed. A few weeks will decide the point, whether we go to France or not—and Sara will then be able to form her plans. At all events I think it would be her wisest way to take the first opportunity of going to Bury; yet that can hardly be before April, and then the other journey will most likely be forced upon us! I will if possible contrive, if I go, to see you on my way back, though for a short time, and will trust that you will soon be coming to Rydale.—This is a plaguy business that I have teased you about. If it were not for my fears for what may happen at home I could think of it with satisfaction—Nay with delight, for that dear young woman's sake, whom I believe to be thoroughly amiable. Oh! that you were going again to France! Do you know of anybody going? William waits for



DECEMBER 1814

me to walk. It is 5 o'clock—a sweet Evening. We have had a two days thaw. The weather very severe the last fortnight. William and I have walked daily—sometimes Mary with us—and sometimes little Dorothy who is a sweet companion in walking—so lively—so animated—so open to impressions of delight in natural objects, with a most discriminating tact. She gets knowledge quickly through her feelings and her fancy; but sadly wants steadiness and has fits of waywardness and ill-humour with unquietness of manners frequently. Mary is very well and her spirits much amended. Yet she is excessively thin, and her eyes have sadly failed—she can see to do nothing by candle-light except reading large print. Do write again very soon. Did you receive my last letter from Stow? I was vexed when I found that Sara had also sent you the poem. My love to your Father, Sister, and all Friends, not forgetting Mrs Kitchener.

New Year's Eve.

D. W.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

K.      513. *W. W. to Sir George Beaumont*<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, February 1, 1815.

My dear Sir George,

Accept my thanks for the permission given me to dedicate these poems to you. In addition to a lively pleasure derived from general considerations, I feel a particular satisfaction; for, by inscribing them with your name, I seem to myself in some degree to repay, by an appropriate honour, the great obligation which I owe to one part of the collection—as having been the means of first making us personally known to each other. Upon much of the remainder, also, you have a peculiar claim,—for some of the best pieces were composed under the shade of your own groves, upon the classic ground of Coleorton; where I was animated by the recollection of those illustrious poets of your name and family, who were born in that neighbourhood; and, we may be assured, did not wander with indifference by the dashing stream of Grace Dieu, and among the rocks that diversify the forest of Charnwood. Nor is there any one to whom

<sup>1</sup> This letter forms the dedication to the 1815 edition of W.'s Poems.

FEBRUARY 1815

such parts of this collection as have been inspired or coloured by the beautiful country from which I now address you, could be presented with more propriety than to yourself—who have composed so many admirable pictures from the suggestions of the same scenery. Early in life the sublimity and beauty of this region excited your admiration; and I know that you are bound to it in mind by a still strengthening attachment.

Wishing and hoping that this work may survive as a lasting memorial of a friendship, which I reckon among the blessings of my life, I have the honour to be, my dear Sir George,

Yours most affectionately and faithfully,  
William Wordsworth.

*MS*      514. *W. W. to Thomas De Quincey*

My dear Sir,

Sat: Morn. [1814 or early 1815]

Many thanks for your obliging Note. I have the pleasure to say that after a persevering search we have found a Copy of the Descriptive Sketches this morning: so that you need not persist in the kind search which you were prepared to undertake. This Discovery enables me to proceed with the printing, under the superintendence of my Sister, without delay.

ever most sincerely yours

Wm Wordsworth

*MS.*      515. *W. W. to Thomas De Quincey*  
*J., K(—)*

[p.m. 1815 Feb 8]

‘When in his character of philosophical Poet, having thought of Morality as of implying in its essence voluntary obedience, and producing the effect of order, he transfers in the transport of imagination, the law of moral to physical natures, and, having contemplated, through the medium of that order, all modes of existence as subservient to one spirit, concludes his address to the power of Duty in the following words:

To humbler functions awful Power’

The above is the Quotation.—

Mrs Lloyd will be obliged to you to bring her a bottle of

FEBRUARY 1815

Compound Volatile Camphor Lineament, from Godfrey's Southampton St. Covent Garden

My dear Sir,

I have sent to the Printer another Stanza to be inserted in Laodamia after,

'While tears were thy best pastime, day and night:' (not a full Stop as before)

And while my youthful peers, before my eyes,  
(Each Hero following his peculiar bent)  
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprize  
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,  
Chieftains and Kings in council were detained;  
What time the Fleet at Aulis lay enchained,  
The wish'd for wind was given:—I then revolved

Our future course,' etc, so I fear it must be altered from The oracle, lest these words should seem to allude to the other answer of the oracle which commanded the sacrifice of Iphigenia. —I wished you had mentioned *why* you desired the *rough* Copies of the Preface to be kept, as your request has led me to apprehend that something therein might have appeared to you as better or more clearly expressed—than in the after draught; and I should have been glad to reinstate accordingly. Pray write to us. We are all well,

I remain affectionately and faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* Thomas De Quincey Esq<sup>r</sup> to be left with the Treasurer of the Middle Temple, London, or if not there at the Inner Temple.

MS.  
S.

516. *W. W. to Daniel Stuart*

Rydale Mount, near Ambleside. [1815]<sup>1</sup>

My dear Sir,

I take the liberty of writing this at the wish of Mr. De Quincey. He is a friend of mine whom you will recollect, with no very pleasant feelings, perhaps, as having caused you some trouble while my Tract occasioned by the Convention of Cintra was

<sup>1</sup> The letter is undated but was probably written early in 1815.

printing. He is preparing a short series of Letters, to be addressed to the Editor of some periodical Publication, say of *The Courier*; upon the subject of the stupidities, the ignorance, and the dishonesties of *The Edinburgh Review*; and principally as it relates to myself, whom, perhaps you know, the Editor has long honoured with his abuse. My works have been a stumbling block to him from the commencement of his Career. What I have to request is that, if it consist with your plan, you would give these Letters a place in your Columns, which I see have lately given more space to Literature than heretofore—and very properly I think, for nothing can be more flat and uninteresting than the present course of Public News. Mr. De Quincey will call upon you, and I hope this letter will serve to remove any little prejudice which you may have against him. I thank you for the notice of the Excursion in *The Courier*. It will serve the Book, though I owe the Editor a bit of a grudge for having *appeared* to join in, at least to countenance, the vulgar clamour against me; but I forgive him.

We hope that you and Mrs. Stuart are well; and Mrs. W. and my Sister join in kindest remembrances to her and to yourself.—I am, dear Sir, with great truth, your obliged servant,

W. Wordsworth.

You need not doubt but that the Letters will be a credit to any Publication, for Mr. De Q. is a *remarkably* able man.

*Address*: D. Stuart Esq<sup>re</sup>, Courner Office, London.

MS.                      516a. W. W. to Leigh Hunt<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, Feb. 12th 1815

Mr Wordsworth presents his Compliments to Mr Hunt and begs his Acceptance of the accompanying Volume Mr W. being induced to take this liberty by a conversation which he had last summer, with Mr Brougham, on which occasion Mr W. heard with pleasure, that his writings were valued by Mr Hunt.

*Address*: To the Editor of the Examiner (*to be sent with a Copy of Mr W.'s Poems*).

<sup>1</sup> This note is pasted in the front of a copy of Vol. I of W.'s *Poems*, etc., published in 2 vols. in 1815. It is interesting to note that W. had met Brougham before the famous Westmorland election of 1818 (*v. Letters* 603, 604).

FEBRUARY 1815

MS.

517. W. W. to R. P. Gillies

K(—)

Feb. 14. 1815.

My dear Sir,

Your very acceptable Lr of the 17<sup>th</sup> Jan<sup>ry</sup> was well entitled to a speedier answer; and the Poem of Albert, which I received about the same time to earlier notice. But I have been pestered for some weeks past with a number of trifles which did not leave me at sufficient leisure to take up the Pen with that complacency which I should wish to feel upon such an occasion. Nevertheless if I had not thought that a holy day would have come sooner I should not have remained silent so long. One of my engagements has been the writing of an additional preface and a supplementary Essay, to my Poems. I have ordered Longman to send the book to you as soon as printed, which I hope will be in a fortnight at the latest; and I cannot but flatter myself that you will read it with pleasure. You will find a few hits at certain celebrated names of Scotland, I do not mean persons now living, which will give great offence; yet not much, I think to you—— But let me turn from my own to your productions; and first to the Poem. The lines which I liked best, I think, were (2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>d</sup> pages) from ‘I prayed for madness’, to ‘and even that Image faded on my mind’, and page 12. [? Blandt] then &c to ‘human voice’ inclusive——I fear that towards the conclusion you attribute more influence to Nature and to Poetry than they can justly claim! The style of Albert is spirited; but the Poem has the same defect as the other; in turning so much upon internal feelings, and those of a peculiar kind, without a sufficiency of incident or imagery to substantiate them.——We now understand each other with respect to the positions of your former letter, and there remains I think no difference of opinion between us upon the subject.——But I confess if there is to be an Error in style, I much prefer the *Classical* model of Dr Beattie to the insupportable slovenliness and neglect of syntax and grammar, by which Hogg’s writings are disfigured. It is excusable in him from his education, but Walter Scott knows, and ought to do, better. They neither of them write a language which has any pretension to be called English; and their

versification—who can endure it when he comes fresh from the Minstrel?—Impute it to any thing but a wish to say agreeable things for the sake of saying them, when I tell you that the harmony of your verses in the *Vana* in particular, does in my estimation entitle you to no mean praise; especially when it is considered what a hobbling pace the Scottish Pegasus seems to have adopted in these days.—You advert in your notes to certain stores of Highland character incident and manners which have been but slightly touched upon. Would not it be well to collect these as materials for some poetic story, which if you would set yourself to work in good earnest, I am confident you could execute with effect. Let me recommend this to you or to compose a Romance, founded on some one of the many works of this kind that exist, as Wieland has done in his *Oberon*: not that I should advise such a subject as he has chosen. You have an ear, and you have a command of diction, a fluency of style: and I wish, as your friend, that you would engage in some literary labour that would carry you out of yourself, and be the means of delighting the well-judging part of the world.—In what I said upon the setting down thoughts in prose, I only meant, briefly, as memorandum, to prevent their being *lost*. It is unaccountable to me how men could ever proceed as Racine (and Alfieri I believe) used to do, first, writing their Plays in Prose, and then, turning them into Verse. It may answer with so slavish a language and so enslaved a Taste as the French have, but with us, it is not to be thought of.

Mr Wilson has probably reached Edin: by this time,—for ourselves, we have not seen him for many months, except once when Mrs W. and I called at his House. To use a College phrase he appears to have *cut* us. Let me know if you continue in the mind of trying the effect of Westmorland air upon your spirits. Mr Wilson has a charming little Cottage at Elleray which perhaps he is not likely to make use of—but this you would find very lonely; and it is nearly [9] miles from us. I fear there would be some difficulty in finding lodgings that would suit you but the trial shall be made. The country is at present charming, the first spring flowers peeping forth in the gardens abundantly.

I hope that you continue to like the Excursion—I hear good

FEBRUARY 1815

news of it from many quarters. But its progress to general notice *must* be slow. Your opinion of Jeffrey is just—he is a depraved Coxcomb; the greatest Dunce, I believe, in this Island, and assuredly the Man who takes most pains to prove himself so.—Have you read Lucien B's Epic?<sup>1</sup> I attempted it, but gave in at the 6<sup>th</sup> Canto, being pressed for time. I shall however resume the Labor if an opportunity offers. But the three first Stanzas *convinced* me that L. B. was no poet. Farewell. Miss Hutchinson is still in Wales. Mrs W. begs her best regards.

faithfully yours W. Wordsworth.

Address: R. P. Gillies Esq<sup>re</sup>, 3 King Street, Edinburgh.

K.                    518. *W. W. to Robert Southey*

[1815]<sup>2</sup>

Dear Southey,

. . My opinion in respect to epic poetry is much the same as that of the critic whom Lucien Bonaparte has quoted in his preface. Epic poetry, of the highest class, requires in the first place an action eminently influential, an action with a grand or sublime train of consequences; it next requires the intervention and guidance of beings superior to man, what the critics, I believe, call machinery; and lastly, I think with Dennis that no subject but a religious one can answer the demand of the soul in the highest class of this species of poetry. Now Tasso's is a religious subject, and in my opinion a most happy one; but I am confidently of opinion that the movement of Tasso's poem rarely corresponds with the essential character of the subject; nor do I think it possible that, written in stanzas, it should. The celestial movement cannot, I think, be kept up, if the sense is to be broken in that despotic manner at the close of every eight lines. Spenser's stanza is infinitely finer than the *ottava rima*, but even Spenser's will not allow the epic movement as ex-

<sup>1</sup> Lucien Buonaparte (1775–1840), Napoleon's second brother, published in 1814 *Charlemagne, ou l'Église sauvée, poème épique en 24 chants*. It was translated into English in 1815.

<sup>2</sup> Not dated, but the reference to Lucien B.'s epic makes a date about this time probable.

FEBRUARY 1815

hibited by Homer, Virgil, and Milton. How noble is the first paragraph of the *Aeneid* in point of sound, compared with the first stanza of the *Jerusalem Delivered*! The one winds with the majesty of the Conscript Fathers entering the Senate House in solemn procession; and the other has the pace of a set of recruits shuffling on the drill-ground, and receiving from the adjutant or drill-serjeant the command to halt at every ten or twenty steps. Farewell.

Affectionately yours,  
W. Wordsworth.

MS.                      519. D. W. to Sara Hutchinson  
(With Postscript by W. W.)

Sunday night. 18<sup>th</sup> February [1815]

How the months depart! February more than half gone—March is next—and then comes April, and if we do go to France, the end of April being the time talked of we cannot be later than the middle of May—but I fervently wish it may be given up for this year. If however we find that we shall have no peace or rest without it I must try to imitate your good example and make a pleasure of it. A fortnight or little more must settle the point. William talks at times as if he wished to go to London and if he does, of course it will be in the spring, and we shall travel together if we go to France, and meet you there—but Oh! far rather would I have him conduct you to Mrs. Clarkson's and after his visit to London bring you hither. In my own mind however I do not think he will go at all. The reasons for staying at home are very strong, and he really seems to have no strong one for going except the meeting you. You entreat with so much earnestness that we would write often, and I know so well the value of letters to you that I am determined, having an opportunity of sending to the Keswick post office tomorrow not to let this day pass by. I was engaged all the afternoon writing letters of duty to Mrs Rawson and Miss Pollard and I could not save the post for you. We have gone very quietly since my last was sent off which I hope you would receive on the Monday or Tuesday after you wrote. William has had one of his weeks of



rest and we now begin to wish that he was at work again, but as he intends completely to plan the first part of the Recluse before he begins the composition, he must read many Books before he will fairly set to labour again. The correcting of the proofs will, however, keep us doing in a little way. I feel sure that you will like the preface and essay, and will approve of the lofty tone which he has taken up. It is vexatious that the printers are so slow. We have only had one sheet of the preface, and there is nothing tonight but stamp office letters.—It has been a wet day and we had prayers at home; but William and I walked round the Lake, and viewed Grasmere from Loughrigg. The vale was wrapped up in that soft misty veil which so well becomes its sober dignity—a veil concealing nothing from the view except the tops of the highest mountains. We stopped a long time looking to the opposite shore of Rydal to admire the exquisite beauty of the colouring near the water-side—The oak bushes have all the brightness of Autumn and being intermingled with hollies, green turf, and silvery rocks, the combination of colouring was so various that we exclaimed how much more beautiful is that little spot than in summer. We have had no visitors except the Bests whom for his sake we are always glad to see—He has lost his property at Newmarket and by being bound for a Brother, and lives now upon an allowance of 500£ per annum from his Uncle. He has a horror of the Turf and gambling, and I hope will never return to it. Poor fellow, like Luff he has been ruined by a bad education and early indulgence with the prospect of an independent and large fortune. He tells many pleasant stories of former times. We often think of Luff when he is with us. He is not however nearly so clever a man, but his manners are free from those defects which make Luff so unpleasing at first—but how strangely I have wandered from the point whence I set out—I might however as well go on with matters at a distance from home and return thither when I have finished.—Poor Mrs Harden was delivered of a dead child a fortnight ago. It was a most dangerous labour and she has been very ill; but they hope that with extreme care and good nursing she will recover. On Thursday Wilham and Mary walked to Brathay—Mary saw her she looked very delicate and interesting—poor

woman! She had never been out of bed since the child was born; nor has yet probably, for we have heard of her being worse again. Lloyd was in his better way; yet he is exceptionally nervous at this time. The publishing of *Alferi* has done him no good; and I fear that it will not sell; Mrs Lloyd is grown much stronger—She walked hither one day with Miss Alne, and though much tired was no worse for it. She brought home a story which frightened us very much, but we have long since been quite at ease concluding it not true, though we wonder we have not heard again from Mrs Clarkson. The story was this that Tom Clarkson had died at William Smith's of a fever—the scarlet or some other fever. The tidings had come to her not in the shape of a report, but as direct communication by the schoolmaster at whose school William Smith's Boys are educated: therefore we were very very unhappy at first, though inclined very much to believe that her tale was untrue. Every post confirmed our hope by bringing us no tidings. We anxiously examined the newspapers, and their silence too, strengthened by degrees our hopes with a firm conviction that it was all false. Yet as I said we wonder that we have not heard again from Mrs Clarkson, and are rather uneasy on her account, especially as she was not well when she last wrote, and the letter was evidently not written in good spirits. I wish very much if we have not a letter soon that you may have one. Hartley is to go to Oxford in the next month. I have written to Lady Beaumont at Mrs C's request, for the 30£. His Mother has no money, of course, even to fit him out—she took my comments very kindly upon her report that he had slackened in his studies and tells me that he is now again very industrious. She says he will not have time to spare to come and see us before his departure, which I am very sorry for—Derwent left us last Monday, and Mary saw him when she went to Lloyd's and he said he was very comfortable at Mrs Robinson's. The Crumps are gone—George stays at Mr Pigot's and rides to school, and John is removed to business, therefore I think, as quietness is what he wants he will on the whole be better off at Mrs Robinson's than anywhere else. Mary asked to come to Rydale on Saturday; but we have not seen her. This looks as if he were contented with his quarters. Christopher and

FEBRUARY 1815

Priscilla have been at the Beaumont's, they stayed a few days and were much interested with Sir George. Priscilla says that Lady B. is the most enthusiastic admirer of the *Excursion*—I am afraid her zeal will outrun her discretion, and prevent her from aiding the sale of the work as were she more moderate in her expressions she might do. Christopher called at Dunmow 10 days ago and Sir G. put the White Doe into his hands which they were to convey to London last week—Priscilla tells Charles that when he is nervous he ought to take a journey—risk fresh scenes—as she does! Thus she cures herself of, I suppose, her *periodical* maladies—I believe the best cure would be a less indulgent husband. Christopher is sending us his sermons—but we have not yet received them. Longman has been desired to send two Copies of the poems bound in Russia to Tom Monkhouse. Of course you will give him directions about them, and pray present one copy to John Monkhouse with my best Regards. I wish you had them. You would almost feel as if you were nearer to us, especially the preface and the essay will have this effect. From all hands we hear the same story that Jeffrey has played the fool, has suffered his malignity to cheat him into producing passages as fit matter for ridicule, which are so beautiful that even the eyes of his worshippers must be opened. Old Mrs Lloyd is enraptured with the Book—It expresses what she habitually feels; in a manner that she had never either the power to express or conceive—and that passage where he says the 'raving begins' is one that she should have selected as among the finest that ever were composed. Mr. de Quincey writes—but I will give you his own brief words. 'Miss J Hutchinson must have been amongst people who read nothing but novels, because I find far more persons acquainted with the *Excursion* than I thought likely: among others I could not help smiling to find two fervent admirers, Unitarians, from whom you anticipated nothing but hostility.' This letter is merely about some business with the printer—Not a word of his letters in the *Courier*. He is going to see his mother for 'two days'. Longman informs us that exclusive of those Copies of the *Excursion* sent by William's order, 'they appear to have sold 269 copies'. This is not so bad. We have had above 30—so the 4th hundred is

begun with. I think the influx of fine folks this spring, with the help of Jeffrey's benevolence will carry off the rest—yet I cannot but regret that it was published in Quarto—William and Mary and little Willy paid a visit to old Mrs Knott yesterday with the Excursion in hand, William intending to read to the old Lady the history of the Grasmere Knight. She could not hear his loud voice; but understood the story very well when her Niece read it, and was greatly delighted. Today they have returned the Book and poor Miss K has written a complimentary but alas! unintelligible note—unintelligible but by courtesy. She must have been in a strange ruffled state of mind, she concludes however by saying in plain words that she had written to Kendal to order the Book. She says she had been told by Mrs Green and others that it was above their capacity, and of course above hers, but what she had read had given her infinite delight. I tell William that the family made a trading voyage of it. Certainly the Book would never have been bought by Miss K. if Willy and his Father and Mother had stayed quietly at home. The *Eclectic Review* was written by Montgomery.<sup>1</sup> He is very religious therefore your conjecture respecting the sincerity of the opening of the Review must have been unfounded.—Mary is deep in the 2nd volume of the 'Recluse of Norway' by Miss Porter<sup>2</sup>—there is a wonderful cleverness in this book, and notwithstanding the badness of the style the 1st vol is very interesting. I began the 2nd last night but could do no more than skim it. There is a good deal of Miss Watson<sup>2</sup> in the colouring of the Ladies; and when love begins almost all novels grow tiresome. The first volume has not a word of it. With respect to Waverley the author has completely failed in one point—you care not a farthing for the hero, Waverley, and as you observe all the Scotch Characters are so outrageously masked by peculiarities that there is no pleasure in contemplating them—indeed in the

<sup>1</sup> James Montgomery (1771–1854), minor poet, author of *The Ocean* (1805), *The West Indies, a poem on the Slave Trade* (1809), *The World before the Flood* (1812), &c., and of some well-known hymns, among them 'For ever with the Lord'. A frequent contributor to the *Eclectic Review*.

<sup>2</sup> Anna Maria Porter (sister of the more famous Jane), a fertile romantic novelist, published *The Recluse of Norway* in 1814. Miss Watson was a contemporary sentimental novelist, long since forgotten.

delineation of character he greatly fails throughout—and as usual the love is sickening. The highland manners and costume are the most interesting feature in the work.—We had a letter from your Brother John about 3 weeks ago—he sent us some excellent haddocks. He said that he expected George and that most likely he would be coming to see us ; but I am afraid he had no better authority for this than his own suppositions. We have got one piece of Diaper. I hope Joanna is quite reconciled to giving up the Farm unless times mend, and that she will make up her mind to come to Rydale as soon as possible. I am delighted that she is grown so youthful at Bath and I hope that if your Aunt is well enough, she will take her thither every year as long as she lives. Poor woman ! I am very sorry for her and all of you that she is so ill—it is however a happiness that the air of Bath can produce such amazing effects. Notwithstanding the disorder is so easily wrought upon by company and change, I do believe that her sufferings are great, and that she cannot live long. You do not mention Mary's looks or her health—I trust she is well—God bless her ! I often think of her sweetness and goodness,—and of all the dear Family and fancy how you are sitting by the fireside. I only wish that Charles was away, yet when I assemble the figures in the picture strange it is, I generally forget him as I often used to do when he was occupying his Chair and before my eyes at Hindwell. You do not say whether Tom intends to sell his Estate—I cannot express how earnestly I wish he may—What a comfort would it be to have them at a distance of 50 miles. When I was at Hindwell I fancied the journey to Rydale was nothing ; but Willy's illness has made it take a different shape, it looks like a frightful distance. We were very glad that the pony was so well—The journey must have been of great use to it for its cough was very bad at Rydale. Mary says I must tell you that its native air agrees with it. I hope you have had some pleasant rides upon his Back. We have had some very fine weather. It was kept at Mrs Cookson's old servant Jane's publick house 1/3 per day very cheap I think. It is 11 oclock William has been reading the Fairy Queen—he has laid aside his Book and Mary has set about putting her night-cap. The Children all well and fast-asleep—Willy says now that

Father's preface is done he must write a letter to his Godmother. He talks so familiarly of his Father's works it would divert you to hear him. Give my kindest love to Tom and everybody and tell him I entreat that he would think about [? buying] an estate near T. Monkhouse's. The reading of this letter will be at least as hard a work as your two last.

Another long letter from Miss Barker today—The poem is corrected and William tired himself with three hours labour at the first stanza and at last did not do it to our mind. It is 12 o'clock and before I go to bed I must write to Miss B.—Those two lines 'Fixed yet [? roving]' are William's—This she did not mention to us; I recollect your mentioning the mural feast as probably the beautiful minute picture which had passed through my mind, but I thought she could not have spoken so slightly of it as it was so considerable a part of the poem, and that therefore it must be the first stanza she meant.

God bless you dearest Sara Ever more, yours tenderly D. W.

(*W. W. adds*)

Dearest S. I am astonished that you can find no better use for your money than spending it on those silly Reviews. You have none too much of it. Miss Younghusband of [?] has addressed to me a copy of verses occasioned by my 'Yarrow visited'. Mary Ann and Letitia Hawkins have also written me panegyrical letters on the Excursion. So thanks to those ladies [the] ladies here are becoming quite jealous. I send you love and a kiss, two or three if you like that prove the better for being liberal.

Most affectionately yours W. W.

*Address:* Miss Hutchinson, Hindwell, Radnor.

*520. D. W. to Priscilla (Mrs. Christopher) Wordsworth MS.*

[Feb. 27. 1815]

My dear Sister

Your letter from Hampstead arrived last night. In reply to it there is no need to enter into particulars as the situation offered would not, I am sure, suit Mr. Jackson under his present circumstances, nor do I think that *he* would altogether suit the situation,

his religious opinions being, though orthodox, moderate, and not what are now styled (surely with no great propriety!) evangelical. Mr. Jackson's employments at College are at present so lucrative, and his prospects so good that I do not think it likely the curacy at Bocking would be a temptation to him, therefore my Brother had better be on the lookout, not at all considering Mr. Jackson; and when he is determined on having a curate it will then be time enough to propose the matter to Mr. J's consideration, provided my Brother has not met with one entirely to his satisfaction. The ground upon which I conclude that Mrs Hoare's proposal would not suit Mr. J. is this, that the situation of schoolmaster or Tutor to a set of Children is not what he wishes to undertake.

The day before yesterday Miss Alne dined with us, and from her we learned that Chris's sermons were just arrived at Brathay, so William walked to B. with Miss A. and borrowed one volume—It is the second. William and Mary have read several of the sermons and are very much delighted with them—I have not yet had leisure when the book has been at liberty and have only snatched a look at the subjects and the mode of treating them which appear to me to be very interesting. Pleased I was to greet that discourse upon Paul and Festus<sup>1</sup> which I heard my Brother preach at Binfield, a pleasure which I shall never forget; and often do I lament that you are so far distant from us that I am not likely *often* to enjoy the same pleasure. I may say to you that I never heard a preacher so exactly to my mind, and I flatter myself that my admiration of my Brother's discourse and of the manner in which it was delivered was thoroughly impartial; for my opinion was supported by that of many others, who could not be supposed to have any likings predisposing them to a partial judgment. I have not read any part of the sermon on Paul and Festus; but on looking it over it seems to me as if it had been shortened. Is it so? The only sermon of which I can say that I have *read* any part is that upon National Education and an excellent discourse it appears to be. What can be the reason that the Copy destined for us is not arrived? Your Brother's and ours might just as well have come together

<sup>1</sup> Festus—corrected in pencil to Felix, throughout.

by the Coach. The expense would have been no more of two sets than of one. If our copy is sent off pray let us know how, and when, that we may inquire after it; and if it be not sent let Christopher order it to go to Longman's to be forwarded to Rydale with the copies of the two volumes of poems which are nearly through the press and which we hope will be ready to send off in less than a fortnight. William has desired that the poems may be sent you—pray read the new preface and the supplementary Essay with particular attention. You will find that he speaks in a lofty tone which will no doubt surprize the blind adorers of that ignorant Coxcomb Jeffrey. We have seen none of the Reviews. The Eclectic, we are told, is highly encomiastic, and probably it may be of use towards promoting the sale of the Excursion amongst the serious and religious part of the reading public; but I am convinced, notwithstanding the zeal of a whole Body of the admirers of the Ednburgh Review that Review will do less harm than the feeble praise of the Quarterly. An injudicious and malignant enemy often serves the cause he means to injure, but a feeble friend never attains that end. By the bye the history of that same criticism in the Quarterly is very provoking. It was originally drawn up by Charles Lamb at the request of Southey; but so deformed by the lopping-knife of Gifford, and by the substitution of his own flat phrases that not even the skeleton of Lamb's production remains; which Lamb says was pronounced by his sister to be in his best style—'the best piece of prose that he ever wrote'. From this we have learned one lesson, which I hope Christopher also will profit by, never to employ a friend to review a Book unless he has the full command of the Review; so that the master critic can neither add to nor diminish. Last night's post brought two sheets of the White Doe. William will do all he can to hurry it through the press that it may come out in the busy time of London gaieties. I have no anxiety about the fate of either the Excursion or the White Doe beyond the sale of the first Edition—and *that* I *do* earnestly wish for. There are few persons who can afford to buy a two guinea Book, merely for admiration of the Book. The edition has no chance of being sold except to the wealthy; and they buy books much more for fashion's sake than



anything else—and alas we are not yet in the fashion. I guess you are not going to Binfield before your return home, as you speak of being at Bocking in the first week of next month. It is three or four months since we heard any thing about my Uncle's family and at that time my Aunt was in bad spirits having just lost her sister. I wish you had been likely to see them. I should like very much to know from you whether Mary has quite got the better of her disappointment. I wish, poor Girl! she had never seen Mr. Sandys; but having been so unfortunate it is a great blessing that she has escaped a closer connection with him. All who know him [? say] that he is a weak young Man; his Mother is odious and his Father, I believe, little better. Add to this that probably they would have been in narrow circumstances for the best part of their lives. Your account of your son John is delightful. I wish I could send you a similar one from this quarter; but we do not produce scholars. John is, without exception, unfortunately the slowest Boy at his books that ever I was acquainted with; yet he has a good understanding, and as just a sense of right and wrong as the best philosopher. He is tall, strong, and well-looking, a good player and well liked among his schoolfellows for his sweetness of temper and his plain honesty; Dorothy is quick enough—but *she* wants steadiness—and that is all she wants. She likes reading for her own amusement; but is so fond of many other things that the love of reading is not yet a passion with her as it used to be with her Godfather (your husband) when he was her age. She learns latin and her quickness helps her forward very tolerably, notwithstanding the sad drawback of unsteadiness. William is a very clever child—No doubt you have heard of his dangerous illness, the Croup. I was in Wales at the time, and was hurried home on his account. He is mostly confined to the house, the weather having been very unfavourable this winter; but as he is quite well, we hope he will grow vigorous and blooming when he can be trusted freely to the open air. It is a sad pity that your children should be so far separated from their numerous cousins in this part of the world. The Lloyds are all very fine children. Your Brother is pretty well, and Mrs Lloyd's health much improved by her journey to Birmingham. We were very pleased with Mary Hawkin's letter—It is written with an

FEBRUARY 1815

appearance of much earnestness and sincerity. William has of course answered it. Oh! I had forgotten that he had sent the answer to Christopher to be forwarded by him—I should think that Mr. Jameson was not unlikely to suit the Hoares as a Tutor—He is very religious and is a good Teacher, but he has not had a College Education.

If you or they should be inclined to write to him his address is

The Revd Thos. Jameson

Sherburne, near Ferry Bridge, Yorkshire.

The Bishop is pretty well, he has not been worse lately.

(*P.S. by W. W.*)

My dear Brother. I cannot speak of your sermons comparatively with other *modern* ones, for I read none; but in themselves I can say that they are admirable, both for the matter and the manner. W. Wordsworth.

*Address, erased and redirected:* For Mr Wordsworth at Abel Chapman's Esq, or, Thomas' Hospital, Borough.

*MS.*

521. *W. W. to Thomas Poole*

*T.P., K.*

Rydal Mount, Ambleside,  
March 13, 1815.

My dear Poole,

A few days ago I was at Keswick, where I learned that Hartley was to go to Oxford about Easter. Mrs. Coleridge wished me to write to you and mention this, and also that if it were not inconvenient to you, that the ten pounds which you were so kind as to offer, would be convenient at this time;—as she has not the means of fitting him out, and she does not like to apply to his Uncles in the first instance. He is to go to Merton College, where his Cousins or Uncles (I am not sure which) have procured him an office, the title of it Postmaster, which is to bring him in £50 per annum, which with his Uncle's £40, Lady B.'s £30, and your ten, it is hoped will maintain him. Cottle also allows £5 per annum; if more be wanted, Southey and I must contrive to advance it. I have done all in my power to impress

upon H.'s mind the necessity of not trusting vaguely to his talents, and to an irregular sort of knowledge, however considerable it may be, in some particulars; and of applying himself zealously and perseveringly to those studies which the University points out to him. His prime object ought to be to gain an independence, and I have striven to place this truth before his understanding in the clearest point of view; and I took the opportunity of speaking to him on the subject in the presence of his uncle Southey, who confirmed and enforced all that I said. So that if good advice have any virtue in it, he has not been left unfurnished with it. Southey means to look out for a place in some public office for Derwent; he hopes to succeed in the Exchequer where the situations are very good. Sara has made great progress in Italian under her mother; and is learning French and Latin. She is also instructed in music by Miss Barker, a friend of Southey's, who is their near neighbour; so that should it be *necessary* she will be well fitted to become a Governess in a nobleman's or gentleman's family, in course of time; she is remarkably clever, and her musical Teacher says that her progress is truly astonishing. Her health unfortunately is but delicate.

It was my intention to write to you if Mrs. C. had not requested it, and I am happy to give this account of our Friend's children, who are all very promising. Nevertheless, I have some fears for Hartley, as he is too much inclined to the eccentric. But it is our *duty* to hope for the best. Coleridge, we have learnt, is still with the Morgans, but removed from the neighbourhood of Bath to Colne or Caln in Wiltshire. His friends in this Country hear nothing from him directly. A sister of my Wife's, who was staying at Bath, walked over to call upon him, but found the family removed. His late Landlady was very communicative, and said that Mr. C. used to talk with her of his children, and mentioned that his Eldest was going to college. So that you see he expects the thing to take place, though he wished to put it off when you conversed with him on the subject. I rejoice to hear of your thriving School. I have not yet seen your Relation's pamphlet which you recommend; I have heard it praised by others, and shall procure it.

MARCH 1815

If you have read my Poem, *The Excursion*, you will there see what importance I attach to the Madras System. Next to the art of Printing it is the noblest invention for the improvement of the human species. Our population in this neighbourhood is not sufficient to apply it on a large scale; but great benefit has been derived from it even upon a small one. If you *have* read my Poem, I should like to have a record of your feelings during the perusal, and your opinion afterwards; if it has not deeply interested you, I should fear that I have missed my aim in some important particulars. I had the hope of pleasing you in my mind during the composition in many parts, especially those in which I have alluded to the influence of the manufacturing spirit; and in the pictures, in the last book but one, which I have given of Boys in different situations in life: the manufacturer, the boy of the yeomanry, and the Clergyman's or Gentleman's son. If you can conscientiously recommend this expensive work to any of your wealthier friends, I will thank you, as I wish to have it printed in a cheaper form, for those who cannot afford to buy it in its present shape. And, as it is in some places a little abstruse, and in all, serious, without any of the modern attractions of glittering style, or incident to provoke curiosity, it cannot be expected to make its way without difficulty, and it is therefore especially incumbent on those who value it to exert themselves in its behalf. My opinion as to the execution of the minor parts of my works is not in the *least altered*. My Poems are upon the point of being republished, in two vols octavo, with a new preface and several additions, though not any pieces of length. I should like to present you with a copy as a testimony of my regard, if you would let me know where you wish to have it sent; or if you could call, or desire anybody to call, for it at Longmans. Pray give me your notions upon the Corn Laws; what restricted price you think high enough: some one seems indispensable.

Most faithfully yours,  
W. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Thomas Poole Esq<sup>re</sup>, Nether Stowey, Somersetshire.

MARCH 1815

522. *D. W. and W. W. to Sara Hutchinson*

*MS*

Thursday 16<sup>th</sup> March [1815]

(*D. W. writes*)

My dearest Sara,

Your letter reached me last night—it was written on Sunday—and on Monday, probably the tidings of the Buonapartist entrance into France would reach you. As Dorothy said ‘Why did they not kill him when they *had* him’. So you would say, with many an indignant reflection upon the childish folly of the Allies. I wrote to poor Annette on the Thursday; and on Monday morning Mr Scambler brought us the news. He had not read the papers, so William posted off to Ambleside, for we felt that seeing only was believing—At first he considered our French journey entirely put a stop to; but if no great Body of adherents rise up he *may* be crushed at once, hanged and gibbeted—In which case the government would be stronger than ever. The Report was that Toulon had surrendered to him; but that appears to be false; but one could hardly suppose that he would be so mad, notwithstanding the ludicrous and ragamuffin way in which he has proceeded, to venture unless he had had some encouragement from France. If that encouragement be not very powerful he will attempt to fall back to Italy, and there William thinks Murat and he may be very troublesome; but God grant that his insane mind may push him on till he is surrounded and captive! At all events we have nothing to do at present but to be thankful that we are not already in France; and it is very unlikely that it will be prudent for us to think of going so soon as we had intended; therefore you will not be forced to leave Hindwell till Mary’s<sup>1</sup> troubles will be at an end, and she I hope a happy Mother of a healthy Child. I am exceedingly distressed for poor Annette and Caroline, especially Annette—Caroline is young, fresh hopes will spring up for her—but her Mother! so near happiness and again to lose it! This is a very hard case and hard to be endured—Only in her last letter she spoke (like one who had been worn out with anxiety and

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Mary Hutchinson.

exertion during the reign of the tyrant) of present happiness and peace for all France, and said that even those who had been warm admirers of Buonaparte were satisfied and perceived the wickedness and misery he had caused. I hope we shall have letters from her very soon. I am *sure* she will write as soon as she can perceive anything like comfort. It is very fortunate that I wrote to say that we were going. She will at least have the satisfaction of being assured that we were prepared to fulfill our promise, and it will serve as an earnest that we shall take the first opportunity of so doing. Miss Alne left us on Friday. She wrote from Keswick, where she stayed till Monday—and while she had the pen in hand the news from France reached them—She begins by saying that Miss B.<sup>1</sup> is in high spirits, determined not only to go with us but to be under the same roof—The marriage has done away all her scruples which were only founded on a fear that we should be too *melancholy* for her—She shewed Miss A. all her gold muslins etc, was determined to win a French Marquis—would accompany Miss Alne to Tours—and with a very little encouragement would have planned the tour of Europe. Miss Alne's observations upon the news are simply that it probably may not be prudent to go so soon. I rather suspect that the Keswick politicians consider the affair as of less importance than it will prove in the end. It seems foolish at present to talk of any plans in connection with our going; but I will just observe that I told Annette that Miss A, you and I would lodge with her—and to Eustace B. I mentioned that Miss B's going was uncertain; but that if she did she would not lodge with us. Now I think it very probable that A. will already have taken lodgings and that Miss B cannot be accommodated; and, at all events, it would be far better for us if we could persuade her to be in other lodgings in the same street or very near us. A maid of her own she *must have*. The Riots appear to be stopped, and as we cannot think of the two things at once, being English people, Buonaparte seems quite to have put the Corn Laws out of our heads. William has however carefully read all that has been said about them, and his opinion is this—that 80 is too high a price for the standard—76 he thinks would be very well;

<sup>1</sup> Miss Barker.

MARCH 1815

some restrictions being absolutely necessary. He approved very much of Mr Wilberforce's Speech, and said that Baring and others<sup>1</sup> talked a great deal of pernicious nonsense—William also thinks that rents should be lowered. Altogether I am very sorry that Tom has purchased his Estate. His living there for many years is quite out of the question (and I hope with Mary that he will never live there) and how much more might he not have made of his money elsewhere! and if the present rents are high it will be even worse. We should be very sorry that Mary has been so poorly if it were not that

(*W. W. writes*)

Dearest Sara—I will repeat in other words what D has said of the Corn Laws. The opinion that importation should be restricted is monstrous; I wish you could see Mr Wilberforce's speech, it is almost word for word what I had said by my fire-side before—I have not sufficient knowledge of facts to fix upon the best restorative price; but it is clear that rents have had an unnatural rise; if they keep at the present pitch by aid of the present price of 80 shillings, I have no hesitation in saying that the price is too high—and I could have wished that a [<sup>?</sup> sum] below 80 shillings had been tried; though with 80 shillings corn I should expect would not be saleable at that price for any length of time together; because it must fall from the moment that importation is likely to take place—so that it is possible that the price may answer for the good of the community. Nothing can be more deplorable than the errors of the mob; who seem never to have had a thought that without a restriction upon importation no corn could be grown in this country, and consequently that it would become insupportably dear; and perhaps could not be got at all—The advocates for the Corn Laws are in fact the friends of the poor; though as I have said they may be mistaken as to the best price to fix upon. If Buonaparte were a man of genuine talents, such is the present

divided Kingdom into one; and if this were done the independence [of] that people would be established—one of the most desirable political events that could possibly take place. The Italians have been abominably used, in being transferred to Austria, to the King of Sardinia and the rest of those vile Tyrants. B.'s is a strange adventure, he must doubtless have very many adherents in France, but I must be in deplorable ignorance of facts, if it be possible that such an enterprise should succeed. I quit the pen to walk with Mary very affectionately yours W. W.

(*D. W. writes*) When Wm took the pen I was going on to say that we hope she will be warned and take care of herself. But indeed Sara you must rally her out of her bad spirits. Don't be so much afraid of talking to her about all that Joanna is disposed in general to treat as matter of so much fun. The prospect, however, of your stay at Hindwell, at least till after July will no doubt cheer her spirits at present (I cannot say that it has cheered mine.)—The French people are not worth grieving for if they do not rise en Masse to destroy the Tyrant, and my griefs are all for our friend and other good quiet people who have fancied themselves at once released from their misery. Mary desires that you will tell Mary H. that she must come to Rydale if you are to go away and *she* will not only laugh away her fears but nurse [her] up to good purpose. Her husband may come to her, she says, in July, and fetch her and the Baby at the six week's end. No living thing travels nicer than a young Baby. I am very sorry I so often forgot to mention the tea urn and fender to you—but Mary has done it. Mrs Lloyd says if you get one of the common urns you may make a brass one of it when the outside is worn off—and we all think brass ones are very [?]. It was the urn I said we objected to, not the Fender—so I suppose I must have expressed myself ill, or had not written the words plain.—I had before made up my mind that it would be foolish to take places further than Dover; for the reasons you have stated.—The fare in the Packets is 10/6—but it is time enough to talk of that. I only mention that you were to fix the place of meeting thinking it might not be possible to manage matters so that one or other of us should not be obliged to wait in London



MARCH 1815

at least one day. I should infinitely prefer seeing nobody till we come back again; and if matters brighten we might arrange with Mrs Clarkson either to meet us in London or might return to Bury; but I do not like to think of any delay in the homeward course; and certainly after so long an absence could not, at this distance of time calculate upon more than a week or fortnight—but perhaps, as our journey at all events is *delayed* you might now venture to go to Bury first, and either meet me in London from B, or return to Hindwell till Oct<sup>r</sup>. I am afraid Mrs C is not well, and shall write to her to-day. Tom is flourishing at Cambridge—Willy has had another bad cold; owing I think to the searching cold winds—The weather has been dreadful; but to-day it is very fine—he is gone out with his Father, Mother and D. Both the last have also had bad colds, and I am sorry to tell you that Mary has not been so well of late—Her appetite has been bad, and she is weaker. Happily her cold has not lasted long. D goes on well with her Latin. If she were steady she would improve rapidly; there is not however much reason for complaint; and in everything her improvement is satisfactory compared with what it was at school; but the revolution in Miss F's school is wonderful. The Teacher seems to be quite a treasure and all the scholars are improved greatly in reading, spelling, working and writing, and they like her too, very much, though they say she is exceedingly strict. Young Simpson teaches some of them latin and he is a very good master, so that if it were necessary to send D again to school she might do very well, and even in some respects better than at home, which it is comfortable to think of. Miss F has 17 scholars—The Music goes on well, and every body is satisfied. I am very glad for Miss F's sake; for she is a generous good soul.—We have had no letter from Robert Jameson. This looks very ill—I lent him £3 which he was to have repaid at Xmas and he owes 3 to Miss Crotchwaite for shirts. The Bill is come in and we have had it to pay—We told Mary and desired her to write to him, and did not conceal from her what we thought of this conduct. I fear he will do no good. Mr. de Quincey arrived on Monday from West Hay. William has made a conquest of holy Hannah,<sup>1</sup> though she had

<sup>1</sup> Hannah More (v. next Letter).

not seen the Book, had seen nothing but the extracts in the Edinbrough Review. She intends to buy it; but is waiting for a cheaper Edition. As usual [? Peter]<sup>1</sup> is very entertaining, now that he is fresh. We have seen him almost every day. The proof of his letters to the Courier is actually in the hands of the Editor. His youngest brother must be insane and so Q. pronounces him. He has spent all his property and is now at West Hay with his passion of moving from place to place unabated. Wm had a very interesting letter from Edwards<sup>2</sup> of Derby last night—I will quote a part of it he begins ‘I would not comply with your instructions not to purchase the Ex<sup>n</sup>’ and goes on—‘I would not be without the Book for twice its value’ etc, he then gives an extract from a letter he has received from Montgomery. M. says ‘The poem in my opinion, an opinion confirmed by repeated perusal of it, is incomparably the greatest and the most beautiful work of the present age of poetry, and sets Mr W. beyond controversy above all the living and almost all the dead of his fraternity. I assure you that the spirit of that Book, which I first read at Scarborough in Sept<sup>r</sup>, so possessed me that I have scarcely yet recovered my relish for any other modern verse. The peculiar harmony of Rhythm, felicity of language, and splendour of thought for a while made all beside poor and feeble in comparison. I am gradually returning to sober feelings, and though the transcendant powers of W. are not at all diminished in my estimation, those others of his contemporaries’ etc etc He adds ‘you have got a passport to posterity signed by Wordsworth.’ It is the great price of the work that keeps it on hand there is no doubt: for many who cannot spare 2 guineas are waiting—and unfortunately the fashionable will not buy till Wm becomes one of their fraternity—or till with one voice the Nation proclaims his merit—and when will that be?—Alas alas—but this I care not for,—I only want the Edition to be sold. Montgomery says nothing of the versification in the Review, which surprized us. This Extract from his letter is written with much feeling. Give my tenderest love, and best wishes to Mary.

<sup>1</sup> This word which is illegible, but looks like Peter, must be a nickname for De Q.

<sup>2</sup> John Edwards (1751–1832), author of *The Patriot Soldier* (1784), *Kathleen* (1808), &c. (v. next letter).

MARCH 1815

Love to Tom, Joanna, your Aunt, George and John Monkhouse—  
You are now I suppose at [ ? ] unless yesterday was as stormy  
with you as here.

This is a sad illegible letter. The poems are endless and we  
have got no more than 3 sheets of White Doe—it is printed at  
Edinburgh.

(*Unsigned*)

*Address:* Miss Hutchinson, Hindwell, Radnor, by Worcester.

*MS. 523. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

16<sup>th</sup> March [1815]

My dear Friend,

I cannot help writing to inquire after you; not that I am  
afraid that you are seriously ill; for in that case you would have  
informed us; but that you are poorly and in bad spirits as you  
evidently were when you last wrote (and that is a long time ago).  
We had flattered ourselves that you would answer William's  
letter speedily (that is Mary and I) for he did not think that a  
letter from him would have so much power as we were willing  
to suppose; you have however been silent much longer than  
usual, and we cannot help being uneasy. Every post day when  
the letters are brought in some one says 'Is there one from Mrs  
Clarkson?' and the answer disappoints and saddens us. Enough  
of this, I know you will write immediately, if it be but a few lines  
to let us know how you are; however if you *can*, let it be a long  
letter. We heard from Sara last night in answer to a proposal  
of mine that we should set out for France the first week of May,  
this determination was made a few days before the news of  
Buonaparte's entrance into that unhappy country had reached  
us; and of course our plans are for the present put a stop to.  
Whatever be the result of his projects it is not likely that it  
would be prudent for us to go as soon as we had intended; and  
a very little time will shew whether we can go at all or not.  
Though the manner of his entry seems to be as rash, and his  
followers as insignificant as possible, it is scarcely believable  
that even *he* would have acted with such folly as to enter the  
Kingdom without some assurance of a powerful Body of

adherents; but if, happily, he have done so, he must speedily endeavour to make his escape, or be caught and punished as he ought to have been when the Allies had him in their power; and I hope his rash spirits will hurry him forward to this end. His aim (in case he attempts to return) will be to go to Italy and there he will probably find strong upholders. The Italians have been shamefully used, and Murat may persuade them that with going with him to oppose Austria he serves only their interests while he enters into a league of ambition with Buonaparte. We are very anxious, as I am sure you are, for every day's news, and it is one comfort that the suspense respecting the probabilities for and against France will soon be at an end. I do not, at present, carry my cares much further. For the sake of our Friends I am truly distressed. The lady whom I mentioned to you from the first was a zealous Royalist has often risked her life in defence of adherents to that cause and she despised and detested Buonaparte. Poor Creature! in the last letter which we had from her she spoke only of hope and comfort; said that the king's government was daily gaining strength, and Buonaparte's friends were daily coming over in their hearts to the other side. A few days after the [ ? ] tidings reached her she would receive my letter containing the plan of our journey. Sara tells me that you had kindly proposed, in case we could not go to Bury, to meet William and me in London. It is now idle to talk of any plans in connection with a journey to Paris; but at any rate William has given up the idea of going to London this spring. I trust, however, that if Sara does not go to Bury this spring or summer, we shall see you either there or in London on our return from France provided it be safe to venture thither this year; and provided that you do not come into the North, which I could gladly hope you will, though your late letters have said nothing about it. Mr de Quincey is just returned from London, where he saw Henry Robinson frequently; from him we learn that Tom is flourishing at Cambridge, where I hope he will do credit to himself and satisfy your most anxious wishes. If we go to Paris I shall apply to Henry Robinson for full instructions, both with respect to the journey and what is to be seen at Paris and in the neighbourhood. Mary Lamb was better,

and was to leave her place of confinement the day after Mr de Quincey's departure from London—but that, by the bye, was three weeks ago; for he has since been in Somersetshire. There he saw Hannah More (the particular Friend of his Mother), holy Hannah as he calls her; and he tells us that William has made a conquest even of *her*, though she does think that the Edinburgh Reviewers have right on their side when they condemn the choice of a person in the rank of a Pedlar as a principal personage; but it is curious enough that Hannah has never seen the poem, and has seen no Review of it except the Edinburgh. Yet she is determined to buy it, and is only waiting for the Octavo Edition. I wish somebody would but puff the Book amongst the fashionable and wealthy—This once done the Edition would soon go off, and that is all I am anxious about. When it is to be had at a reasonable price then let it fight its own way. There are not quite 200 copies remaining of 500. This is a poor sale and I fear even that small remaining number will not go off for a long time without the help of some fortunate turn, either in the whims or the understandings of a portion of the fashionable and wealthy. William had an interesting letter last night from the 'ingenuous poet' of Derby whom he quotes in the *Essay on Epitaphs*. I will give you an extract from his letter. He says: 'I could not comply with your injunction not to purchase *The Excursion*, etc., etc. I would not now be without the book for twice its value.' He goes on to say that he had had a letter from his friend Montgomery, the poet, from which he quotes as follows: 'The poem in my opinion, an opinion confirmed by repeated perusals of it, is incomparably the greatest and the most beautiful work of the present age of poetry; and sets Mr. W. beyond controversy above all the living, and almost all the dead, of his fraternity. I assure you that the spirit of that book, which I read first at Scarborough in September, so possessed me that I have scarcely yet recovered my relish for any other modern verse. The peculiar harmony of rhythm, felicity of language, and splendour of thought for a while made all poor or feeble in comparison. I am gradually returning to sober feelings, and though the transcendent powers of Wordsworth, etc etc'

This passage I think will interest you. Montgomery was the

author of *The Eclectic Review*,<sup>1</sup> but though he there speaks with profound respect and admiration, and though he shews (which nobody else in the way of criticism has done) that he is deeply sensible of the *labour* and *skill* with which the poem has been wrought up, he does not speak with the same *feeling* as in this private letter, probably because in the *Review* he wrote under another *head*. He there says nothing of the versification which I wonder at as in that point he could not be influenced by the opinions of the Managers of the *Review*. We have had a very changeable season—never two fine days together—and lately we have had torrents of rain, with snow and high winds. This weather has been very unfortunate to Willy's strengthening, and besides he has had another bad cold. Dorothy too has been ill in the same way. She has never been so strong as formerly since she had the measles, that frightful disorder which carried her dear Brother Thomas away from us. To-day the sun shines and they both, being recovered from their colds, have been enjoying the pleasure (which for a fortnight Willy has been deprived of) of running about in the open air. The young Lloyds are all very healthy—eight of them. Mrs Lloyd has been in a bad state of health but she is now remarkably well. Charles is in his better way though always very nervous. Have you seen his translation of the plays of Alfieri? I wish you would recommend it amongst your Friends; for it is of considerable importance that the Book should sell. What does Mr Clarkson say to the Corn Laws? For William's opinion I refer you to Mr Wilberforce's speech which is exactly in substance what William has before said to us by the fire-side. William and Mary join in kindest love to you and in entreating that you will write to us immediately.—This is a sad scrawling letter, but I trust to your friendship for not grumbling, and to your quickness for decyphering the characters and making out my meaning.

God bless you my dearest Friend Believe me ever your affectionate D W.

Give my kind love to Mr Clarkson, your Father, Mrs Kitchener and remember me to any one else who may inquire after me. Your Brother Sam you know was always a particular favourite of mine.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Bury, Suffolk.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the article in *The Eclectic Review*.

APRIL 1815

*MS.*                    524. *D. W. to Richard Addison*

April 1<sup>st</sup> 1815

Dear Sir,

I have this day written to Messrs Twining Devereux Court and have given them an order upon my Brother for 26£-10s. which I beg you will be so kind as to pay to them when they demand it—I suppose my Brother is still in the Country—

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours respectfully

D Wordsworth

*Address:* Richard Addison Esq<sup>re</sup>, Staple Inn, London.

*MS.*                    525. *D. W. to Sara Hutchinson*

Saturday April 8<sup>th</sup> ½ past 12. Forenoon [1815].

I am alone in the house, and have given orders to say I am not at home, if any one calls—This fine morning is likely enough to tempt Lady Fleming, and I am determined not to miss another post. I hope you have been kept so busy and amused with the goings-on of the spring that you have not had time to grumble, and complain of our long silence—Indeed Sara, ever since the arrival of your last letter I have been more uneasy than I would willingly believe you have been; and every day I intended to write but I have put it off and I hardly know how. You must forgive me—I will never I promise you (for my own sake) do the like. It is so long since I wrote that I hardly know what I have to tell you. Thank God we are all well, and that is the best news. William and Mary set off at 2 o'clock on Monday towards Kendal, intending to be taken up by the coach. The morning had been very wet, but it was a fine afternoon—not too hot, and at 6 they found themselves at Staveley not much fatigued. There they got tea, and (I think rather imprudently) set off after tea on foot and reached Kendal at 8. They write that Mary was not at all fatigued. This is very extraordinary; for she has seldom walked to Church lately without being heavy and exhausted all the afternoon; and she has neither looked so well nor been half so strong for the last five or six weeks as for a long

time after I came home, and her appetite has lately been very bad. They intended coming home yesterday, and I expect them today. Mrs Cookson has been very ill with influenza and still has a troublesome cough. William dined with Dr. Harrison on Thursday and yesterday Mary writes that he had not fallen asleep till six o'clock—Wine and company the first cause, the second his verses and he was very poorly. W's business at Kendal was to appoint a new Sub. in the place of poor old Mr. Pennington who died suddenly about a fortnight ago. Dawson has applied—and Wm. intended to give the place to him provided no relations of Mr. P. should succeed him. You will be sorry to hear of Mr. P's death. All the Cooksons except Henry go to school with Parson Harrison. If they bring a good report of the progress made by Mr. C's boys I should almost wish that John should be boarded at Kendal and go to Mr. H. In short I wish most earnestly for a change; John never, unless there is complete inwrought mental revolution will improve here. He is inveterately lazy and there is no industry in Mr D's school, no discipline, therefore the change cannot here come from without—Oh! that the Malcolms would take him! William sometimes talks of sending him to Dr Wilkinson's school at Halifax, where Miss Alne's nephew is. Dr W. was usher at Hippenholme school and his wife Teacher of the Girls; and is a most excellent-tempered motherly and sensible woman as I know by experience and the Rawsons would be a great comfort—but it is such a long way off! Much time however must not be lost—something must be done. His understanding is I am sure very good, as far as he *does* understand; but he is naturally slow; that however I am convinced, does not stand half so much in his way as his shyness and laziness. Mr. Best is exceedingly fond of John, and when they are alone together he is surprised at his observations. Yesterday all the children drank tea with me at Mr. Best's and I could not but admire John whenever he spoke or was spoken to. With Mr. Best he casts off his shyness, and nothing more than an ingenuous modesty, and his honest simplicity of sentiment appears. Do not think I despair about him—Far from it—Only this I am confident of, that the change must be wrought by himself alone if he changes here and that is too much to expect.



After D's lessons Willie and she set off very proud for Brathay Hall to keep Jane Harden's Birthday, and John dines with the Lloyds—At four o'clock I must fetch Willie home and leave my letters at the post office. Mrs Harden has been very ill a premature labour on the 1<sup>st</sup> January. Yesterday she called in the car. She looks most delicate. The weather has been very bad for invalids. We had 3 beautiful days last week; but since the beginning of February—indeed all winter the weather has been perpetually changing—and in February and March we had torrents of rain. Thursday was very fine—Friday raining in the morning—today beautiful, yet the spring is unusually backward—the shrubs before the house are not yet in full leaf; but they are thickening fast and the valleys are becoming green. It is really quite mortifying to hear from all quarters how dry and warm the spring has been; when we have but had a warm day now and then, as if only to prepare the delicate to catch cold the next day by the horrible transitions Willie has caused us to notice all transitions, and to rejoice doubly in every fine day. Oh! Sara it is ten thousand pities he should be so spoiled—If he were under discipline he would learn to read write spell—without the smallest difficulty; for he is one of the quickest children I ever saw and has an admirable memory—I often wish that Mary had him beside little Sally. As it is, however, he cannot but learn and I have no doubt, that at 8 years old Mr. Dawes will be proud of him. It is impossible unless you have seen it, to have an idea of the Father's folly respecting this child—We strive against it as much as possible but it is all in vain. I should ask you to say something when you write if it would do any good; but as it will not you had better take no notice.

Miss Barker wrote on Monday with the joyful news of Mr. Littleton having told her that she was to have her money—In fact she sent us his letter, which was very handsomely and respectfully expressed. This has been a great relief to my mind, for I could not help having fears, from what I had heard from various quarters. This reminds me of Basil Montagu, who wrote to Lloyd thanking him for Alfieri—but no letter for us! This looks as if he were willing to be a complete Slave, for he certainly in answer to mine might have written a note just to tell us about

his health. Miss B said she would write to you the next day concerning Mr. Gretton's school. Strange that we should never have thought of that school! I have no doubt it will answer, at present at least, infinitely better than Green Row—but that school I detest. Dinah Black is dead—Poor thing! she suffered much at last. Dorothy and Mary Bell were at her funeral on Wednesday. There was a dinner at the publick house, but D and M did not go there—they only went to Blintern Gill. Mr. Powley tells me that it was by her own desire that they had the dinner—no doubt from her savings. This the ruling passion strong in death. She had a proud spirit and no doubt she thought the family would be honoured by a genteel funeral. The poems are printed: but it is not for me to say when they will be published. Never more would I have a Book printed in London—Ballantyne goes on like Buonaparte in his march to Paris, and the White Doe will, if they do not make haste in London, beat the Poems. There was a long and most provoking delay after the first 4 sheets for want of paper; but now we have nothing to complain of. Colonel Pasley came last Monday but one and stayed till Wednesday evening. Unfortunately Mary and I had him to ourselves for 3 hours when he first arrived (William was at the funeral of Mrs. Robinson's husband, the Overseer of the Quarries) and you may imagine how grave and formal we were—It always seemed as if we were not wise enough for him he gave such short answers to our observations or questions; but we liked him very much before he left us—He was very fond of the Children, and his reserve wore away with us. Like many other shy and grave men he has a talent for humour, and told us many pleasant things in a very pleasant way. I suppose you know his wife died in the summer or autumn of a consumption. The War will not carry him out of England. His Station will still be at Chatham. Dear love, I sympathized from the bottom of my heart in your distress for want of newspapers—Never was I in such a fever of anxiety as till we heard that the wretch had reached Paris. Then I was in despair—Now again my hopes revive. It is plain that if the Allies are resolved to repair the follies they committed last year and if they do not quarrel among themselves they must conquer and speedily. The

APRIL 1815

Mob of France and the Armies are B's friends. The Mass of respectable people is with Louis in heart. The Mob will side with the strongest, which the Allies must be if the respectable side with them, which I have no doubt they will. Buonaparte's conduct, in direct contradiction to former practice and profession proves his weakness—Did you not smile with scorn when you read his decree of Abolition of the slave trade and Liberty of the press?—Then his fine professions of renouncing Conquest after his first declaration that he was come to avenge the Cause of France stripped of her Conquests!—Those villainous Sunday newspapers are my abhorrence—I read in one the other day the following sentiment 'Surely it would be wise that the Allies should at length give Buonaparte time to show whether he is sincere or not!' In other words give him time to be quite prepared to fence himself in in his wickedness. Then that impudent assertion follows so often repeated that *we* shall be the aggressors if we meddle with the internal government of France. I see by last night's paper (we take the evening Mail) that Murat stands against Buon. I expect we shall go to France never[theless] and this I am determined upon, that nothing shall stop me again, from seizing the first possible opportunity. We had a long letter from A<sup>1</sup> and C. written on the 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup>.—A concludes at 12 o'clock at night—hears troops which she conjectures to be the Avantgarde of Buonaparte—She concludes 'Good God what is to become of us?' Caroline's letter was written first and not without hope of seeing us this summer. She said the people were astounded; but Paris in good heart. The next day the king gone. She gives a very pretty account of the Lodgings they have taken for us—an eating Room—another sitting room—and bedrooms—all apart from the rest of the house. They have a servant who would do anything for us, C. says, which she cannot do. Her mother took the young warrior she having to be so much out of doors on the business of solicitation.—Alas! all this is to no purpose, and we have written to state that William only consented to the marriage on supposition that they would obtain an increase of income; and urging that they wait for a change. Their servant serves them for love more than profit they tell us.

<sup>1</sup> Annette and Caroline.

We had another letter written the day after in great depression of spirits—C. was ill in bed—all was quiet at Paris—Oh! with what bitter anguish must Annette have lighted her candles for the illumination.—In her first letter she told us that Eustace B. had been with them the day before (the 18<sup>th</sup>) when they received my letter. He was to take leave and was going into Camp near Paris—He parted from them with tears: but said he hoped yet to be our ‘Chevalier’—She says ‘he is honorable—he has high duties to perform, and *will* perform them’—but in the next letter not daring to speak out she gives us to understand that he is returned to Paris by saying with a stroke under the word, ‘*Messieurs B. send their regards*’. I cannot be angry with him knowing that the virtue of an Abdiel was more than could be expected especially from one, who no doubt is still dazzled by his youthful recollections, whatever change his year’s service of Louis may have brought about in his opinions—Miss Barker urges me so vehemently to go and see her, that I am determined to refuse no longer, as we shall certainly not go to Paris *before* the end of summer. William promises to accompany me and I think we shall go towards the latter end of the week after next. I do not mean to stay *more* than a week, but most likely I shall be at home in 4 or 5 days. I have just ate my solitary dinner and visited the mount the garden and the Terrace—the spring flowers are very pretty; but though John<sup>1</sup> is much improved as a gardener, and really seems almost fond of the work, we are much behind-hand owing to the bad weather—besides we cannot get hold of Lonsborough. Most part of the Thrift is transplanted—We have plenty of greens—the Colliflower Broccoli is delightful. Dear Sara I hope you will be back again before October, unless indeed Buona should be conquered in a couple of months, in which case we must journey to Paris in September. Joanna says nothing of coming to us this spring—Do persuade her if you can—she will be fast bound when she gets to Radnor. Did I ever tell you that the Excursion is gone to Luff? I am ashamed and grieved to say we have never written. If William does not write next week *I* will. I wish you could see Roderick,<sup>2</sup> though I

<sup>1</sup> i.e. John Carter.

<sup>2</sup> *Roderick, The Last of the Goths*, by Robert Southey 1814, 2nd ed. 1815.

APRIL 1815

am sorry to tell you (which I would not like to say to any-body else but our own family) that I never was so much disappointed in a Book in my Life, in spite of its very great merit—My reasons I cannot now give you. I longed for your arm when I was sauntering in the garden—and remembered old times when you and I were alone. My best love to all. I often think of every one. Do write often—your last had been long expected. Compliments to Sammy B.

Kind love to John Monkhouse

(*Unsigned*)

*Address:* Miss Hutchinson, Hindwell, Radnor.

*MS*            526. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Tuesday April 11<sup>th</sup> [1815]

My dear Friend,

In common with you our minds have been occupied continually by the tremendous changes in France. Till we heard of the arrival of B. in Paris I never slept without dreaming of troubles connected with his fiendish ambition; and every night I was kept awake for hours. After he had entered the City, having passed through France without opposition, I was at first in despair—but this lasted for a very short time: and now I feel confident that we shall be more secure than ever; provided the Allies act promptly and with unanimity. There seems to be no doubt that the middle ranks of Society are almost universally against Buona, and when they have a military force to aid them they will act with voice and hand. Our military must be much stronger than B's and the mob will side with the strongest. The infatuation of the Governments in not being warned by the information given of the conspiracy; and of the French Government in particular argues an inconceivable weakness. If they had exercised half the understanding and zeal which the wicked have shewn in conducting their plots, things could never have been in this state. Refer to the 4<sup>th</sup> Book of the *Excursion*<sup>1</sup> and you will find an admirable comment upon the conduct of the

<sup>1</sup> *Excursion*, iv. 295–319.

APRIL 1815

Allies from beginning to end. God grant that if they have once again the Sword and the Victory in their hands no puny relentings of mercy may stop the slaughter till the Tyrant is taken and his wicked followers completely subdued. To this result I look forward with hope. Nay I may almost say with confidence—but let them begin quickly there is no time for pondering. The people of England in general are eager to begin. At Kendal this spirit is almost universal. We had given over taking a Newspaper (except the Courier which came from Keswick) but we could not exist without one sent directly to us; and every post-day, though till the war-fare actually begins we can expect nothing of much importance, we are full of anxiety and catch at every favourable omen. The attempts at insurrection in different parts of France, and the timidity evinced by the tenor of B's conduct throughout are very favourable signs. In short day by day hope [? soars] in us. We laughed with scorn at his abolition of the Slave Trade and his liberty of the Press!!! Pray let me have all the private information that you receive. Everybody here is anxious, but none a hundredth part so much as we are. We had a long letter from France written on the 19<sup>th</sup> or 20<sup>th</sup>. The letter was concluded at Midnight and my Friend says 'I hear Troops entering the City. I think it is the avant-garde of Buonaparte. Good God what is to become of us!' We have had another letter written the next day in miserable dejection; but she says no more of public affairs than that 'all is quiet'. Lodgings were taken for us in the Hôtel du Jardin Ture Boulevard du Temple, a pleasant part of Paris as they describe it. Poor creatures they say they are shipwrecked when just entering into port—indeed it is a distressing situation but I trust that we shall see them in Paris before the end of another twelve-month. The White Doe is printing and will I hope be out in two or three weeks. William will order a copy to be sent to you; but perhaps you could devise somebody to call for it at Longmans. The two volumes of poems are published, and he is sorry he cannot also spare you a copy of them; but he has only a certain number to dispose of. If you cannot afford to buy them, by applying to Henry Robinson, to whom William sends a copy, you can see them. I want you to read the new poems. Your

APRIL 1815

Receipt for a criticism in the Philanthropist is excellent and we pray you earnestly to do the work yourself; for there is no-body here who *can* do it. It would be too impudent in us to set about it; and Mr de Quincey, notwithstanding his learning and his talents, can do nothing; he is eaten up by the spirit of procrastination; but if once in two or three years he actually does make an effort, he is so slow a labourer that no one who knows him would wish to appoint him to it, if it might not as well be 3 months in hand as three hours; though in itself but the work of one sitting for another person. If it is not very irksome to you I entreat you that you will resolve to write, and not be over nice yourself. You cannot but satisfy others, and will do the sale of the Excursion service. That is all we care about. If this edition were once sold I should not have a moment's anxiety afterwards. To turn to your last letters—you speak of domestic troubles in the first of them, but with hope that they would terminate happily. Such I trust has been the case. You do not mention Tom, no doubt he is not at Cambridge; for I find that the fever is still rife there. Give my kind love to him and tell him I hope to see his name in the papers before his Term at Cambridge is out, as being the successful candidate for some medal or other prize. It is not, I think, to be expected that he will distinguish himself in Mathematics; but if he pays a reasonable attention to that study and is zealous in other studies it is all that you can desire. I cannot but wish that you may not get that farm near Ipswich. What is the use of farming for you beyond what is just sufficient to keep Mr Clarkson employed? and twenty acres would serve that purpose as well as 300. This is at best a bad time for farming, and a large farm does but increase your anxieties; besides you cannot chuse your own country if a farm is necessary to fix you. No—I should wish you to have two years to look about, and gladly would I say, take lodgings or a house near us for one of them, if I were not afraid of the climate for a whole year. I am obliged reluctantly to confess that the transitions here are more sudden and frequent than elsewhere, and that we have much more rain. From all quarters we have heard of a fine season and dry weather, which till within this fortnight from the beginning of December we have never had

APRIL 1815

three fine days together, and the spring has been unusually backward. As to rainy weather; for myself I do not mind it and there are few days when I cannot walk, because our roads are good, between the showers; but

[*cetera desunt*]

*Gillies*

527. *W. W. to R. P. Gillies*

*K(—)*

Rydal Mount, April 25, 1815<sup>1</sup>

My dear Sir,

I think of starting for London in a few days with Mrs. Wordsworth, and as I wish to leave home with as clear a conscience as I can, I sit down to atone for one of my offences in not having replied sooner to your kind letter. Your health, I hope is better, and if it be much improved, what should prevent you from taking a trip as far south as we think of going, and meeting us in town? We shall be in lodgings somewhere at the west-end, and may easily be heard of, by inquiries at Sir George Beaumont's, corner of North Audley Street, Grosvenor Square.

You ought to have received my two volumes of poems long before this, if Longman has done his duty. I ordered a copy likewise to be sent to Walter Scott. I cannot but flatter myself that this publication will interest you. The pains which I have bestowed on the composition can never be known but to myself, and I am very sorry to find, on reviewing the work, that the labour has been able to do so little for it. You mentioned *Guy Mannering*<sup>2</sup> in your last. I have read it. I cannot say that I was disappointed, for there is very considerable talent displayed in the performance, and much of that sort of knowledge with which the author's mind is so richly stored. But the adventures I think not well chosen, or invented, and they are still worse put together; and the characters, with the exception of Meg Merri-  
lies, excite little interest. In the management of this lady the author has shown very considerable ability, but with that want of taste which is universal among modern novels of the Radcliffe school; which, as far as they are concerned, this is. I allude to the laborious manner in which everything is placed before your

<sup>1</sup> W. was in London for part at least of April, 1815. The correct date of this letter may possibly, therefore, be April 15.

<sup>2</sup> *Guy Mannering* was first published in 1815.



APRIL 1815

eyes for the production of picturesque effect. The reader, in good narration, feels that pictures rise up before his sight, and pass away from it unostentatiously, succeeding each other. But when they are fixed upon an easel for the express purpose of being admired, the judicious are apt to take offence, and even to turn sulky at the exhibitor's officiousness. But these novels are likely to be much overrated on their first appearance, and will afterwards be as much undervalued. *Waverley* heightened my opinion of Scott's talents very considerably, and if *Manner-ism* has not added much, it has not taken much away. Infinitely the best part of *Waverley* is the pictures of Highland manners at Mac Ivor's castle, and the delineation of his character, which are done with great spirit. The Scotch baron, and all the circumstances in which he is exhibited, are too peculiar and *outré*. Such caricatures require a higher condiment of humour to give them a relish than the author of *Waverley* possesses. But too much of this gossip. I heard casually the other day that Mr Mackenzie might take up his residence in our neighbourhood during some part of the approaching summer. I am sorry for the occasion, which I am told is the delicate health of one of his daughters. Houses and lodgings might be had hereabouts if applied for early in the season, otherwise are difficult to find. I mention this in order that if you happen to see Mr Mackenzie, you may repeat it to him, and add that I should be happy to be of service to him on this occasion. My sister will continue at Rydal Mount during Mrs Wordsworth's and my absence; and if Mr Mackenzie has no friend to whom he can apply, she would be happy to transmit to him any information that she thought likely to be useful.

Excuse this Dull and hasty letter, and believe me

Most sincerely yours

William Wordsworth

MS. 528. W. W. to Messrs. Longman & Co.

24 Edward Street

Cavendish Sq<sup>re</sup>

[p.m. May 10. 1815]

Dear Sirs,

Being called suddenly to Town I left the Correction of the

MAY 1815

Press of the prose part of the *White Doe* (the poetry had been printed off) to Mr Ballantyne; and I hope that you will hear shortly that the work is finished.

I have brought with me the first Vol: of three Sets of my poems to have the error rectified in putting the work into Boards. I wish you to be so kind as to send me these first Volumes in a correct state, and these shall be returned by the Bearer.

The Letter forwarded to me by you was to inquire whether I purposed to print an Oct<sup>vo</sup> Edition of the *Excursion*. Many applications to the same effect have been made to me from different Quarters; and I wish to know whether the Sale goes in such a way as to afford a hope that the wishes of these persons may be gratified.

I shall do myself the pleasure of calling upon you as soon as my numerous engagements in this quarter of the Town will allow

I am dear Sirs

Your obedient servant

W. Wordsworth

I should be glad to learn that the deplorable mistake in putting the work into Boards has been rectified.

*Address:* Messrs Longman and Co, Paternoster Row, London.

K. 529. *W. W. to John Scott*<sup>1</sup>

24 Edward Street, Cavendish Square,  
May 14, 1815.

Sir,

... During the earlier stages of the French Revolution I resided upwards of twelve months in France, and have since had some opportunities of studying the character of that people: and the impressions then made upon my mind place it out of my power

<sup>1</sup> John Scott (1783–1821) started *The Champion* in 1814 and was the first editor of the *London Magazine*; he was amongst the ablest of contemporary journalists. From 1814–19 he spent much time on the Continent and in 1815 published his *Visit to Paris in 1814*, followed in 1816 by *Paris Revisited in 1815 by way of Brussels; including a walk over the Field of Waterloo*. In May 1821 he sharply criticized 'Z' in Blackwood. Lockhart demanded an apology, which Scott refused and a duel between him and Christie (a friend of L.'s) ensued in which he was killed.

MAY 1815

to doubt whether the unfavourable picture which you draw of what they have now become be unfavourable.

Thanking you for the pleasure and instruction which I have received from your *Visit to Paris*, I remain, with great respect,

Faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

MS. 529a. W. W. to S. T. Coleridge

24 Edward Street

Cavendish Sq<sup>re</sup>

Monday Morn: 22<sup>nd</sup> May 1815

My dear Coleridge,

Let me beg out of kindness to me that you would relinquish the intention of publishing the Poem addressed to me after hearing *mine* to you. The commendation would be injurious to us both, and my work when it appears, would labour under a great disadvantage in consequence of such a precursorship of Praise.

I shall be thankful for your remarks on the Poems, and also upon the Excursion, only begging that whenever it is possible references may be made to some passages which have given rise to the opinion whether favourable or otherwise; in consequence of this not having been done (when indeed it would have been out of Place) in your Letter to Lady B—<sup>1</sup> I have rather been perplexed than enlightened by your *comparative* censure. One of my principal aims in the Ex<sup>n</sup>: has been to put the commonplace truths, of the human affections especially, in an interesting point of view; and rather to remind men of their knowledge, as it lurks inoperative and unvalued in their own minds, than to attempt to convey recondite or refined truths. Pray point out to me the most striking instances where I have failed, in pro-

<sup>1</sup> For Coleridge's Letter to Lady B, here referred to, and his answer to W. W.'s letter, v. *Letters of S. T. Coleridge*, ed. E. H. Coleridge, 1895, pp. 641–50. Coleridge assures W. that 'I had never determined to print the lines addressed to you. . . . Most assuredly, I never once thought of printing them without having consulted you.' But two years later he included them in *Sybillic Leaves*.

MAY 1815

ducing poetic effect by an overfondness for this practice, or through inability to realize my wishes.

I am happy to hear that you are going to press.

And believe me my dear Coleridge in spite of your silence

Most affectionately yours

W. Wordsworth

I hope to send you the *White Doe* in a few days. Some prefatory lines have found their way into the *Courier*, much to my regret, and printed with vile incorrectness. I remain in Town nearly three weeks longer.

*Address:* S. T. Coleridge Esq<sup>re</sup>, Calne, Wilts.

*MS. 530. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

*K(—)*

28<sup>th</sup> June, Wednesday [1815]

My dear Friend,

My heart is sad feeling for you the sadness after parting with our dear Friends This is the day on which I am sure they would leave you; for unwillingly would they give one day to Bocking which might have been given to you and Mary told me that you expected the John Clarksons tomorrow, therefore they *could* only stay till Wednesday. If I had written to them by last night's post my letter might have arrived before their departure from Bocking. They only talked of staying there till Saturday—and after that I know not where to direct to them—but they *may* stay longer at Bocking and this you will know, at all events you must know their address and I wish you would write to tell them by the post of that day when you receive this that you have heard from me, and that we are all well; for I daresay they would expect a letter at Bocking and it is quite impossible for me to write. What comfort have I had in thinking of my Friends while they were with you! In London I never could guess what they were about—but at Bury I could fancy I was among you. Yet ever since they left me I have had the satisfaction of knowing that they had great enjoyment—and this has reconcled me to all. But indeed my dearest Friend I have had an anxious time of which they know nothing. It has been the sickliest season in the North that was ever known—and none of my

Flock were spared, but as there was no danger (at least if there *was* any it was over in one day) I thought it much the wisest way to spare my Brother and Sister all anxiety. This in *any* case; but in theirs particularly; for if I had told what was to my mind the truth it would not have been the truth to theirs—They would have magnified the evil a hundred fold and would either have come home immediately or have spent an anxious and miserable time of absence.—I will not enter into particulars. They had violent coughs—fever, hoarseness &c &c—. Mr Scambler ordered a blister immediately for Willy; which removed all alarming symptoms—D had the same applied twice. Thank God Willy is now quite well and D except the cough in the mornings—but they both look very ill—yet Willy's looks mend daily. D is very thin. The weather kept me fluctuating between hope and fear—a damp day always came to throw us back again—and though I was not very fearful for the present evil, because I had the power of watching them continually and guarding against every attack—yet all *tranquillity* of mind and power of *free* enjoyment was destroyed. In short I had a most anxious time, yet I had far less *unhappiness* than if Wilham and Mary had been at home. In the first place I was glad that they were spared the anxiety, and for the second I always suffer a thousand times more from my Brother's unconquerable agitation and fears when Willy ails anything than from any other cause. But enough of this, we are now doing all as well as possible, and the weather is glorious and likely to keep us well. Only this I am determined upon, to urge Mary to take D and Willy to the sea-side, which I hope will so far strengthen them that they shall not be so liable to catch cold. You have heard of *my* illness—it has left me quite unable to use much exercise, but in other respects I am very well, and I expect soon to regain my strength. I have not mentioned the sea-side to Mary, nor shall I till their return, for even that would alarm them, though they talked of it before they went away. Dorothy is gone with Sophia Crump upon her Asses to inquire of Mr Harden whether his cottage is engaged—I think it would exactly suit Mr Tillbrook but I know of no other that would. Yesterday D. and Miss Grisdale, Willie and I went in a Boat up Rydale Lake. We

parted at the Head, D took Willy to Mr de Quinceys and Miss G and I made a three hours walk of it to the Tailor's cottage (now Fanny's, an old servant of ours) where we dined. I called at Mr Newton's who enquired anxiously if Mr Tillbrook was likely to come to Grasmere again—so at all events he might have his old lodgings and a servant could be provided for him; but I told them I thought he would like to be nearer Ambleside and Rydale. I rejoice far more than words can tell you that a time is now appointed for your coming to see us—yet I wish they could have brought you now. If you *are* to settle far from us I am glad that you are going to the neighbourhood of Ipswich for I know that the country is delightful. My Sister gives me chearing accounts of you all. She speaks highly of Tom and says that you are in a comfortable state of health. I hope they have not over fatigued you with walking. Lately I have contented myself with strolls—and creeps—a slow walk to Brathay or Ambleside was quite as much as I could do—and I am now well convinced by experience that fatigue from walking is the worst thing possible for people who have any sort of weakness at the chest or elsewhere internally. My sweet little Willy would delight your very heart he is so full of enjoyment, now that the weather is fine and he is quite well—nothing escapes his observation—I have now no other care for him than to keep him in the shade during the heat of the day—and sitting out of doors is my delight—so we agree very well together; he plays about while I am at work in the shade. Dorothy was a great comfort to me while I was poorly myself—but poor thing we were both ill together.—I should not have written you all these stories of illness and anxiety if William and Mary had been with you.—But strange it is that I can talk so long of private concerns when I have so much cause to be anxious for the arrival of this night's post which is to bring tidings of the fate of Nations. Upon the Ambleside coach this morning was affixed a paper 'Great News. *Abdication of Buonaparte*,' but no particulars. Now I do not like the word *abdication*. What right has he to abdicate, or to have a word to say in the business? I am only afraid that the armies have stopped too soon, as they did before. A few hours will explain all, but I confess I dare not hope that matters will not

be again mismanaged. The particulars of the battle of the 18<sup>th</sup> are dreadful. The joy of victory is indeed an awful thing, and I had no patience with the tinkling of our Ambleside bells upon the occasion; nor with the Prince Regent's *message*, the passage dictated as he says by 'serious consideration,' recommending that further proofs of the munificence of the people should be shewn to the Duke of Wellington. It is perfectly childish to be in such a bustle while even his own family ought to have been *at least* paying the tribute of respectful tears to the memory of the gallant Duke of Brunswick.

11 o'clock. Before I go to bed I must tell you that, saving grief for the lamentable loss of so many brave men, I have read the newspapers of to-night with unmingled triumph, and now I wait anxiously for Friday's post, to know how our armies will proceed. So the abdication was made to his own people! That is as it should be; and I hope he is now a safe prisoner, somewhere— My little messengers brought me a note from Mr Harden saying that he was very sorry Mr Tillbrook could not be his Tenant this year. His cottage is lett for the whole year. Lodgings he might certainly have in abundance, but I know not which way to turn for a house. Mr Jackson our parson would be glad to take him as a Boarder, and he might make his own terms. His Son from Oxford is here, a very worthy and pleasant good-tempered young man—and the house is very nicely fitted—all very neat—and he has two extremely tidy maidens. Pray tell this to Tillbrook with my kind love and hearty wishes to see his chearful face among us. Give my affectionate regards to your Father and Sister—believe me I am not a little proud of being remembered by your excellent Father with such lively affection—I trust I shall one day see him again at Bury. France will soon be at peace and open to us and then events will carry me thither this year or next, but most likely *not* this year. This has been a most tranquil beautiful evening and I feel myself perfectly well—strong and well, which in truth I have not done for I believe these six weeks the day through till to-day, though I have often said to Mary that I was well. So I was; for I had nothing to complain of but indescribable uncomfortableness. Poor Mrs Lloyd has been ever so much worse than I in the same

JUNE 1815

complaint—so has Charles. They are gone to Appleby with their 4 girls, one boy and 3 maids. I trust the change of air will entirely cure Mrs Lloyd. She was much better before she left home. Do write to me immediately—a ‘short letter’ is all I ask for you must have very little spare time. I hope Mary told Mrs Kitchener that I remembered her and sometimes talk of her. I must go to bed to keep myself well—My little ones are all sleeping sweetly, yet I ought not to include John among the little—and very soon they will all be big. It seems but the other day since Tom Clarkson was in petticoats. God bless you for ever my dearest Friend. Do not fail to write to Mary the day you receive this, telling her we are all quite well. I do not reckon upon seeing them before the 15<sup>th</sup>. They will be loth to leave Coleorton and I do not wish them to hurry—a few days or a week will make little difference to us, and the longer they stay the better we shall look when we greet them. Adieu adieu—what a scrawl! Longman has sent ‘the Champion’ with a long criticism on William’s poems.

The White Doe has arrived at last—I long to know what you think of it.

I have seen the British Critic which contains a Review by a Friend of the Coleridge’s which between ourselves I think a very feeble composition. It was highly praised to me.

Thomas Wilkinson has sent a poem on the death of his [? Mother] Hannah which made Dorothy and me weep bitterly. It is no great thing as a poem, but very affecting, and in parts very sweet in simple expressions.

Thursday morning—another beautiful day—We are all well and all alive with the bleating of sheep. Clipping day at our neighbours’.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Bury, Suffolk.

*MS.*                    531. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

*K(—)*

Tuesday 15<sup>th</sup> August [1815]

My dear Friend,

Mr Tillbrook arrived this day week with his little pony and little carriage, all in fresh plight, and he himself well satisfied with the pleasures of his journey of which he gave us a humorous



account. We cannot, however, pretty as the pony is, look at it without regretting that a pair of asses were not substituted by his Master, who might just as well have gone back in the coach which would have saved time, and this is the more to be lamented as he declares he cannot give us more than a fortnight on his brother's account. I always liked Tillbrooke very much; and his character rises in my esteem seeing the day through with what uncomplaining cheerfulness he submits to all privations. He who was so active and vigorous, and who so much delighted in exercise, and is equally cheerful now that he is compelled to measure his distances before he ventures to set out upon a walk however tempting, and to watch the clouds in the sky lest he should increase his lameness by being exposed to a shower. He is an affectionate, honest, upright man, detesting vice and scorning flattery; and in these days when French impudence and French vices seem to have dazzled the judgements and vitiated the feelings of one half of the nation such a man should be doubly praised by honest English hearts. Oh I am sick of the adulation, the folly, the idle Curiosity which was gathered together round the ship that held the dastardly spirit that has so long been the scourge of all whom he *could* injure. *He* kill himself! No, he is too much of a coward, and we can be so dull of perception—so insensible to the distinctions between vice and virtue, as to bend—to bow—to take off our hats to him—and call him great—his looks!—fancy them filled with magnanimity—but he is not worth talking about—and how I got on so far I do not know. As to the French Government and the French people they too would not be worth a thought, if it were not that, left to themselves they would soon plague us and the rest of the world. Would that all the English had Prussian hearts and that our Generals and Councillors had the will of Blucher. Then we should not have seen the Jacobins lift up their audacious heads—there would have been no fear—no affected magnanimity in our councils. It is impossible for me to think of going to Paris this year. We have had letters from our friend written just after the return of the king. They were in great joy at that event, and urged me and my companions to go, all being safe and quiet—at the same time they awaited our determination respecting

Caroline's coming over. We could only answer that the time of meeting my Br and Sr was gone by, and that we could not appoint any particular place, knowing of nobody about to return from Paris, and having no friends in London to whom we could with propriety entrust her; but we proposed that the Mother should look out for some person or persons coming to London, to whose care she might be consigned till we could hear of her arrival there. This I trust may not be difficult as Madame Vallon has a numerous acquaintance—I wish you had been in London—in lodgings—the great difficulty will be there; for people who might be relied upon for the journey must be constantly coming from Paris. We hope to see Sara before the end of next month with John Monkhouse, our house will then be full to overflowing; for the Beaumonts will be here again. They are now in very small lodgings at Keswick, after having spent 9 delightful summer days at Rydale—wandering all the mornings in the park, which is as good as our own. We spent one day on Windermere and one at Grasmere with them. They were enchanted with our home and everything around us. Oh my dearest Friend why have you not been here? I will give over writing to you I declare if you do not come next summer. There is no pleasure in talking to you in this way of things and places that you have never seen. You owe us all—each and every one a visit now, for we have all been to see you and this I am glad to think of. Tillbrooke will tell you about each of our young ones, their dispositions and ways, their faults and virtues. He is very fond of Willy and perceives with us, though his attainments by Books are yet very small, that he is likely if God grant him life and health to take delight in learning. He has a strong memory and a lively fancy.—A fortnight ago it was determined that I should go with him and D to the sea-side. I was deputed to go on account of my bad looks, want of strength and appetite, but all at once I took to eating like a ploughman, and am now quite well; and as Mr Scambler seemed to think that washing all over in cold water would be just as likely as the sea to harden Wm aganst the winter we have given up the scheme. Dorothy is also washed every morning in the same way. We had one terrible struggle with her; but she now likes it and I hope we

shall have no more difficulty about the matter with her or Willy, and that an ugly cold may not come in the way to stop us. Dorothy's temper is very obstinate by fits, and at such times nothing but rigorous confinement can subdue her. She is not to be moved by the feelings, and the misfortune is that the more indulgence or pleasure she has, the more unmanageable she is. Yet she is affectionate in the extreme and patient and docile whenever she is called upon to perform the duty of attending upon the sick or helping to nurse—or to do anything that is of importance. Her faculties are very quick and if she were *steady* she would learn anything—industrious enough she is at times and indeed she never goes about anything lazily;—but she is wandering—unthinking—unsteady. If a perfect school could be found that would be the place for her. She now goes to Miss Fletcher and learns Latin at home. We find we cannot keep her regular at home now that we have so much company. Miss Fletcher's teacher, under whose care Dorothy is chiefly, is very well pleased with her. John is to be boarded with the Dawes. Some change we find absolutely necessary to give him a chance of being roused to activity and exertion. We have no other fault to find with him but extreme laziness. His faculties certainly are slow, but he has a sound understanding and a noble nature. He is beloved by the little Boys at school—and *respected* by the great ones for his probity and honourable spirit. John may always be trusted—He would not betray a secret for all the world. But I tire you telling old things over again, however you who have so anxiously watched the dispositions of your own son, will bear with me. Pray give my kind love to Mrs Kitchener, and tell her that I was [?] tified by the account given me by my Sister of her [?] by the pretty specimen of my young Friends' geographical labours which she sent to John. In her medical capacity, I must call upon her for her judgement concerning the place in Willy's head which had alarmed his Mother. Before your answer came we had applied mustard plaisters; but *for my part* I could not fancy that it ailed anything and my sister hopes that it is really nothing; but consult Mrs Kitchener. The place has no roughness—It is a small triangular spot—without hair and rather of a whiter colour than the rest of the

head. That is all which can be seen. Give my love to your good Father and your Sister. You will guess that I was very sorry to find that the domestic troubles which you hinted at in one of your letters to me some time ago, had an especial connection with your sister and her husband, I was however much pleased when with this information I was at the same time assured that she bore the change with cheerfulness; and that her future happiness was not likely to be materially affected by it. Yet I do not like the notion of Mr Corsby's becoming a farmer—Farming is a bad trade and a very anxious one at this time—Sara gives us a sad account of George Hutchison's prospects—his farm is small and Tom is sure that it will not do more than pay his rent and labourers—or something to that effect as Sara reported. At all events it will not half maintain his house. They at Hindwell are growing poorer every year—and this, though they have happy contented minds, is a serious evil now that there is a prospect of an increasing Family. I wish that Tom had not bought that Estate in Wales—it binds them in banishment from this part of England as long as they possess it; locks up their money at present and pays poor interest. As to us *we* shall never grow rich; for I now perceive clearly that till my dear Brother is laid in his grave his writings will not produce any profit. This I now care no more about and *shall* never more trouble my head concerning the sale of them. I once thought *The White Doe* might have helped off the others, but I now perceive it can hardly help itself. It is a pity it was published in so expensive a form because some are thereby deprived of the pleasure of reading it; but however cheap his poems might be I am sure it will be very long before they have an extensive sale—nay it will not be while he is alive to know it. God be thanked he has no *mortification* on this head and I may safely say that those who are most nearly connected with him have not an atom of that species of disappointment. We have too [? rooted] a confidence in the purity of his intentions, and the power with which they are executed. His writings will live—will comfort the afflicted and animate the happy to purer happiness when we and our little cares are all forgotten.

I trust my dear Friend that your hopes in your son will be

AUGUST 1815

fulfilled, that he will pass through the University with Credit, and become a good and useful member of society—I am very glad that he is to study Mathematics in the North: for that seems to secure you to us for next summer. Tell dear Mr Clarkson I shall never forgive him if he does not bring you. I want to see both him and Tom very much—Cannot Tom bring us the curricule? He used to glory in a ‘Dickie Cart’, but perhaps he has now a nobler ambition, to curb the fiery steed. Yet I think he would condescend as an act of friendship to us and of mercy to our roads for [?] does tell upon their strength in spite of us. I am sure it would be of great use to Mary to have a little carriage to drive about in and to church. As for me I am in general as well able to walk as ever I was—yet at times I feel a difference—a little illness tells [more] (*seal*) than formerly—and I could not take a long [walk] (for instance from Eusemere to Grasmere) with so little fatigue as 15 years ago.

A sad sad scrawl.

I hope Mr John Clarkson’s prospects with the Whitheads are better

Tillbrooke’s best regards—He begs you will let his Mother know he is well. Write I pray you and soon and believe [me] ever your true and affectionate

D W.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Bury, Suffolk.

*MS 532. W. W. to Benjamin Robert Haydon*<sup>1</sup>

*Haydon*(—)

Lowther Castle, Sept 12—1815.

My dear Sir,

Agreeable to your request, (for which I am much obliged to you, and to your friend for his offer of undertaking the Bust) I forwarded to you from Rydale Mount a few days ago the dimensions of my pericranium, taken by the hand of Sir George

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin Robert Haydon (1786–1846), historical painter, art critic, and lecturer. His ‘Repose of the Holy Family’, hung in the Royal Academy in 1807, was the first of a series of vast historical canvases, including ‘The Judgment of Solomon’, ‘The Raising of Lazarus’, and ‘Napoleon at St. Helena’. On ‘Christ’s Entry into Jerusalem’, into which he introduced portraits of Wordsworth and Keats, he spent 10 years. To-day he is chiefly remembered for his passionate advocacy of the supreme value of the Elgin Marbles, which he induced the nation to purchase, and for the vivid writing in his *Autobiography* (ed Tom Taylor, 1853).

SEPTEMBER 1815

Beaumont—He is entitled to our common thanks for he exerted himself not a little upon the occasion; and I hope the performance will answer your purpose. Sir George begged me say that the hair on that part of the skull where the crown is, is thin; so that a little of the skull appears bald; and Sir George thinks that a similar baldness there might have a good effect in the bust. I should have sent the drawing immediately on Receipt of your Letter, but I had nobody near who could execute it.—

I hope Christ's Entry into Jerusalem goes on to your satisfaction: I cannot doubt but that Picture will do you huge credit; and raise the Reputation of Art in this Country.—I was much pleased to hear that Mr Scott is gone again to the Continent; as his Tour will undoubtedly prove both entertaining and instructive in the perusal.—

I have not forgotten your Request to have a few verses of my Composition in my own handwriting; and the first short Piece that I compose, if it be not totally destitute of merit, shall be sent you: I hope also that you bear in mind the promise you threw out of letting me have some production of your pencil; for my gratification would be high in possessing a memorial of you to place by the side of those I have received from Sir George.

I am writing in a crowded room of this splendid Castle at a Sofa Table, where two other Gentlemen are engaged in the same occupation; and one of the company has turned all eyes on us by [decl]aring that we look like three boys at a writing School.—This may plead my excuse for this incoher[ent] Letter; which I shall conclude with assuring you that Mrs Wordsworth and I often remember with pleasure the agreeable hours which we passed in your Company, and that we cherish the hope, that in the course of next Summer we may see you at Rydale Mount.—Sir George and Lady B. are now here—they have taken a small House at Keswick for the summer months of the three ensuing years.—

Farewell; and believe [me] my dear Sir,

with sincere respect

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* R. B. Haydon Esq, 41—G<sup>t</sup> Marlbro' St—, London

OCTOBER 1815

MS.

533. *W. W. to B. R. Haydon*

Rydale Mount Oct<sup>br</sup> 8<sup>th</sup>  
1815

My dear Sir,

This Letter will be presented to you by Mr Monkhouse, a respected Friend of mine, and a near Relation of Mrs Wordsworth, whom I have begged to charge himself with the delivery of it that the enclosed Pencil-case may safely reach your Hands.—The one which you kindly received from me in return for that I possess from you, was so small as not [to] be likely to be any use [to] you; nor had it been so long in my possession nor of so much service to me as the present, which I hope that you will preserve for my sake.

Many thanks for your obliging letter; the one for Sir George I forwarded to him at Mulgrave Castle, where he has, no doubt received it, some time since. I am glad that you liked the Profile; Sir George and Lady B— Mrs W— and my Sister thought that it resembled me much: but Mrs W— is sure that the upper part of the forehead does not project as much as mine.

I was greatly concerned to hear that your eyes had failed you—To a Panter this is more lamentable than to any one else. It would give me much pleasure to hear that you are better.

Mr Monkhouse would be much gratified by a sight of your great Picture, or anything that you<sup>1</sup>

*Address:* R. B. Haydon Esq<sup>re</sup>, Great Marlbro' St., London

MS.

534. *D. W. to Jane Marshall*

Sunday 13<sup>th</sup> October [Old Brathay—1815.]

My dear Friend,

A melancholy event has taken place since I received your letter. My Brother Christopher's Wife is dead. About a fortnight ago she was safely delivered of a still-born girl after 'tremendous sufferings' during four and twenty hours; but when my Brother informed us of this she was going on perfectly well, though much afflicted at the loss of her Child, she having

<sup>1</sup> The top of the third page of this letter is torn away. Judging by the page facing it, it could not have contained more than four lines and the signature.

set her heart upon a Daughter. She had had 5 Sons; two of whom died of convulsions in infancy. She continued perfectly well till last thursday but one, when she had some flying spasms, but in no respect alarming until within three hours of her death, which took place yesterday week (Saturday). My Brother wrote to us immediately after the event, saying that he then felt that he had the power to perform a task, which he should probably soon be unable to perform. Only conceive the shock to him! Four hours before he took the pen in hand to tell us of his Wife's death he had not had the faintest idea that her life was in danger. This is a sad history yet I have another even more dismal (though not immediately connected with our own family) to communicate. Mr. Lloyd, Priscilla's Brother and our neighbour, has been in a state of mental derangement during eleven weeks, with no other companion but his Wife, no attendant but a man-servant occasionally called in when coercion was necessary. Poor dear Mrs. Lloyd (she has a family of eight Children!) was nearly worn out with sorrow and watching, in which nobody could relieve her till latterly, namely within about three weeks, during which time I have been almost daily here, I or my Sister being the only persons whom Mr. Lloyd could bear to see or to have sitting near him. To me he has never objected—he liked me when he was well, and the same liking has continued during his woful depression, though for a long time he was confined to his bed-room and could not even see me. It has been a great comfort to me that I have been able in the slightest degree to relieve Mrs. Lloyd. There was a time when he would not lose sight of her even for a  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour in the course of the day—and she got little or no sleep at nights. The end of all has been a determination on Mrs. Lloyd's part to go with her Husband to Birmingham, where there are medical men devoted to the management of insane persons; and either under his Father's Roof, or in a house of their own as shall be judged best, she will place him under such superintendence. They left Brathay on Thursday morning and my Brother accompanied them as far as Manchester, and arrived at home yesterday morning, bringing on the whole a better account of their journey than we could have expected. Mrs. Lloyd's intention, when she left Brathay,



was to return in a *fortnight* to settle her Boys with Mr Dawes at school, and to take her 4 girls with her to Birmingham ; but as Mr. Lloyd's Father is now gone to Bocking to my Brother Christopher I think it probable that she may not return hither so soon, as she can make no final arrangements without a personal consultation with old Mr. Lloyd. In the meantime I am stationed at Brathay with the care of the Children. I shall be mostly here through the day, and always at nights to gather the stragglers together and keep them to their business round a warm fire-side. Poor things. They are happy, chearful, tractable Children, and I find a melancholy consolation in being of some little use to their dear Mother. Perhaps, too, after her return she may wish me to stay and I cannot leave the house as long as I can do any good here. Thus, my dear Friend, you see how sad reverses may interrupt our pleasant scheme of spending a little time with you this Autumn. At present it is utterly impossible to say whether we may be able to cross the Mountains at all or not ; for it is possible that my Brother Christopher may summon me to Bocking. No other female Friend can stay with him any length of time, Priscilla having no unmarried Sisters. William has told Christopher that if he wishes it I will go to him for a time. Of course you will conclude that I have no thoughts of residing with him. I could not give up my present home for any other, but perhaps he will find comfort in me in his present desolation ; and I am glad that it is in my power to offer him my feeble support.

My first impulses would have led me to go immediately ; but I concluded, as it has proved, that old Mr. Lloyd would make no delay, and if one or two friends be near him it is enough, especially as I think that a Miss Chapman who was like a Sister to Priscilla and was half her time with them, will probably also have gone to him. She cannot stay long should she actually be with him now ; but upon mature consideration I thought it best to wait for a summons, as in the very first agonies of such a loss nobody can be of any service in the way of society or of withdrawing the mind from its affliction—grief will have its way. I will write to you again as soon as we hear from Christopher, for I am sure you will share my anxiety concerning him. The news

OCTOBER 1815

of Priscilla's death came on the evening preceding Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd's departure—she durst not communicate it to her husband, so, poor Soul! she travelled with that secret in her breast. I was here at the time and saw them go off at 7 o'clock on Thursday morning.

My dear Jane I am sorry to distress you with this woful history. Death is nothing to the misery of living as poor Charles Lloyd lives now in the wofullest agonies of utter depression; and his Wife's sufferings are a hundred-fold more difficult to support than the final separation by Death. I hope, however, that the burthen will be lightened, that it may possibly be removed, as Mr. Lloyd has never before been put under proper management, and as he has recovered from other slughter fits of insanity without such management.

I am going to write to Mrs. Rawson; but I have not spirits to relate a second time the distresses of this house. I shall only tell her of poor Priscilla's Death therefore keep this letter, and when you have an opportunity send it to her, or, when you meet, read it to her.

Give my kind love to your Sisters and all your Family. I wish I may be able to see them.

All were well at Rydal yesterday. Dorothy and John are here, and are gone to Church with six of the Lloyds. They are to dine with us today, and D. will stay all night and go to school in the morning with Sophia Lloyd.

We are over head and ears in debt to you—there is Miss Hutchinson's grey gown besides the yarn cloth, and perhaps some other etceteras. If unfortunately we should not meet this year you must send us the bill, but I would fain hope that we may meet at Hallstead.

*(Unsigned.)*

*Address:* Mrs Marshall, Hallsteads, Ulswater, Penrith.

K(—)      535. *W. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Rydal Mount, November 25<sup>th</sup>, 1815.

My dear Friend,

. . . Luff was a genuine lover of his country, and a true and enlightened friend of mankind. On this account I think it right

NOVEMBER 1815

that his surviving friends should not suffer him to pass out of the world, without a notice or record of his worth, which may stand a chance of being generally perused. The main difficulty lies in finding out a channel for things of this kind. A notice in a newspaper must be short; and those in the obituaries of magazines are I fear little read, there being no magazine existing which appears to be in general circulation. What is your opinion of the best way of doing this? . . .

*MS.*                    536. *W. W. to B. R. Haydon*

*Haydon(—), K(—)*

Rydale Mount near Ambleside  
Dec<sup>br</sup> 21<sup>st</sup> 1815.

My dear Sir,

I sit down to perform my promise of sending you the first little Poem I might compose on my arrival at home. I am grieved to think what a time has elapsed since I last paid my devours to the Muses, and not less so to know that now in the depth of Winter when I hoped to resume my Labours, I continue to be called from them by unavoidable engagements. To morrow I quit Rydale Mount and shall be absent a considerable time. But no more of this. I was much hurt to learn that you continue to suffer from weakness of sight and to be impeded in your Labours by the same cause. Why did not you tell me what progress you had made in your grand Picture?—and how far you are satisfied with your performance.—I am not surprized that Canova expressed himself so highly pleased with the Elgin Marbles. A Man must be senseless as a clod, or perverse as a Fiend, not to be enraptured with them—Have you read the works of the Abbé Winkelman on the study of the Antique, in Painting and Sculpture. He enjoys a high reputation among the most judicious of the German Criticks—His Works are unknown to me, except a short treatise entitled Reflections concerning the imitation of the Grecian Artists in Painting and Sculpture, in a series of Letters. A translation of this is all I have read having met with it the other day upon a Stal[?] at Penrith.—It appears to me but a slight thing; at the best superficial, and

in some points, particularly what respects allegorical Painters, in the last Letter, very erroneous. This Book of mine was printed at Glasgow 1766.—Probably the Author has composed other works upon the same subject, better digested; and to these his high reputation may be owing.—Now for the Poems, which are Sonnets; one composed the evening I received your last Letter the other next day, and the thrd the day following, I shall not transcribe them in the order in which they [were] written, but inversely. The last you will find was occasioned, I might say inspired if there be any inspiration in it, by your Letter. The second records a feeling excited in me by the object which it describes, in the month of October last; and the first notices a still earlier sensation which the revolution of the seasons impressed me with last Autumn—

[*Here follow the three Sonnets:*

I

While not a leaf seems faded, *etc.* as Oxf. W., p. 263, *but*  
*l. 2 harvests for harvest;*  
*ll. 9–10 For me, a lone enthusiast not untrue*  
     To service long endeared,  
*l. 11 Through the green leaves,*  
*ll. 13–14 Mid frost and snow, poetic ecstasy*  
     Joys nobler far than, *etc.*

II

How clear, how keen, *etc.* as Oxf. W., p. 263, *but*  
*l. 3 as smooth as Heaven for smooth as the sky*  
*l. 13 vicissitude for vicissitudes and l. 14 Have for Has*

III

High is our calling, Friend! *etc.* as Oxf. W., p. 260.  
*but l. 12 Soul]*

I wish the things had been better worthy of your acceptance,

DECEMBER 1815

and of the careful preservation with which you will be inclined to honour this little offering of my regard.

With high respect

I remain my dear Sir

Most faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth<sup>1</sup>

Mrs W— desires her kindest remembrances: Miss H— is absent.

*Address:* B. R. Haydon Esq<sup>r</sup>, Great Marlborough Street, London.

*MS.*            537. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

*K(—)*

23<sup>rd</sup> December [1815]

My dear Friend,

I have not the heart to congratulate you upon your arrival at your new habitation. At this bitter season you cannot but miss many accustomed comforts, and it is not the time for the attractions of a country residence to shew themselves. I only venture to hope that your health does not suffer from the change, and if so I trust your spirits will bear you up against what is disagreeable, hoping for new pleasures and comforts in the milder season. In weather precisely of this kind, except that the snow did not then lie *thick* upon the ground, on the shortest day of the year, sixteen years ago, did William and I at 5 o'clock in the evening enter our cottage at Grasmere. We found no preparation except beds, without curtains, in the rooms upstairs, and a dying spark in the grate of the gloomy parlour. Your entrance upon your new house is not like this, but we were young and healthy and had attained an object long desired, we had returned to our native mountains, there to live; so we cared not for any annoyances that a little exertion on our parts would speedily remove.—The melancholy changes of last year may at times render you less fit to struggle with little difficulties around you from the depression of spirit that they may cause, yet on the other hand they will tend to make such difficulties appear trivial. Last night we received *one* frank containing a very interesting

<sup>1</sup> *Haydon wrote at the foot of this three-page folio letter:* 'Never since the Freedom of my Native Town has my heart so swelled as on reading this.

B R Haydon'

letter from a Frenchman in the Isle of Bourbon to poor Luff, and a sheet of his journal which we suppose is the unfinished conclusion; but another frank certainly ought to have come; for there are two sheets wanting between. We should have been very uneasy about this if the like had not happened before, the missent frank arriving by the next post. We trust it will arrive to-morrow night—and that there will be a few lines from you, explanatory of the how and the why and the *when* the Frenchman's interesting letter came into your hands, and what further than the letter tells you may know concerning him—also we hope there will be a word or two about yourselves and Playford Hall. We have now nine sheets of the journal—I do not intend to *read* it until we have the whole, yet I have looked at and been detained by many parts and carried away, until the lively recollection of our dear Friend whom we never more shall see, became so painful that I stopped and was glad to renew my resolution of reading no more until I could read the whole. It will be a great pity if he has not written an account of the Mauritius. The present journal is invaluable to his Friends as a record of his mind, and most interesting to all it must be for the manner in which it is done. I need not ask you if you should hear of anything concerning Mrs Luff, or any further particulars concerning her Husband, to write immediately; we anxiously wish to know all that can be known—I know not what to say respecting the wide-spreading distresses of the Corsbies—You have rested upon the grand consolation in cases such as these, and your Sister you say bears her losses with magnanimity; but indeed, my dearest Friend, I was very much distressed by the contents of your last letter and more especially for your Father, and for the possibility of dear Mr Clarkson being involved in anxieties which may disturb your quiet and his. The Corsbies are young and may begin life afresh, yet I do not like the idea of their burying themselves upon a farm—Why cannot he enter again into business? Farming with a large Capital is no profitable concern and with a very small one it is a continual care—besides that the pair must be exclusively confined to each other—shut up by their own fire-side; and there is a danger that their thoughts and affections will gradually be wholly centred there

and in the few fields which with anxiety they will cultivate. Pray give my kindest love to your Sister and to your dear Father.—We had a letter from Tillbrooke very lately—he appears to be more desirous than ever to procure a little hold in this country; and we are now not without hopes of getting the very spot of his choice, the Ivy cottage at the foot of the Rydal hill. You remember it I am sure—It is the very place for him, to see all strangers passing and to greet all familiar faces, and catch every opportunity of friendly chat which is his delight—and much more so since his lameness. Sara has been a month at Kendal—thence she went to Penrith, and was to stay there a few days and to go to Miss Barker at Keswick on Monday, but on that day the snow began, and on Wednesday the road was completely closed up. It was the most dreadful day we have had these sixteen years—so we have had no communication with Keswick this week, though the day before yesterday the coach did come over the Rays with six horses; and some few travellers have passed since. Last winter but one we had not half so much snow. The coach was never stopped during the whole winter except for twelve hours. Friday was the day fixed for William and Mary to go with Mrs Lloyd and a Miss Alne in a chaise to Keswick—thence William and M were to have gone to Lowther the next day, and to Sockbridge and Appleby. A thaw is now beginning, and if it holds, or if we have no more snow, in case the frost does not continue they may get off the day after Christmas day; but at present they could not travel without four horses, which would not agree with the purses of the parties concerned. William's object is to settle accounts with my Brother Richard, and to visit Dr Satterthwaite; Mary's to visit the Doctor and Miss Weir at Appleby. They will be absent at least a fortnight. Yesterday fortnight William and I set forward upon a like journey, to make the preparations necessary for a final settlement with Richard. The weather was frosty without snow, and I never in my youngest days, in the summer season, had a more delightful excursion; except for the intervention of melancholy recollections of persons gone, never to return. We set off at one o'clock, walked over Kirkstone, and reached Patterdale by daylight; slept there, and rose early the next

morning, determined to walk to Hallsteads (Mr. Marshall's new house, built upon Skelly Nab) before breakfast—the lake was calm as a mirror, the rising sun tinged with pink light the snow-topped mountains, and we agreed that all we saw in the grander parts of the scene was more beautiful even than in summer. At Hallsteads we breakfasted, rested till twelve o'clock. I parted from William at Red Hills and he went to Sockbridge, and I proceeded to Penrith, where at a little before three o'clock I arrived without the least fatigue, found Mrs Parker, Captain Wordsworth's Niece (whose husband was killed in the Peacock) staying with him. The next day Richard and his wife came to see us—our first meeting. William was at Lowther. On Monday Richard and his wife and their son, and William also came to dinner and on Tuesday William and I walked to Lowther and stayed all night, viewed the Castle, and walked to Sockbridge to dinner on Wednesday. On Thursday we left Sockbridge—slept at Hallsteads; were conveyed to Brothers-Water in a Car, and reached home at 5 o'clock. I was just as fresh as on that day week when we began our journey. My dear Friend have I not reason to be thankful that my strength is thus continued to me and that my pleasure in walking remains as keen as ever? You will be glad to hear that I like my Brother R<sup>d</sup>'s wife very well—the circumstances of her education—her rank in Society—her youth etc being got over. She is a very respectable woman and kind and attentive to her Husband. She is not vulgar, though she has nothing of the natural gentlewoman about her. Her face is very comely and her countenance excellent. But now for the little Boy—he is indeed a sweet creature, very pretty and most intelligent and engaging. This in an extraordinary degree, for he forces every one to admire him. Our Cousin William Crackenthorpe who returned from the Continent ten weeks ago, heard by accident that we were at Sockbridge and hastened to see us. He is a very worthy man, much superior in the cast of his mind to the generality of the gentry of the country; but there is a most unfortunate appearance of affectation in his manners. Our business with Richard is of a serious nature—his disposition to procrastination has prevented him from making any settlement with us; in spite of our earnest entreaties especially since his



marriage. This we cared little about while he was unmarried; but if he should die before it is done we must wait till his son's coming of age before we could get anything settled, and the trouble we might have could not be calculated. I trust, however, as all due preparations have been made that the business will be completely done next week, and that we shall either have our money or security for it. Richard was, as usual, very kind and affectionate, and will I dare say be as glad as we when the settlement is made. At present we have neither accounts nor security of any kind whatever; through a most blameable carelessness respecting such concerns on our parts. William begs that if you have old Mr Luff's address you will send it him. He wishes very much to draw up a memorial of the Life of our Friend; but without dates, and other circumstances connected with his youthful days this cannot be properly done. You will be glad to hear that Mary is growing fatter, and looks very well though she has been confined to her chair for a week by a boil on her thigh. John is boarded with Mr Dawes, and is now come home for the holidays. He is much improved since he went to Mr D. and we hope he will be a scholar in time. Dorothy has been kept at Mrs Lloyds two days by the weather—they go to Brathay 3 times in the week to learn to dance. Mrs Lloyd is preparing to depart after the holidays. The accounts from Birmingham of poor Charles are not very favourable.—My brother Christopher bears his affliction with true Christian fortitude. He does not wish to see me at present, and as he must look to *himself* for support, it is well he is able to rest upon the hope of finding it in himself by the discharge of the duties of his vocation. He is much comforted with his children. Perhaps he may wish to see me next summer. If so you and I will meet at Playford Hall should you not first come hither. Willy is quite well. God Bless you my dearest Friend Ever yours D. W.

My love to Mr Clarkson and Tom.

I ought to have written to you long ago and have blamed myself very much for my idleness, but Luff's death made me shrink from writing. My hands are stiff with cold—I am ashamed of this letter as I almost always am—Can you read it?  
*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, near Ipswich, Suffolk.

MS. 538. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

K(—)

Sunday the last day of the old year [1815]

My dearest Friend,

Tillbrook led us into an error. We had a letter from him lately wherein he said 'Our Friends the Clarksons are gone to Playford Hall; and thither I sent a letter to you a few days before Christmas day. I am so desirous that your wish to hear from us should be satisfied that I will risque sending this to Bury, though if you keep your intentions you will have left that place before its arrival. We have been the slaves of wind and weather lately, and so may you be this week, and I think you will do well not to relinquish the comforts of your Father's house to enter upon the bustle and annoyances of a new establishment until the weather is more chearing. In my head I have such a chronicle of snow, thaw, frost, rain and wind as never before. I think I told you that William and Mary were waiting for the opening of the roads to go to Keswick. There was a thaw on Christmas Eve and on Christmas day a keen frost, and on Christmas day they set off. I was very uneasy till I heard of their safe arrival at Keswick for the roads in most parts were covered with one sheet of solid ice. A very deep snow, with fierce wind, fell in the night. I concluded they would be detained at Keswick; but there the snow was not so heavy and they went to Penrith the next day. Mrs Lloyd, however, who went with them to Keswick was detained there until Wednesday, when with great difficulty she prevailed upon the driver of a returned chaise and four to bring her. *She* (because less snow had fallen at Keswick) could not believe the man had reason in his scruples, but she found the contrary. They travelled with great labour through a 'sea of snow', the horses could hardly drag the chaise though Mrs Lloyd was alone in it, and without luggage. At 9 o'clock at night she knocked at our door and stayed all night, we had six of her children who came with her on Christmas-day in the morning, and with Sophia Crump and our own three—and now and then another hardy Boy or two who waded through the snow to visit us, the six remained until Thursday noon—a merry Christmas they had. I have not seen Mrs Lloyd

since; but I hear she was no worse for her walk to Brathay through the snow. The girls went in a cart. Sara has been weather-bound at Penrith and is still there; but we have now a complete thaw, and I think she will probably get to Keswick to-morrow, where she may perhaps stay a week; and will then come home to be my companion until Wm and Mary return which I think will not be sooner than the middle of January. William's business with my Brother Richard is no less than settling all our Family accounts, and obtaining security for all our property, for which we have not now a single bit of paper to show; and if he should die before the settlement is made we might be involved again in suits at Law, and *must* remain till old age without any settlement at all; for as a Man of the law tells us, nothing could be done until Rd's son's coming of age Richard is as well disposed to do what is good and right as his procrastinating disposition will let him be. I have heard from Sara that Wm and Mary arrived safe at Penrith on Tuesday, after a troublesome journey, and proceeded to Lowther the same evening. They are now, I suppose, at Appleby, where William will leave Mary in the beginning of this week. She is paying a long promised visit to her Friend Miss Weir. Sara tells me that my Brother Richard has been confined to his bed a fortnight. I trust his disorder is not alarming; but it may detain William who is determined not to stir from the spot till all is settled. I am sorry to tell you that my Brother Richard's health is very unsteady—He is subject to violent bilious attacks. He was just recovered from one of them when William and I were at Sockbridge I have given you the history of *our* journey in my letter to Playford. We were favoured in weather for a whole week, and performed the entire journey except about 6 miles on foot, to our infinite satisfaction, pacing side by side along the shores of Ullswater, as we did years ago, when your hospitable dwelling was the bourne to which we tended. Oh my good Friend how much have we to be thankful for in spite of sorrowful change! I cannot relish the thoughts of Playford Hall. To that spot you will be bound—I am sure you will—all this year—first by business next by the necessary expenses attending upon it—and we shall not see you here! Thus year passes on after year

and we become unable or unwilling to travel. If my Brother Christopher should wish to see me in the summer I shall certainly go to Bocking—and then we shall meet, but his occupations are so many and his mind is so bent on the performance of his duty; and he is so strong in Christian fortitude; that he does not seem to want any one to lean upon even for a time. He is going to Birmingham for a fortnight with his sons and Mr Crackenthorpe tells us that he hears from Binfield that he intends to halt there. This I am very glad of; for though his spirits may be comforted in the way in which he is going on at Bocking, I fear that his health may be undermined; and I hope that the Society of sympathising friends of his own Family may be of use to him. Poor old Mr and Mrs Lloyd have a weight of care and sorrow—an orphan Family of Grand-children have fallen to their care, as perhaps you know, Priscilla and Charles were their darlings—the one is dead—the other at present worse than dead—and Plumstead their Son has been insolvent and caused to his Father the loss of many thousand pounds—and this without any alleviating circumstances,—imprudence and folly and unfeeling extravagance being the cause of all. Mrs. Charles Lloyd is a most extraordinary woman. Her fortitude and presence of mind can never be sufficiently admired, but happily for her she does by nature delight in activity; and it is that disposition which keeps her from sinking in despondency. She feels deeply the awful situation of her husband and the weight of her own duties; and when she pauses from employment and is left alone, or when she wakes in the morning the oppression of her mind is dreadful. She is engaged in preparing for their final removal which will be after the Christmas holidays. The Boys are to remain with Mr Dawes as Boarders. You cannot think how desolate old Brathay now looks. All the Books are packed, the pictures taken down—the dining-room converted into a nursery—in short nothing as it used to be. The letters from Birmingham vary very little—the medical men hold out strong hopes; but the best is but a melancholy prospect; for there is, I think, not even a chance that the disorder will not return hereafter even in its present dismal excess; and it is my belief and that of most of poor Lloyd's friends that he has never been in what

might justly be called a sane state of mind these 15 years past and probably much longer. It is a great comfort to the survivors that Priscilla was spared the sorrow of knowing her Brother's miserable state; and in my sympathy for my Br Christ's loss I cannot but say to you that I see much cause of consolation, if not for him for his Friends, dimly as we discover good and evil in this world; for there was evidently a strong tendency in Priscilla's mind, if not to insanity, to that excess of nervous irritability which puts our feelings and actions almost as much out of our own power as if we were actually what is called insane—and who knows what this might at length have become? Mrs Charles Lloyd reporting what was told her by the old Housekeeper at [?] says that my Brother's tenderness and patience were almost beyond belief—night after night did he sit by her bedside when they were at Birmingham 2 or 3 years ago, she labouring with indescribable sensations, he comforting her and waiting for the moment when he would lie down beside her. No doubt all this endeared her to him, he being strong to walk in what seemed to him the path of duty—but to many this would have been very difficult—and perhaps Priscilla might have suffered less if she had had a less indulgent Husband. God bless her memory. I believe she was as sweet tempered a woman as ever lived, and thoroughly conscientious and good of heart.

In reading the 3rd Book of the Excursion last night what a pang did I feel for our poor widowed Friend Mrs Luff when I came to these lines

Oh never let the Wretched; if a choice  
Be left him, trust the freight of his distress  
To a long voyage on the silent deep! . . .<sup>1</sup>

and going on I was reminded of pangs she had spoken of, pangs of self-reproach at the outset of their voyage for having been the cause of an undertaking at first attended with so much disappointment, vexation, and I may say sorrow.

For like a plague, will Memory break out  
And, in the blank and solitude of things,  
Upon his spirit with a fever's strength  
Will conscience prey.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Excursion*, iii. 844–50

But I trust that now such vain regrets will not return to her. Such awful dispensations of Providence as these are, tend (when we have erred without evil intention) to wean the mind from a disposition to self-reproach; and we become habitually possessed with a sense of our own weakness and inability of ourselves to do anything that is good, and thus calmly look upon ourselves as having been the agents by which the Almighty power has wrought for us our afflictions for his own wise and good ends. I incline to think that there is little chance that Mrs Luff will remain at the Mauritius until [Mr?] Dent's arrival—I should fear if she were prevailed upon to stay so long, it would be through weakness of Body and unconquerable melancholy I trust we shall have letters either from her or from some of her Friends by the first opportunity if she does not arrive in England.—My Brother sent the Excursion to Luff; but I fear he never received it. The period was very short between the date of his last letter and the day of his death—It was a great relief to me when I read that you suspected you had missed sending two sheets of the Journal—This you certainly have done, for we have not received them. In my last I told you this, but as one frank was before mis-sent we thought the same had happened again. Hartley Coleridge is arrived—not at all altered in manners or appearance I have no doubt he applies industriously to his studies. I am very glad to hear so good an account of Tom. Give my kind love to him and Mr Clarkson and your dear Father—and Mrs Crosbie—for whose disappointment and anxieties I am deeply grieved. With you I admire her fortitude; but it does not surprize me for (I may be presumptuous) but I think I could act and feel in the same way in case of loss of property. But Mrs Lloyd's fortitude in her afflictions does indeed surprize me. I should be utterly incapable of doing as *she* does and bearing what *she* bears. I refer you to the Playford letter for what I have missed. Excuse this letter if confused or dull—The children and a playfellow have been beside me all the time.

You told us about Capell Loft's<sup>1</sup> Lock of hair. I should pity

<sup>1</sup> Capell Loft (1751–1824), a lawyer and philanthropist, and the patron of Robert Bloomfield he advocated a generous treatment of Napoleon after his defeat I cannot throw any light on his lock of hair.

DECEMBER 1815

his wife if it were not her own fault that she married him knowing what he was. My kind love to Mrs Kitchener—I am sorry for her anxiety about her son. Believe me ever with true anxiety for your happiness next year and all your life—

D. W.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, at William Buck's Esq, Bury, Suffolk.

MS

539. *W. W. to C. W.*  
(*with postscript by D. W.*)

My dear Brother, Rydale Mount 12<sup>th</sup> Jan<sup>y</sup> [1816]

Understanding that through God's mercy you have been enabled to bestow the requisite attention upon your various duties I have ventured to break in upon you with a request that you would employ a small portion of your time in taking into a consideration a matter which though not immediately concerning you, is of great importance to a most worthy individual, Mr Johnson of the Central School. He has just been with us, induced to come principally by a desire to consult me and my family upon his future conduct. He is determined to withdraw from the Central School; and wished to have my opinion how he ought to proceed, in regard to a Resolution entered in the journals of the School-Committee, in which, as appears through a Cabal of certain of the members, he has been most unjustly censured. Distrusting my own judgement, and knowing your superior experience in these cases, I have encouraged him to call at Birmingham in his way to London, and lay the particulars before you, with a view to benefit by your advice. For my own part I cannot reconcile myself to the notion of so meritorious a Teacher quitting his situation, with this stigma so unjustly attached to him; and which any of his enemies, (for enemies his deserts have raised against him) might turn to his prejudice through the whole course of his future life. With your permission he will lay the papers before you, and probably repeat the sentiments which I expressed upon them.—The Central School will suffer I fear greatly for the want of his services. But he says that it is insupportable to him to continue, in a situation where he finds the person<sup>1</sup> who introduced him

<sup>1</sup> i e. Dr. Bell (v p. 251).

there and whom he long regarded as his best Friend and firmest Supporter, converted into a jealous opponent. Besides, the four years which have been given already to this employment, though eminently useful he hopes to others, have been utterly lost as to his own improvement in every thing but the management of the School.

It is not unreasonable also that he should look by this time to an independent situation, which his own industry and talents will support if Friends would enable him to attain in a reasonable time. But on this point also, he will be happy to profit by your counsel.—I have just returned from Sockbridge where Richard and I have been employed in adjusting the accounts. He has given us security for a certain sum, subject to a deduction if when balancing the accounts, it [?] appear to] exceed what is due. On one point you are interested, and it has been arranged only upon condition that you approve. In December 1812 Richd paid £412 to the Heirs of our late Uncle Richard Wordsworth being due to them on balancing the account between his Estate and ours. Of this debt the most considerable part had been incurred by the expenses of my education at College. About two years ago we received from William Crackenthorp some thing more than £300 due from his father to us. I thought it but reasonable that this sum should be appropriated as far as it would go in liquidation of the claim of my Uncle W's heirs; and expressed an opinion that you would not object to it. This I was induced to do by the consideration, that it would be troublesome to ascertain what portion of this debt had accrued exactly from the expenses of each; and above all that it would be unjust, that I should have to pay from my own individual fortune, for an expensive education when you had received yours from an Uncle who though generous to you had been *unjust* to every one of us else. I allude more particularly to his having permitted his Mother in her feeble state of Health to make a present to his Wife of £500, when he had the certainty of succeeding to the estate at her Death.—We wish for your answer upon this head, as the Account cannot be settled without it. We are all well, and earnestly praying, that you may gradually recover your peace of mind, and as far as is possible



JANUARY 1816

be reconciled to your loss. I remain my dear Brother most faithfully yours

W Wordsworth

We have not seen Mrs Lloyd for some days.

My dear Brother, [I wish] it had been possible for you to have [?] thus far with your Boys. I hope [to see] Mrs Lloyd today or to-mor[ow] when I trust I shall hear of [you]. God bless you. Yours aff D. W

*Address:* To The Rev<sup>d</sup> Dr Wordsworth, at Charles Lloyd's Esq<sup>re</sup>, Birmingham.

*M* 540. *W. W. to Bernard Barton*<sup>1</sup>  
*K.*

Rydal Mount, near Ambleside,  
Jan. 12, 1816.

Dear Sir,

Though my sister, during my absence, has returned thanks in my name for the verses which you have done me the honour of addressing to me, and for the obliging letter which accompanies them, I feel it incumbent on me, on my return home, to write a few words to the same purpose with my own hand.

It is always a satisfaction to me to learn that I have given pleasure upon *rational* grounds; and I have nothing to object to your poetical panegyric but the occasion which called it forth. An admirer of my works, zealous as you have declared yourself to be, condescends too much when he gives way to an impulse proceeding from the —, or indeed from any other Review. The writers in these publications, while they prosecute their inglorious employment, cannot be supposed to be in a state of mind very favourable for being affected by the finer influences of a thing so pure as genuine poetry; and as to the instance which has incited you to offer me this tribute of your gratitude, though I have not seen it, I doubt not but that it is a splenetic

<sup>1</sup> Bernard Barton (1784–1849), the Quaker poet, a bank clerk at Woodbridge, Suffolk. Published *Metrical Effusions* (1812), *The Convict's Appeal*, and *Poems by an Amateur* (1818), *Poems* (1820, 4th ed., 1825); met Lamb and formed a friendship with him in 1822. He continued writing and publishing mediocre verse till his death.

JANUARY 1816

effusion of the conductor of that Review who has taken a perpetual retainer from his own incapacity to plead against my claims to public approbation.

I differ from you in thinking that the only poetical lines in your address are 'stolen from myself'. The best verse, perhaps, is the following:

Awfully mighty in his impotence,

which, by way of repayment, I may be tempted to steal from you on some future occasion.

It pleases, though it does not surprise me, to learn that, having been affected early in life by my verses, you have returned again to your old loves after some little infidelities, which you were shamed into by commerce with the scribbling and chattering part of the world. I have heard of many who, upon their first acquaintance with my poetry, have had much to get over before they could thoroughly relish it; but never of one who, having once learned to enjoy it, had ceased to value it or survived his admiration. This is as good an external assurance as I can desire that my inspiration is from a pure source, and that my principles of composition are trustworthy.

With many thanks for your good wishes, and begging leave to offer mine in return, I remain, dear sir,

Respectfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Bernard Barton, Esq., Woodbridge, Suffolk.

*MS. 541. W. W. to Benjamin Robert Haydon*  
*Haydon(—)*

Rydale Mount Jan<sup>ry</sup> 13 [1816.]  
near Ambleside

My dear Sir,

On my return home my Sister delivered to me your Letter, which on many accounts gave me great pleasure Mrs W— and I had been absent some time; and indeed I have been much unsettled by business during the best part of this winter. It gratifies me much that the Sonnets,<sup>1</sup> especially the one addressed

<sup>1</sup> v. letter to B R. H Dec. 21, 1815.

to yourself, find favor in your eyes, and those of your friends.—As to your request for permission to publish them I cannot refuse to comply with it. In regard to that addressed to yourself, you deserve a much higher Compliment; but from the nature of the subject it may be found pretty generally interesting. The two others, particularly the Snow-crested Mountain, full surely are morsels only for the few. But if Mr Scott desires it, he is at liberty to give them a place in his Journal when and how he likes.<sup>1</sup> At the same time my own feelings urge me to state in sincerity, that I naturally shrink from solicitation of public notice. I never publish any thing without great violence to my own disposition which is to shun, rather than court, regard. In this respect we Poets are much more happily situated than our Brother Labourers of the Pencil; who cannot, unless they be born to a Fortune, proceed in their employments without public countenance.

I thank you for the Number of the Champion; after being found worthy of such eulogy as is there bestowed upon you, the next enviable thing is the ability to praise merit in so eloquent a style.—There is also an excellent political essay of Scott at the head of the same number.—Pray give my regards to him; and I will take this occasion of stating, that it may be agreeable to Mr Hunt to learn that his Mask<sup>2</sup> has been read with great pleasure by my Wife and her Sisters under this peaceful Roof. They commend the style in strong terms; and though it would not become *me* to say that their taste is correct, I have often witnessed with pleasure and an entire sympathy, the disgust with which in this particular they are affected by the main part of contemporary productions.

I am glad to learn that your Picture<sup>3</sup> advances.—It is as grand a subject as could be selected. The feelings to be excited are adoration and exultation, and subordinate to them, astonished suspension of mind [?].<sup>4</sup> In all the Evangelists it is written,

<sup>1</sup> 'High is our calling, Friend', was published by Scott in the *Champion* of Feb. 4 and by Hunt in the *Examiner* of March 31. the other two in the *Examiner* of Jan. 28 and Feb 11.

<sup>2</sup> *The Descent of Liberty*, 1815 (Oxf. Leigh Hunt, p 283).

<sup>3</sup> i.e. 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem'.

<sup>4</sup> astonished and suspension mind *MS*.

that our blessed Lord was accompanied with hosannas. These a silent Picture cannot express, and but imperfectly indicate; but Garments may be spread, and boughs may be carried in triumph, and prostrate forms exhibited, as you have done. From the manner in which I have dwelt upon these images you will infer that I think you have done well in rejecting the character of the supercilious Prude.—I cannot but think such a person discordant with the piece. One of the Evangelists says that the Pharisees called on Jesus to rebuke his disciples, and this is the only feeling mentioned that does not fall directly in with the general triumph and exultation. For there is nothing discordant with these in the Question, who is this? immediately succeeded by the answer, ‘The King of Jerusalem;’ in fact in no stronger manner could the overwhelming presence of Jesus Christ be expressed. The request of the Pharisees has *indirectly* the same tendency, they wished that the Disciples should be rebuked; and why? because their pride was wounded and their indignation raised by the homage which the multitude paid with such fervor to Jesus on his approach to Jerusalem.—A character like that of the haughty prude belongs rather to the higher kinds of Comedy, such as the works of Hogarth, than to a subject of this nature, which to use Milton’s expression is ‘more than heroic’.—I coincide with you in opinion as to Raphael’s characters, but depend upon it he has erred upon the safer side. Dramatic diversities aid discrimination, [and] should never be produced upon sublime subjects by the sacrifice of sublime effect. And it is better that expression should give way to beauty than beauty be banished by expression. Happy is he who can hit the exact point, where grandeur is not lowered but heightened by detail, and beauty not impaired, but rendered more touching and exquisite by Passion.—This has been done by the great artists of antiquity, but not frequently in modern times; yet much as I admire those productions I would on no account discourage your efforts to introduce more of the diversities of actual humanity into the management of sublime and pathetic subjects. Much of what Garrick is reported to have done for the stage, may by your Genius be effected for the Picture Gallery.—But in aiming at this object, proceed with reflection,

and if you are in *doubt*—decide in favour of the course which Raphael pursued.

Before I conclude, I have one word to say of the mode of publishing the Sonnet addressed to you. I could wish that it should appear, that the thing was not first addressed to you through the medium of a Public journal, but was a private communication of Friendship. Don't you think that the Sonnet on the sight of a beautiful Picture,<sup>1</sup> the second I believe, it stands in my large edition, would come with effect if paired with the one addressed to yourself.—It is a favorite of mine, and I think not unworthy of the subject, which was a picture painted by our Friend Sir George Beaumont; though this is not mentioned in the title of the Piece.—The Editor might add in a foot note, that the Landscape which had suggested the verses, was he understood from the pencil of Sir George.—My poems are not so extensively known but that a Reprint of this piece would be new to a great majority of the Readers of the Champion.

You do not speak of your eyes; I trust, therefore, they are much better.—

My Wife and Miss Hutchinson send their kindest regards; and join with me in best wishes for your health happiness and success. This last word reminds me of your desire that my merits as a Poet might be acknowledged during my life-time. I am quite satisfied on this head—with me it must be a work of time; but I frequently receive acknowledgements of gratitude from persons unknown, in all quarters of the Island

faithfully yours  
W Wordsworth

Remember that the frame of the Study you so kindly promised me is to be at my expense, but I wish you to procure it because you will know what sort of one will best suit the picture, and also though this is an occasion on which I am not scrupulous about economy, because the dealer will let you have it cheaper. What is the price of one of my busts?

*Address:* B. R. Haydon Esq<sup>r</sup>, Great Marlborough Street, London

<sup>1</sup> i.e. 'Praised be the Art', &c. Oxf. W., p. 252.

JANUARY 1816

MS. 542. W. W. to Francis Wrangham  
K.

Rydal Mount,  
Thanksgiving Day,<sup>1</sup> Jan<sup>ry</sup>, 1816.

My dear Wrangham,

You have given an additional mark of that friendly disposition, and those affectionate feelings which I have long known you to possess, by writing to me after my long and unjustifiable silence. But as I have told you, though I don't remember in these words, I was not born with a pen in my mouth, nor in my hands or toes. I am painfully conscious how poor a genius I possess for epistolary communications; and if I had any native flow of this kind, my miserable penmanship would at once check it. How can such matters, and in such a garb, be worth any body's acceptance? This is the interrogation which now and always stares me in the face when I would converse with my friends by means of paper and ink. '*Heaven* first taught letters for some wretch's aid,'<sup>2</sup> but presumptuous indeed should I be if I were not assured that such *Letters* as my pen makes are excepted. Neither Cupid nor Minerva, nor Phoebus, nor Mercury, nor any of the Pagan Gods who presided over liberal and kindly inventions, deign to shed their influence over my endeavours in this field. But may the Goddess of Patience support you, while you attempt in friendship to read, what I am now preparing for the perplexity of your understanding and the annoyance of your eyesight.

Unluckily I have neither seen nor heard of your translation from Virgil. You have done well to amuse yourself in this way; but the employment must have been somewhat too difficult for mere pastime. The *Eaglogues* of Virgil appear to me, in that in which he was most excellent, polish of style and harmony of numbers, the most happily finished of all his performances. I know that I shall be much gratified by your Translation when it finds its way to me, which I hope it will do, soon.

Of the *White Doe* I have little to say, but that I hope it will be acceptable to the intelligent, for whom alone it is written. It

<sup>1</sup> Jan. 18.

<sup>2</sup> Pope, *Eloisa to Abelard*, l 51.

JANUARY 1816

starts from a high point of imagination, and comes round through various wanderings of that faculty to a still higher ; nothing less than the Apotheosis of the Animal, who gives the first of the two titles to the Poem. And as the Poem thus begins and ends with pure and lofty Imagination, every motive and impulse that actuates the persons introduced is from the same source, a kindred spirit pervades, and is intended to harmonize, the whole. Throughout, objects (the Banner, for instance) derive their influence not from properties inherent in them, not from what they are actually in themselves, but from such as are bestowed upon them by the minds of those who are conversant with or affected by those objects. Thus the Poetry, if there be any in the work, proceeds whence it ought to do, from the soul of Man, communicating its creative energies to the images of the external world.

But too much of this. I am happy to hear that your family prospers, and that your Children are to your mind. In my own I find much to regret, and something to complain of ; faults most of which have probably been created by my own mismanagement. I am, however, truly and deeply thankful to God for what he has left me. Do not imagine, dear Wrangham, that though I am a bad correspondent, I therefore forget either you or my other early friends. Farewell. I am always glad to hear of you.

Most faithfully yours  
W. Wordsworth

MS

543. *W. W. to John Scott*

Rydale Mount  
near Ambleside Jan<sup>ry</sup> 29<sup>th</sup> 1816

My dear Sir,

I know not that the three following Sonnets,<sup>1</sup> occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo will do any credit to your journal ; but perhaps the subject may make up with your Readers (if it does

<sup>1</sup> The Sonnets enclosed are 'Intrepid Sons of Albion' (Oxf W, p. 325), 'The Bard—whose soul is meek' (Oxf. W., p. 326), and 'Oh, for a kindling touch' (Oxf. W., p. 326). Scott printed the first and third in *The Champion* of Feb. 4.

JANUARY 1816

not tell the contrary way) for the deficiencies of the execution.—If you think them deserving of publication, they may follow those three which I understand from Haydon you expressed a wish to publish in the Champion.—On recurring to Haydon's letter, I find that I have been mistaken, and that the wish is on *his* part only. It matters not; if you have thought it worth while to print the two Descriptive Sonnets sent to Haydon, these I think will be acceptable to you; though they are composed rather to decline the subject than to grapple with it.

A Friend of mine, in this neighbourhood has just ordered your journal, but forgot to specify that it was to commence with the year. In consequence of this oversight the first Number is dated Jan<sup>ry</sup> 22<sup>nd</sup>. Would you be so kind as to order the preceding ones of the year to be sent addressed to

Mr Nicholson

Post Office

Ambleside

I am dear Sir

with great respect

faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth

*MS.*

*544. W. W. to C. W.*

Jan<sup>ry</sup> 31<sup>st</sup> [1816] Rydal Mount

My dear Brother,

I am much obliged to you for your kind dispositions to serve Mr Johnson, and for having taken so much trouble on his account.—I am quite of your opinion that Mr Johnson is bound to keep the question of the injuries that may have been done him in his Capacity of Teacher, quite separate in his own mind from any hope or expectation of benefit to accrue to himself from a change of situation.—And I do not scruple to add that I believe him to be more influenced by hope and expectations of this kind than he is himself aware of.

Mr Johnson would probably tell you that we have lately seen Dr Bell, and how we conducted ourselves towards him in respect to this business.—Mr J— will be much missed at the school if



he quits it, nor am I sure that Dr B— however he may be indisposed to him, would wish him to withdraw yet awhile; though I do not doubt that if the Dr and his adherents found they could dispense with Mr J—, they would contrive to render his situation more uncomfortable than it has been. And on this account as a Friend of Mr J— I should be less inclined to press his continuance; lest it might happen that in course of time he might be dismissed by their intrigues.

I fear that I must have expressed myself very imperfectly respecting the sum of money due to my father's Estate from our Uncle Crackenthorp. Two or three years ago, by very great and most disagreeable exertions, I contrived to get the Account with my Uncle C drawn out, and it then appeared that he was indebted to our Father's Estate about £300—about the same time Richd settled the account with our Uncle Wordsworth's Estate, paying 400, the sum which my Father's Estate stood indebted to his Hers. What could be more obvious than the reasonableness of applying the overplus in the hands of the heirs of Mr Crackenthorp, to make up the deficiency due to the Heirs of our Uncle Wordsworth—as far as it would go.—It seemed to me a case on which there could not be a moment's hesitation; nevertheless, as I was sensible that this debt to our Uncle Wordsworth was incurred chiefly on account of the expenses of *my* education, I thought myself bound in delicacy to notice the fact to you, though, as I was a Minor at the time of these expenses, I never considered that my Brothers and Sister would think themselves justified in bringing a separate Bill against me for this any more than for any other part of my education; it is a principle that never could have been thought of amongst us. And I mentioned the circumstance of Mr Crackenthorp's kind conduct towards [you as] an a fortiori argument, in my consideration, why such [a] principle, would not, I conceived be introduced by you.—I am still of opinion that you will see the thing in the same light in which I do; and must request a positive answer from you one way or the other, as I cannot admit any more causes or occasions of delay into the settlement of my account with my Br Richd. This is the *only* point in which you are concerned in the account between us.—If you

could conceive a hundredth part of the obstacles, which I have had to get over from my Brother's procrastinating habits, and knew the time which I have sacrificed in this business, which I really never would have done on my own account merely, I am sure that you would acknowledge the reasonableness of this determination. Not less than five weeks of this winter has been by me sacrificed to this subject; besides what it cost me in the summer, and has cost me for the last two or three years.—

It avails little, I believe nothing, to write to Richd, but I will write to him as you desire. But it would be much the best to write yourself, though if your accounts be intricate I cannot, from my own experience, hold out a hope that they can be settled without a personal interview.—

Mrs Lloyd's sales are now going on; she herself is gone to York to determine by inspection what can be done there for her poor Husband. She is quite worn out—her situation moves the compassion of every one who knows her.—Love from every body here

most faithfully and affectionately your Brother and friend  
W. W.

*Address:* To the Rev<sup>d</sup> Dr Wordsworth, Deanry, Bocking.

K.

545. W. W. to John Scott

Rydal Mount, near Ambleside,  
February 22, 1816.

My dear Sir,

Your *Paris Revisited* has been in constant use since I received it—a very welcome sight it was. . . . Nothing in your works has charmed us more than the lively manner in which the painting of everything that passes before your eyes is executed. Every one of your words *tells*; and this is an art which few travellers, at least of our days, are masters of. Your estimate of Buonaparte's character is, I think, perfectly just. . . . I wish that I could think as favourably as you do of the Duke of Wellington. Since his first *début* in Portugal I have watched his course as carefully as my opportunities allowed me to do; and notwith-

standing the splendour of those actions at the head of which he has been placed, I am convinced that there is no magnanimity in his nature. You have laudably availed yourself of the temptation to contrast his mode of proceeding with Buonaparte's; and undoubtedly he appears to great advantage opposed to that audacious charlatan and remorseless desperado. But depend upon it, the constitution of his mind is not generous, nor will he pass with posterity for a hero. One would desire that in all cases the personal dignity of the prime agents should correspond with that of important actions; but this rarely happens in human affairs either military or civil; and I have found nothing more mortifying in the course of my life than those peeps behind the curtain, that have shown me how low in point of moral elevation stand some of those men who have been the most efficient instruments and machines for public benefit that our age has produced. We live in inquisitive times, and there is but too little reserve in gratifying public curiosity. Happy will it be for this distinguished leader, and I will add for his country, if his name be a gainer from the communications which his character and actions will give birth to! I fear that upon the whole it will be otherwise; and I express this fear to you, who from the best motives have so ably defended and panegyricized him, with strong regret; but sincerity requires it. . . .

This personal question is the only material point in your books in which I differ from you. I approve of all that you have said upon the subject of the removal of the works of art from Paris. The Emperor of Russia was the main cause of their being left in French possession by the first peace. His is a Frenchified intellect—to that degree that it was not without much difficulty he gave his consent, on the first occupation of Paris, to the King of Prussia removing his own cannon which he found there. The calamities of these times, as far as they were occasioned by the domination of the French, have been mainly owing to this, that they . . . never ventured upon an entire reliance on those rules of justice which were alone competent to save them. Had they been capable of this elevation of mind, a moment's reflection would have shown them that they had no right to confirm to the French the possession of these articles without the free unbiased

FEBRUARY 1816

consent of the original owners; that they were not lawful conquests but infamous plunder; and the allies by taking upon themselves to concede these things to the robbers, acted not less unjustly, whatever were their motives, than the original despoiler. . . . It is the duty of an English Opposition to be rigorously hostile to the Ministry, but never let their endeavours to accomplish the downfall of their political antagonists excite in them a favourable aspiration for the enemies of their country. The Opposition party were unable to discern that a time of war and a time of peace required very different modes of proceeding on their part; that a style of hostility, which would have been laudable in the one, became detestable in the other. Through the whole course of the late war the party out of power blushed not to behave as if they had been retained by Buonaparte for his advocates. This was unsupportably revolting to all true-hearted Englishmen, who were not actively engaged in the contest, and could therefore see clearly and feel naturally. . . . I will only add a word on Spanish affairs. The Cortes were what Lord Castlereay describes them, and worse. They thirsted after the independence of their country, and many of them nobly laboured to effect it; but, as to civil liberty and religious institutions, their notions were as wild as the most headstrong Jacobins of France. Their plan was to erect an Iberian Republic—and they were pushing matters desperately to that extremity. Think of a Republic in Spain—what horror to go through before such a thing could be brought about; and what worse than horrors would have attended its rapid destruction! Farewell.

Most faithfully and respectfully yours,  
W. Wordsworth.

*MS.*

546. *W. W. to John Scott*

*K(—)*

Rydal Mount Feb 25<sup>th</sup> [1816]

My dear Sir,

Most readily would I undertake the office which you propose to me, but for a reason which I am sure you will think sufficient for my declining it for a short while at least.—I am myself engaged with an attempt to express in Verse some feelings con-

nected with these very subjects, and till that engagement is over neither in justice to you nor to myself can I introduce into my own mind such a stream as I have no doubt your Poem will be felt to be. I am truly glad to hear that you are determined to try your strength in this way as I am convinced that you have the eye, the heart, and the voice of a Poet.—My short Essays, for there are two pieces,<sup>1</sup> cannot possibly interfere with your work, as they stand at a distance from the Body of the subject—which I do not doubt will be ably embraced by others.—Southey is a Fellow labourer. I have seen but little of his performance, but that little gave me great pleasure.—I repeat that my wishes to serve you in the way you desire are as strong as they well can be; and that as soon as I am set [at] liberty, if you have not satisfied yourself by reference to some other friend, I shall be most happy to give my judgement to your work.

I sent you the other day a long ill-penn'd and ill-digested letter; and containing opinions upon men and things, which I should not have entrusted in that crude state to any one whom I did not greatly respect. Do not suppose from what I have there confidentially said that I think ill of mankind, and feel dejectedly concerning human nature. I am glad that you have lately read my tract occasioned by the Convention of Cintra. You must have seen therein what my views were—and are—for in nothing are my *principles* changed. In verse I celebrated the King of Sweden—he proved I believe a Madman—what matters that—he stood forth at that time as the only Royal Advocate of the only truths by which, if judiciously applied, Europe could be delivered from Bondage. I seized on him as an outstanding object in which to embody certain principles of action which human nature has thousands of times proved herself capable of being governed by. I boldly announced in prose the benefit which Spain would derive from a Cortes—but I was under a considerable mistake as to the degree in which the men who might compose it, would be liable to french delusions.—But a representative legislation is still in my opinion the best of political blessings when a Country has materials fit to compose

<sup>1</sup> Odes. Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty, XLV and XLVI (Oxf. W., pp. 327–32)

FEBRUARY 1816

it. Such had Spain for the purpose of atchieving her national Independence; and I hope may have, ere long, to establish for herself a frame of civil Liberty. The later Cortes were not equal to that task.

As to the Duke of Wellington, I am almost sorry that I touched upon the subject; especially since I have heard of your design. Poetically treated he may pass for a Hero; and on that account I less regret what I wrote to you. But to the searching eye of the Historian, and still more of the Biographer, he will, I apprehend, appear as a man below the circumstances in which he moved.

I hear what you say of the *Champion* with regret. Pity that your other labours cannot proceed without injury to that periodical writing which has, I know, been very beneficial. Could not you procure assistance, relinquishing profit accordingly?—Thank you for the verses—I have the satisfaction of not infrequently receiving tributes of the same kind. What numbers must find their way to your namesake! and to the ‘bold bad Bard Baron B.’

I have said in my last what will have been an answer to your kind offer of sending the *Champion*. I have only to repeat my thanks.—Excuse this infamous penmanship; I am not able to do much better at any time, but at present it is very late at night and my pen execrable

farewell with much regard and increasing respect I  
remain [?]  
W. W.

*Address:* John Scott Esq<sup>re</sup>, No. 1, Catherine Street, Strand,  
London.

*MS.*

*547. W. W. to John Scott*

*K(—)*

Rydal Mount, March 11<sup>th</sup> 1816

My dear Sir,

I wrote to you some little time since giving my reasons why I felt myself obliged to decline the undertaking which you did me the honour of proposing to me. Those reasons no longer

exist; and I now write to let you know that having finished all that at present I have any intention of executing in connection with the great events of our time, I shall be happy to comply with your request, if you continue in the same mind.

When I wrote the Sonnets inserted in the *Champion* I had no design of doing anything more. But I could not resist the Temptation of giving vent to my feelings as collected in force upon the morning of the day appointed for a general Thanksgiving. Accordingly, I threw off a sort of irregular Ode upon this subject, which spread to nearly 350 lines; the longest thing of the Lyrical Kind, I believe, except Spenser's *Epithalamion*, in our language. Out of this have sprung several smaller pieces, effusions rather than Compositions, though in justice to myself I must say that upon the correction of the Style I have bestowed, as I always do, great Labour. I hope that my pains in this particular have not been thrown away, and that in their several degrees the things will not be found deficient in spirit. But I do not like to appear as giving encouragement to a lax species of writing, except where the occasion is so great as to justify an aspiration after a state of freedom beyond what a succession of regular Stanzas will allow. But, as I before hinted, these smaller pieces are but offsets of the larger; and their defects in this point may be charged upon their parent; though I shall not call upon the public to be so indulgent.—From my Country I solicit no mercy; I have laboured intensely to merit its approbation, and in some smaller degree to secure, in future times at least, its gratitude; and for the present I am well contented with my portion of distinction. If I wish for more, I can honestly affirm it is mainly from a belief that it would be an indication that a better taste was spreading, and high and pure feelings becoming more general.—In regard to your own announced adventure upon the sea of Poetry I may truly say that I was most glad to hear of it; because your Prose has convinced me that you have a mind fitted to ensure your success.—Nevertheless my pleasure was not absolutely pure—for if you have not practised metre in youth, I should apprehend that your thoughts would not easily accomodate themselves to those chains, so as to give you a consciousness that you were moving under them

and with them, gracefully and with spirit. I question not that you have written with rapidity, nothing is more easy; but in nothing is it more true than in composing verse that the nearest way home is the longest way about. In short I dreaded the labour which you were preparing for yourself. You are a Master of Prose; and your powers may be so flexible and fertile as to be equal to both exercises—so much the better!—I mean equal to them without injury to your health. But should it appear to me that the Specimens you send of your Poem require additional care and exertion, I shall not scruple to tell you so; and with the less reluctance because I am confident that you may attain eminence in English prose which few of late have reached. That field is at present almost uncultivated; we have adroit living prose writers in abundance; but impassioned, eloquent, and powerful ones not any, at least that I am acquainted with. Our Prose taking it altogether, is a disgrace to the country—I ought to apologize for putting your patience to the test, by these wretched scrawls. But take me as I am; in this way I treat all my friends, and happy should I be to rank you among the number. The Champion still arrives, the superfluous one I mean; pray, order it to be discontinued. The two numbers, or three? (I believe three) which I begged might be sent to Mr. Nicholson the Post Master of Ambleside have never reached him. I was very sorry for this; of course I have not seen your notice of my political tract on Spanish affairs, nor what I more regret the Essay or whatever it might be which led you to recommend it. Would you object to see my Thanksgiving Ode, etc., before Publication—If not, they will be sent you, and I should be grateful for your remarks.

P.S.—I fear what I have said on Prose as now produced, may be misunderstood. Charles Lamb, my friend, writes prose exquisitely; Coleridge also has produced noble passages, so has Southey. But I mean that there is no body, of philosophical, impassioned, eloquent, finished prose now produced.

Your publisher must have been negligent, for a second copy of your Paris Revisited has reached me.

*Address:* John Scott, Esq<sup>re</sup>, Champion office, 1 Catherine Street, Strand, London.



MARCH 1816

MS.

548. W. W. to C. W.

March 12<sup>th</sup> 1816  
Rydale Mount

My dear Brother,

We thank you for your Consecration<sup>1</sup> Sermon, which we received free of expense. We have read it with much pleasure, and unite in thinking it excellently adapted to the occasion. For my own part, I liked it still better upon the second than the first reading—At first I felt it somewhat disproportioned (and perhaps it actually is so) the base seeming too widely spread, (and too deeply laid in some respects) for the superstructure,—afterwards I was less sensible of this defect (if it really exist) and could feel the strength of the thoughts and dignity of the sentiments, without discomposure Your style is grave and authentic; and wants neither grace nor harmony. It appears to me that it would be a reasonable practice, if Bishops of authority in the Church were to preach frequently upon these occasions; they might then with propriety bring their discourses more closely to the point; by setting forth and insisting upon the episcopal duties, as imposed by the Church of England.—This could not be done by a clergyman of inferior rank, and therefore it came not within your province. In regard to the Person who requested you to undertake this office on his account I will mention to you a little Anecdote, which perhaps you may have heard from another quarter as I related it to Mr Johnson, concealing only my authority. Lord L— said to me, that the Prince Regent, speaking of Dr R— used these irreverent words—‘By G— it shall be some time before they catch me making such another Bishop’. So you may be assured he is no favorite in that quarter. I recounted this to Mr Johnson, knowing his former leaning to methodistical heresies—I should on no account wish this to be repeated in any connection with the name of Lord L.

I would gladly be instrumental in drawing the attention of the Public to your valuable Sermons, if I knew how—but I have

<sup>1</sup> *A Sermon preached in the Chapel of Lambeth at the Consecration of the Hon. and Right Rev. Henry Ryder, Lord Bishop of Gloucester, &c., 1815. Printed by command of the Archbishop.*

not access to any periodical Publications. Besides if I had it would be little avail; for unless a Person makes himself the humble Servt of the Editors, it is quite impossible that the dew of their regards should fall upon him.—I never had to take any steps to ensure for my own Publications a favorable introduction. Critiques upon my Poems have I know been sent to some of the Reviews, the Quarterly in particular, by admirers of mine, who were Strangers to my Person, but refused admittance; and if one of them had been admitted, it would have been so garbled and sophisticated by the stupidity of the Editor, as scarcely to have been recognizable by the author. This was actually done in Lamb's review of the Excursion. So that I know not how to be of service in your case; I will however write to Wrangham, who has a considerable connection with this sort of Literature.

My reason for not writing to you sooner was, that I hoped to repay you for your Sermon, by sending you in MSS an Ode supposed to be composed on the morning of the day appointed for a General Thanksgiving. It has been finished some time; extending to nearly 350 Lines—out of it have grown several smaller pieces; and I propose to send them all to the Press, immediately.

I have not much scruple in referring you to the Printed copy, which I hope will soon appear; as Poetry reads so much better in Print than in MSS—this Publication will contain 700 verses, and I mean to print in the same size as the two Vols of Poems, in order that it may be bound up along with them. At the same time, though not in the same Publication, you will see from me a Letter in prose;<sup>1</sup> addressed to an acquaintance of Robert Burns the Scotch Poet, on the intended republication of Dr Currie's Life, and Burns' Letters—this Letter is about the length of a middle sized sermon. My son Wm asked me a little while since 'whom are you writing to, Father?'—'to your Uncle Christopher'; 'do give my love to him'. We are all pretty well; though Dorothy not quite so, but her indisposition, I hope, is of

<sup>1</sup> *A Letter to a Friend of Robert Burns: Occasioned by an Intended Republication of The Account of the Life of Burns, By Dr Currie, And of the Selections made by him from the Letters.* By William Wordsworth. London 1816. (The letter is addressed to James Gray Esq, Edinburgh, and dated Rydal Mount January 1816.)

MARCH 1816

no consequence. We hope you continue to make progress in subduing your distress and that your health and that of your Children is better. Richd and his wife are I hope in town by this time He has been very unwell. Now is the time to press the settlement of your affairs.

With best love from Mary and D— I remain  
my dear Brother  
Your faithful friend  
W. Wordsworth

I should with great pleasure order a copy of my Thanksgiving Ode etc to be sent you—did I not know what Blunderers the Publishers are—they would send it Per Coach, and the Carriage would cost more than the Pamphlet. But if you can order a copy to be called f[or] do; I also wish that you would present [one in] my name to the Archbishop; that might be done [ ] by yourself, or if this were improper through Mr [ ]

*Address.* The Rev<sup>d</sup> Dr Wordsworth, Deanry, Bocking.

M. 549. W. W. to Robert Southey  
K.

[1816.]

My dear Southey,

I am much of your mind in respect to my ode. Had it been a hymn, uttering the sentiments of a multitude, a stanza would have been indispensable. But though I have called it a *Thanksgiving Ode*, strictly speaking it is not so, but a poem composed or supposed to be composed on the morning of the thanksgiving, uttering the sentiments of an individual upon that occasion. It is a dramatised ejaculation; and this, if anything can, must excuse the irregular frame of the metre. In respect to a stanza for a grand subject designed to be treated comprehensively, there are great objections. If the stanza be short, it will scarcely allow of fervour and impetuosity, unless so short that the sense is run perpetually from one stanza to another, as in Horace's *aleaics*; and if it be long, it will be as apt to generate diffuseness as to check it. Of this we have innumerable instances in Spenser and the Italian poets. The sense required cannot be included in

one given stanza, so that another whole stanza is added not unfrequently for the sake of matter which would naturally include itself in a very few lines.

If Gray's plan be adopted, there is not time to become acquainted with the arrangement, and to recognize with pleasure the recurrence of the movement.

Be so good as to let me know where you found most difficulty in following me. The passage which I most suspect of being misunderstood is,

And thus is missed the sole true glory ;

and the passage where I doubt most about the reasonableness of expecting that the reader should follow me, in the luxuriance of the imagery and the language, is the one that describes—under so many metaphors—the spreading of the news of the Waterloo victory over the globe. Tell me if this displeased you.

Do you know who reviewed *The White Doe* in the *Quarterly*? After having asserted that Mr. W. uses his words without any regard to their sense, the writer says that on no other principle can he explain that Emily is *always* called 'the consecrated Emily'. Now, the name Emily occurs just fifteen times in the poem, and out of these fifteen the epithet is attached to it *once*, and that for the express purpose of recalling the scene in which she had been consecrated by her brother's solemn adjuration that she would fulfil her destiny, and become

A soul, by force of sorrows high,  
Uplifted to the purest sky  
Of undisturbed humanity!

The point upon which the whole moral interest of the piece hinges, when that speech is closed, occurs in this line,

He kissed the consecrated maid ;

and to bring this back to the reader I repeated the epithet.

The service I have lately rendered to Burns's genius will one day be performed to mine. The quotations, also, are printed with the most culpable neglect of correctness: there are lines turned into nonsense. Too much of this. Farewell! Believe me,

Affectionately yours,

W. Wordsworth.

MARCH 1816

MS.

550. D. W. to R. W.

March 15<sup>th</sup> [1816]

My dear Richard,

We were very sorry to hear that you had been so ill, and that your disorder had been attended by so distressing an effect as dimness of sight. I trust that as your other bilious symptoms depart, that will also entirely leave you, but pray consult some physician in London on whose judgment you can rely. We should be very glad if you would contrive to let us know how you are, and how you both supported the journey. Where have you left little John? I conjecture with his Grandmother or his Aunt.—My Brother Christopher is, I believe in London or in the neighbourhood, so I hope you will meet. If Captain Wordsworth is in London, pray tell us how he is.

Montagu intends to talk with you about the disputed 30£ He *might*[have]draw[n]upon you for 30£ with the intention of sending it to us in Scotland in 1803; but 5£ was all that we received from him at that time. We *did* receive 5£ at Edinburgh, which he said was all that he could spare, and, as it happened, we wanted no more. That 5£ no doubt stands in his Books against William.

My Sister and I would have been very glad if John could have been with us during your absence, and his Cousins would have been delighted. I trust you will receive good accounts of him; otherwise his poor Mother will have an anxious time while she is in London. Pray give my kind Love to her, and believe me, dear Richard

Your affectionate Sister

D Wordsworth

*Address:* Richard Wordsworth Esq<sup>re</sup>, Staple Inn, London.

K.

551. W. W. to John Scott

Rydal Mount, March 21, [1816.]

My dear Sir,

I had packed up my little pieces of verse, intending to send them to you; but on second thoughts, I have forwarded them direct to Longman, knowing that you are so much engaged;

MARCH 1816

and apprehending that you might not possibly be at home, which would have occasioned a delay. I was also desirous that the effect of my verses upon you should not be interfered with by a blotted and blurred MSS., and by uncouth characters, irresistibly distracting attention. I shall be not the less anxious for the benefit of your remarks after publication. I have not yet received any MSS. from you. In the same parcel I have sent for publication a letter in prose, to a friend of Burns, the poet, which I hope you will read with some satisfaction.

No doubt you are personally acquainted with Brougham; I have some knowledge of him likewise. Our last interview was terminated among the majestic woods of Lowther, near his own beautiful residence. Thither I would gladly remit him, 'inter sylvas academı quaerere *verum*'.<sup>1</sup> Mr. B. is not content with scribbling in the *Edinburgh Review* to the praise and glory of the Corsican, but he must insult the people of England by expressing in their House of Legislature, and that of the three kingdoms, his hope that that great man may be *kindly* treated in his insular prison. What is there in the conduct of this government that justifies an apprehension that the claims of *humanity* will not be attended to by it in this case, though if there ever existed one in which those claims might be set aside, it is the present. Be persuaded, my dear sir, that men who in that assembly, or indeed anywhere else, can talk in this manner have no tact, and whatever may be their cleverness, no intellectual sanity. I congratulate you on having expressed in your last *Champion* a decided opinion on this subject. Haydon has done himself credit by his essay on the Elgin Marbles.<sup>2</sup> . . .

MS.

552. W. W. to C. W.

Rydale Mount

March 25<sup>th</sup> 1816

My dear Christ<sup>r</sup>.

Your Letter has given us all much satisfaction; the situation in question appears admirably suited to you; and cannot but

<sup>1</sup> Horace, *Ep.* II. ii. 45.

<sup>2</sup> *The Judgment of Connoisseurs upon Works of Art compared with that of Professional Men, in reference more particularly to the Elgin Marbles* (1816).

stand in need of services such as you will be capable and ready to perform.—This is not merely a Letter of congratulation,<sup>1</sup> though I should have been strongly disposed to write from that impulse, but I wish to mention to you, that our present Curate, Mr Wm Jackson (Son of our Rector) now upon the point of succeeding to a Fellowship at Queens Oxford, is desirous of removing Southward; and might suit you if you should stand in need of a Curate at Sundridge.—I know no objection to him whatsoever, but that his health is somewhat delicate; in every other respect, he is without exception one of the most admirable Clergymen for his years that I have known. He is very clever, very zealous, an excellent Scholar, has no discernible northern dialect or pronuntiation, for he went very young to Oxford, and in my opinion reads the Liturgy most impressively. His sermons likewise, which are of his own composition, are exceedingly good.—I therefor think it my duty to point him out to you as a man in every respect deserving of regard, so that if you have no occasion for such an Assistant you may bear him in mind, as one who might be an important acquisition to some of your Friends.—His health, I am sorry to repeat is delicate, and on this account I could not conscientiously recommend him to a situation, in which the weight of occasional duty is very great.

The Publication will contain the Sonnets you allude to; I am glad to learn that my Uncle was pleased with them. I shall give directions to Longman to furnish you with *two* Copies both of the Poem and prose, when you call or send—not that I mean you to present the prose to the Archbishop; it is a little too profane for his Grace's acceptance. The state of the public Mind is at present little adapted to relish any part of my poetical effusion on this occasion.—There is too much derangement in the taxation of the Country; too much real distress, and above all too much imaginary depression, and downright party fury. But all this I disregard as I write chiefly for Posterity.

You do not allude to the emolument of your future living which we may be permitted to advert to—nor do you mention the state of your health and that of your boys; but we augur

<sup>1</sup> C. W. had just been appointed Rector of St. Mary's, Lambeth, and also of Sundridge, Kent.

MARCH 1816

well from your silence on all these important particulars. I fear Richard has not been much benefited by his Journey as you saw him look so ill—His health is deplorably delicate.

We are sorry to learn that Dr Satterthwaite was not well; pray remember us all very affectionately to him. Poor Charles Lloyd is at length lodged in the Retreat at York, which ought to have been done long ago. We understand that he has lately been considerably worse. His boys here are all well; one or two of them dine with us, every Sunday. We are all pretty well, though at the moment I am suffering from a very severe headache. With best love from Dorothy and Mary, I remain

affectionately and faithfully  
your friend and Br

Wm Wordsworth

The Bishop of Gloucester has ordained a Son of Mr Carus Wilson rejected by the Bishop of Chester on account of heterodox opinions. I am for my own part much hurt at this proceeding of Dr Ryder, as it is notorious that the person in question is a rank Methodist—one traitorous Mind may thus inundate the whole church with its most dangerous enemies. Mr. W—preached the other day in Kendal, in a chapel which under the management of a person whom I will not name has long been a scandal to the Establishment.

*Address:* The Rev<sup>d</sup> Dr Wordsworth, Deanry, Bocking.

*MS.*            553. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

*K(—)*

4<sup>th</sup> April [1816]

My dear Friend

Believe me it is a heartfelt satisfaction for us to hear that you are so chearful and so well pleased with your new situation. That you are not oppressed by the fatigues and bustle of workmen and domestic arrangements and up-turnings is a sure proof that your health is radically amended, and that is the best news you could tell us—therefore why should I interpose my regrets that you are settled so far from us and with fresh ties to bind you to the soil? Because I cannot help it—they mingle with all



my thoughts concerning you ; for I had looked forward to your release from the house at Bury, though not as the means of establishing you near us, yet as bringing a time of liberty and free choice. It is however of no *use* to talk of this [ ? ] and as much as I can I discourage these painful feelings, and will endeavour to hope with you that being enabled to move with less difficulty and hazard will in part counteract the tendencies of your present situation to bind you down. Sara has, I believe written to you from Keswick, she said she would do so, or I should not have been so long silent. She is still there with Dorothy and though we hope their visit is almost at an end it is not possible to say when they will come home. It will be two months on Monday since they left us and they were only to stay one month at the most. But poor Sara was confined nearly that time to the house by illness, and it was impossible to leave Miss Barker's hospitable roof immediately after her recovery, and last week Dorothy had one of her coughs, which, as the weather is so dismally cold may keep them for some time longer, though she is now quite well. With the above reasons for staying so long (which could hardly be got over) a reconciling reason has combined. Dorothy has been learning from Miss Barker the notes on the Harpsichord, with a view to her going on under Miss Fletcher provided she has the inclination (which at present is strong in her) but this we are not much set upon, only it would be a pleasant thing if she could attain skill enough to amuse herself and such friends as like a little tolerable music by the fire-side. She has had a Latin master to attend her, and we hope that he has been of service in causing her to apply with more attention than she has ever done at home, and besides her Aunt Sara, having the whole of the mornings to herself, has been enabled to attend to her more steadily than it is possible to do here. We hope some good effect may have been produced ; and if she goes to school after her return she may have a master to teach her Latin—or if she does *not* go to school (for that point is not yet decided) perhaps the master might attend her from Ambleside. It is very mortifying that hitherto she should have had so little steadiness in learning ; and my belief is that if we had been less anxious about her and had taken less pains she would have done

much more for herself. It grieves me to think how the childhood of these dear children passes away and you see nothing of them. Dorothy is now in her twelfth year, and John will be thirteen years old in June. She is lively, affectionate, and quick in faculties; but is often wayward and has fits of obstinacy with pride. Vanity she has little or none, and is utterly free from envy. She is a fine-looking girl; but at times her face is very plain, at other times it is even beautiful. She is rather stout and tall, but neither in the extreme, holds her head up well, has a broad chest, and good shoulders, but walks and runs most awkwardly.

John is much improved since he went to Mr. Dawes as a boarder, and his father hopes he will be a decent scholar in time. He is a noble, ingenuous-looking boy, and is thoroughly sweet-tempered, beloved by all his schoolfellows, and respected by them for his integrity. Little Willy (I am glad to give him that title, for it makes me sad sometimes when I think how we are losing the others as children) is a very sweet and interesting child; a happy mixture of tenderness and infantine simplicity, with liveliness, ardent curiosity, and great quickness. He is backward at his books, for he has only just begun to learn at all; but he is now under a new Master, his Father's clerk, and his progress is very rapid. All at once under him he became steady, whereas his mother, his aunt Sara, and I, have all by turns undertaken him, and we could make nothing out. The lesson was the signal for yawning, and for perpetual motion in one part of the body or another. He has been perfectly well during the whole of this severe winter till Saturday, when he had the old symptoms; but we applied to medicine and a Blister immediately, and he is now quite recovered. Surely this is the longest winter or the most tardy spring that has ever been since we came into this country. It is the 4<sup>th</sup> of April and there is not beyond the fences of our gardens the faintest symptom of vegetation. The larches shew not a gleam of greenness and the fields are perfectly yellow—the gooseberry bushes are not in leaf, so that we have nothing but a few bunches of flowers to tell us that winter *should* be gone or going. The winds are dry and cold, and it is very pleasant weather for exercise for those

who are in perfect health but very bad for invalids, old people and children. All the children at Keswick have had bad colds, and Herbert has been very ill, but thank God, he is better. His Father has been in a state of miserable anxiety. William has sent to the press an ode and some sonnets and a few other poems called forth by our late victories. We hope they will be out in a few weeks. The printing might be done in a fortnight; but printers are so provokingly slow. We would gladly have had these poems out before Easter; but that is impossible. Cannot you get some friend to call at Longman's for a copy when you see that they are published? There will also be a letter (a separate publication) addressed to a Friend of Burns on the character of Burns and the misrepresentations that have been made concerning him. My brother Richard and his wife are in London. You will be sorry to hear that he is very ill. His bilious disorder has been unrelenting for some time and has produced a dimness of sight almost amounting to blindness. I trust that warm weather and a journey to Bath may restore him. The medical men say that the complaint in his eyes will go off. Christopher is going to accept the Rectories of Lambeth and Sundridge in Kent. This I am very glad of for the charge at Bocking must have been dismally melancholy to him. Sundridge is a beautiful place, with a sweet parsonage house. He says that without the comfort of that spot to retire to he could not have brought himself to consent to undertake the cares of Lambeth. You ask me if I mean to go to France this spring or Summer. I wish it very much, but William and Mary are unwilling that I should venture so soon. For my part I believe that there is nothing to fear for an obscure individual like me and I believe William would consent provided I could hear of proper Companions for the journey. I wish therefore that if you hear of anybody going who would be likely not to object to let me be of their party for the journey you would lose no time in letting me know. I do not like to put off year after year—another war would make it impossible and if I do not go when I can I think it may be out of my power to go at all, and my motives for the journey are very strong. The young person is married to Mr. Beaudouin's Brother. We have just had a letter from them both written a month after

their marriage. I believe him to be a noble minded excellent man and she seems to have well grounded hopes of happiness provided poverty can be kept out of doors; but though their present income is very well for two persons it is not enough for a family — Mr B. has a place under Government and will have, they assure us, a certain increase of income in a short time; besides C's Mother has the promise of a place for herself or one of her family in recompense for services performed by her for the royal cause, but I fear she may wait long for this, as the poor King has not the wherewithal to reward all who deserve it. In case of Mr B's death, his widow will have half the amount of his present income as a pension. Mr Eustace Baudouin is still one of the Gardes du Corps. He is much attached to his sister-in-law and has given us a very pleasing account of her. Her Mother's details of the wedding festivities would have amused you. *She* was to give the fête, she who perhaps for half a year to come will feel the effects of it at every dinner she cooks! Thirty persons were present to dinner, ball and supper. The deputies of the department and many other respectable people were there—the Bride was dressed in white Sarsenet with a white veil.—'was the admiration of all who beheld her but her modesty was her best ornament.' She kept her veil on the whole of the day—how truly French this is! Sara's desire to go to France is much abated since the removal of the pictures etc, and indeed I know not how we can afford the expense of both going this year and I should be very unwilling if I could hear of companions to put off either for the sake of better times or for the insecure promise of the company of any friends, great as would be the comfort of having an English friend with me at Paris. Should I go to France this summer, I should also have the happiness of seeing you, for I could not be so near you without it; but unless this should be I cannot look forward to visiting you *this year*. We have got the Ivy cottage for Tillbrooke and he talks of being there in June. It is the very place for him with his social dispositions, and it will be very pleasant to have him so near us in the summer months. Your sister will probably be with you when you receive this. Give my kind love to her. I hope the affairs of the nation are not in quite so bad a case as

APRIL 1816

most people seem to fear. Nothing but Ruin was talked of after the American war—to have a change of Ministry, that I am sure would do nothing for us. These Ministers are more likely to act honestly than the prating Opposition and I hope they will be frightened into more efforts towards economy; but what an immense Royal Family have we to maintain and the Princess of Wales spending her money abroad! but Buonaparte is most galling of all. The very names of humanity and magnanimity make one sick. The Relief given to the farmers we hope will be felt to be very great. The Malt tax thrown off is a great gain.

My dearest Friend do write to us soon again, we are always delighted with the sight of a letter from you when it brings good news, and deeply interested whatever be its contents. I wonder why I could rest without having written to you long ago. William's Ode is entitled a Thanksgiving ode composed on the morning of the gen'l Thanksgiving. You will see in the advertisement and postscript to William's poems part of what he has to say on the present state of affairs. Mary is well but has a bad appetite and is thin. I am very strong and well. I walked to Keswick a month ago without the least fatigue.

Believe me evermore

Your affect:

D W——

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, near Ipswich.

*MS.*

*554. W. W. to R. P. Gillies*

*Gillies(—)*

*K(—)*

Rydale Mount, April 9, 1816.

My dear Sir,

Your obliging Present reached me yesterday, several Hours before the Post brought me your letter. I read the volume through immediately, and paid particular attention to the parts that were new to me. I need not say, that I found much that gave me considerable pleasure; nevertheless, as your Preface encourages me to speak with sincerity, I shall act unjustly both to you and myself, if I do not frankly state to you that these Compositions, while they possess the same beauties as those

which I have formerly seen of yours, labour also under the same defects in full as great a degree. Your mind does not look sufficiently out of itself, and it is impossible that you should do justice to your Genus, till you have acquired more command over the current of your somewhat morbid sensibilities. I trust that you will not be hurt at my speaking thus without reserve; what would it avail to be insincere? Besides, you are thoroughly aware of your own infirmity, and what I say, if objectionable, must mainly be so on account of being superfluous. Your Friends will value this little Volume; I assure you that I value it much, and should prize it still more, were I assured that it would not be given to the Public to be trampled under foot by every bestial hoof that it may happen to encounter; I mean to express a wish that its circulation should be confined to those who being capable of feeling its merits will also understand the true quality of its imperfections. As I have before said, the constitutional disease of your Poems is want of variety. I find, therefore, some difficulty in pointing out which has most pleased, or displeased me. Of the Tales, I shall not repeat what I wrote heretofore; the same praise and censure apply to the new, which I presumed to give to the old. The sonnets are more or less agreeable, separately considered; but they stand in each other's way from not being sufficiently diversified. I think I was most pleased with the 27<sup>th</sup>, but I could easily point out many that I liked. Nevertheless, as a friend and a Critic, I recommend that the work should not be published; though I shall not be in the slightest degree hurt on my own account, as to the point of self-love, if yourself and your other friends should think otherwise.

I am glad to hear so good an account of Mr. Wilson's Poem;<sup>1</sup> it has not yet found its way to us; nor have I heard of it, except from a Lady, a neighbour of ours, now in Edinburgh, who wrote to her Husband that she has been delighted with it. But Mr. W knows that Ladies for the most part are very sorry Critics, and the person in question is, perhaps, not an exception, though I have no doubt that in this case she is in the right, knowing Mr. Wilson's genius; and hearing from you that he has done so well. Mr. De Quincey has taken a fit of Solitude; I have scarcely

<sup>1</sup> *The City of the Plague*, a dramatic piece in three Acts, 1816.

seen him since Mr. Wilson left us. You are very obliging in having taken so much trouble about so slight a thing as the Sonnet<sup>1</sup> of mine you sent me. It is not worth while to tell you by what circuitous channel it found its way into the Examiner, a journal which I never see, though I have great respect for the *Talents* of its Editor.<sup>2</sup> In the Champion, another weekly journal, have appeared not long since five sonnets of mine, all of them much superior to the one you have sent me. They will form part of a Publication which I sent to the Press three weeks ago, which you have been given to understand was a long work; but it is in fact *very short*, not more than 700 verses, altogether. The principal poem is 300 Lines long, a Thanksgiving Ode, and the others refer almost exclusively to recent public events. The whole may be regarded as a *Sequel* to the Sonnets dedicated to Liberty, and accordingly I have given directions for its being printed uniform with my Poems, to admit of being bound up along with them. I have also sent to press a Letter in Prose, occasioned by an intended Republication of Dr. Currie's Life of Burns. I ought to tell you that the Sonnet you have sent me is thus corrected.

For me *who under kinder laws belong*  
*To Nature's tuneful quire*, this rustling etc  
 Mid frost and snow *the instinctive* joys of song  
 And nobler cares etc.

When these little things will be permitted to see the light, I know not; as my Publisher has not even condescended to acknowledge the Receipt of the MSS, which were sent three weeks ago; from this you may judge of the Value which the Goods of the author of the Excursion at present bear in the estimation of the Trader. N'importe, if we have done well we shall not miss our reward; farewell, yours faithfully

W Wordsworth.

I shall send you my little Publications as soon as they come out. Mrs W.'s best regards. Miss H. is at present at Keswick. I have been for some time wholly unemployed, so that your kind scruples were needless.

*Address*: R. P. Gallies Esq, King Street, Edinburgh.

<sup>1</sup> No. XIII, Oxf. W., p. 263.

<sup>2</sup> Leigh Hunt.

APRIL 1816

MS.

555. W. W. to R. P. Gillies

Gillies(—), K(—)

Rydale Mount April 15<sup>th</sup> [1816]

My dear Sir,

You will excuse my acknowledging your kind attentions so early; but really I am afraid of my own habits of procrastination, and should I not write now, I might put off the act till having become disagreeable in thought by reminding me of my own infirmities, it might be performed so late as to rob it of every grace and all merit.—The last Post but one brought me your Letter; and this morning's coach the little tract containing Sir E. B's Essay.<sup>1</sup>—First let me correct a mistake Mr. Wilson has led you into; I never saw Sir E— *but once*; it was at dinner but in so large a Party that I had scarcely any conversation with him; and to the best of my recollection, he said little. He seemed a Person of very mild and pleasing manners, but with something of that feebleness in his tout ensemble which I cannot but think is diffused through such of his writings as I have seen. Nor does the present Essay constitute, to me an exception, though it becomes me, in some respects, to approve of it, as no small portion of the sentiments it contains, have already been publicly expressed by me, in the preface to the L.B, and in the supplementary Essay to my last two Vols. It is plain that Sir E— cannot have read them, or he would not have so formally quoted a publication from Mr Leigh Hunt, of yesterday,<sup>2</sup> for a sentiment which I announced 15 years ago, and took some pains to enforce and illustrate, as being the fundamental principle of my own style. I should have no right to tax Sir E. with any blame on this account, if he had not more than once alluded to me, as one of whose writings he was not ignorant. Even in this Essay my name is *Mobbed* with the 'chief of the present day', most of whom Posterity will know just as much about, as we do about the Restituta of your worthy Friend. The fault of the Essay in question is, not that the opinions are in general

<sup>1</sup> I have not traced Sir E. B.'s *Essay*, but in 1815 he had written and dedicated to Wrangham a little volume, chiefly devoted to literary criticism, entitled *Desultoria*, which expresses an attitude to poetry identical with that here attributed to him.

<sup>2</sup> *The Feast of the Poets*, 1814, 2nd ed. 1815.



erroneous; but they are brought forward in a loose straggling manner; there is no necessary succession in the thoughts, no developement from a seminal principle.—Sir E. is quite correct in stating that no Poetry can be good without animation. But when he adds, ‘that the position will almost exclude whatever is very highly and artificially laboured, for great artifice must destroy animation,’ he thinks laxly, and uses words inconsiderately.—Substitute for the word ‘artificially’ the word, ‘artfully’, and you will at once see that nothing can be more erroneous than the assertion. The word, ‘artificially’ begs the question,\* because that word is always employed in an unfavourable sense. Gray failed as a Poet, not because he took too much pains, and so extinguished his animation; but because he had little of that fiery quality to begin with; and his pains were of the wrong sort. He wrote English Verses, as he and other Eton school-Boys wrote Latin; filching a phrase now from one author, and now from another. I do not profess to be a person of very various reading; nevertheless if I were to pluck out of Grays tail all the feathers which, I know, belong to other Birds he would be left very bare indeed. Do not let any Body persuade you that any quantity of good verses can ever be produced by mere felicity; or that an immortal *style* can be the growth of mere Genius—*Multa tulit fecitque*, must be the motto of all those who are to last. There are Poems now existing which all the World ran after at their first appearance (and it will continue to run after their like) that do not deserve to be thought of as *literary* Works—every thing in them being skin deep merely, as to thought and [feeling,]<sup>1</sup> the juncture or suture of the composition not [a jot] more cunning or more fitted for endurance than the first fastening together of fig-leaves in Paradise. But, I need not press upon you the necessity of Labour, as you have avowed your convictions on this subject. I assure you that if I had not had a very high opinion both of your heart and head, I should not have ventured to dissuade you from Publishing at a time when I was

\* There is the same fault in the use of the word ‘apes’ in what is said upon imitation. Studious imitators are not in general affected; but I have not room for my thoughts. (W. W.)

<sup>1</sup> Words torn off by seal, supplied from Gillies

APRIL 1816

upon the point of committing the act myself. I felt that my situation would have been very awkward, had I acted in that manner towards a Person less deserving than yourself. I shall give you my opinion of your Mss. with the same freedom which I have hitherto used, if you should resolve upon sending it. Pray remember me to the Wilsons most kindly—When does Mr W. return to Westmorland? I have not yet seen his *City of the Plague*; the more the pity for I quarrel with the title, it not being English and being unintelligible. The English phrase is, the City *in* the Plague; if the subject be a City suffering under the Plague. Tell Mr W— this from me, and repeating to him the two following quotations;

But whate'er enjoyments dwell  
In the *impenetrable* cell  
Of the silent heart which Nature  
Furnishes for *every* Creature.

and this—

Cockadoodle doo  
My dame has lost her Shoe  
My master's lost his Fiddlestick  
And knows not what to do!—

Mr W. will be able to solve these Ænigmas!

farewell with great regard and esteem

yours W. Wordsworth

P.S. I will take care to return your Restituta by the first opportunity, that will convey it free of expense.

Address: R. P. Gilhes Esq<sup>re</sup>, King Street, Edinburgh.

MS.

556. W. W. to John Scott

K.

Rydal Mount, Thursday, April 18<sup>th</sup>, 1816.

My dear Sir,

I deferred answering your last melancholy Letter in the hope that I might be able to announce the arrival of your Mss. by this morning's Coach: but I am disappointed; some delay must either have occurred, or it has not suited you to send off the Parcel on Monday. The best conveyance is by the Manchester Mail, Swan

APRIL 1816

with two necks—but I am under no apprehension of your Packet being lost, even if it has been detained on the road. A few days ago I received a Parcel which was six days travelling hither; though two and a quarter is the regular time; a Parcel by the Manchester Mail, would have been at Kendal yesterday, and I should have received it this morning at Breakfast.

With very deep concern did I read your account of Mrs Scott's deplorable situation; and you may judge of my sympathy when I assure you that I should have been much, very much hurt, if it had come to my knowledge from other quarters that you had concealed from me these anxieties, and distresses, or even if you had restricted yourself to a bare mention of them. I know not in what situation this Letter may find you; but if your prospects have brightened, which I pray God they may have done, it will not be indifferent to you to be told that these lines are traced by the hand of one who will rejoice in your joy; and if sorrow is to be your portion, be assured that under this roof there is more than one heart that will feel for you in a degree which is rare, where personal intercourse unfortunately has been so inconsiderable. Being aware how much at all times you are engaged, I scarcely looked for a reply to any part of my Letters except the mere matters of fact. I shall value as a proof of your esteem what you purpose to write on your Opposition bias; but do not for a moment suppose that I regarded anything of that sort as necessary.

There is such a striking coincidence between your opinions and mine, as to all the fundamentals of politics and morals, that I do not think it possible that there can really be much difference between us upon the point of the merits of the opposition. The Nation is interested in this question under two points of view. How are they likely to demean themselves while *out* of place; and what good would they do if *in*? For my own part, supposing the latter event to happen, which I do not think by any means to be desired, I own that my chief reliance would be, not upon their wisdom, but on the salutary restraint which a change of situation would impose upon their opinions, and in the favorable alteration which would be wrought in their passions by the kindly moulding of new circumstances. If one

did not depend upon these influences ; who could think without trembling of men like Sir Samuel Romilly and Lord Holland having important offices in the Government of this Country ? The partialities of these individuals, from different causes and in different ways are both *foreign*: the one would play the coxcomb with the laws, and what would become of the morals, the manners and the religious sentiments of the country if Lord H. and his compeers had the remodelling of them. Suppose the opposition as a body, or take them in classes, the Grenvilles, the Wellesleys, the Foxites, the Burdettites, and let your imagination carry them in procession through Westminster Hall, and thence let them pass into the adjoining Abbey, and give them credit for feeling the utmost and best that they are capable of feeling in connection with these venerable and sacred places, and say frankly whether you would be at all satisfied with the result. Imagine them to be looking from a green hill over a rich landscape diversified with Spires and Church Towers and hamlets, and all the happy images of English landscape, would their sensations come much nearer to what one would desire, in a word have [they] becoming reverence of the English character, and do they value as they ought, and even as their opponents do, the constitution of the country, in *Church* and State. In fact, is there a man of the old opposition, I mean a man that puts himself forward, who is capable of looking at the subject of Religion with the eyes which an english Politician ought to possess ? But I must stop. Let me only say one word upon Lord B. The man is insane ; and will probably end his career in a mad-house. I never thought him anything else since his first appearance in public. The verses on his private affairs excite in me less indignation than pity. The latter copy is the Billingsgate of Bedlam.—Your Correspondent A. S. has written, begging his pardon, a very foolish Letter upon the Verses that appeared in the Chronicle—I have not seen them, but I have no doubt that what he praises so highly is contemptible as a work of Art, like the Ode to the Emperor Nap.—You yourself, appear to me to labour under some delusion as to the merits of Lord B's Poetry, and treat those wretched verses, The farewell, with far too much respect. They are disgusting in sentiment, and in execution

APRIL 1816

contemptible. 'Though my many faults deface me' etc. Can worse doggerel be written than such a stanza? One verse is commendable, 'All my madness none can know', 'Sine dementia nullus Phœbus'; but what a difference between the amabilis insania of inspiration, and the fiend-like exasperation of these wretched productions. It avails nothing to attempt to heap up indignation upon the heads of those whose talents are extolled in the same breath. The true way of dealing with these men is to shew that they want genuine power. That talents they have, but that these talents are of a *mean* order; and that their productions have no solid basis to rest upon. Allow them to be men of high genius, and they have gained their point and will go on triumphing in their iniquity; demonstrate them to be what in truth they are, in all essentials, Dunces, and I will not say that you will reform them; but by abating their pride you will strip their wickedness of the principal charm in their own eyes. I have read your late Champions with much pleasure. I cannot conclude without mentioning that my friend Southey yesterday lost his only son, a most promising child, nine years of age. This is a great trouble to us all; the poor Father supporting himself with admirable fortitude. Mrs. W. is very thankful for your kind remembrance of her; and joins me in best wishes and prayers for the restoration of Mrs. Scott.

Affectionately yours,

W. Wordsworth.

*Address:* John Scott Esq<sup>r</sup>e, 14 Park Place, Upper Baker St.,  
London.

*MS.*                    557. *W. W. to Robert Southey*

*K(—)*

Friday [April 19, 1816]

Rydal Mount

My dear Friend,

Miss H informs us that both you and Mrs Southey support yourself under your loss with admirable fortitude.<sup>1</sup> I need not say what a consolation it is to me to learn this. You will indeed stand in need of resignation and patience and all the passive

<sup>1</sup> Southey's son Herbert died on April 17, 1816

APRIL 1816

virtues; and these will not desert you because in your mind they will be supported by faith and hope, without whose assistance I think it utterly impossible for a good man of tender heart to bear up under an affliction as heavy as yours.

Whether I look back or forward I sorrow for you, but I doubt not that in time your retrospective thoughts will be converted into sweet though sad pleasures; and as to your prospective regards in connection with this dear Child, as they will never stop short of another and a more stable world, before them your disappointments will melt away; but they will make themselves felt as they ought to do, since it will be for a salutary purpose. I will come over to see you as soon as you desire it: or if you prefer that mode of meeting we should be thankful to see you here. An opportunity would offer when the Children return—They are well and apparently happy.

In the meantime accept the heartfelt condolence of my wife my Sister myself and my little Boy, whose thoughts have often been painfully busy upon this sad occasion.

Farewell—and the God of Mercy and love sustain you and your partner

Most faithfully and affectionately  
Your friend and fellow sufferer  
Wm Wordsworth.

MS                      557a. *W. W to Basil Montagu*

Rydal Mount, April 29<sup>th</sup> 1816

My dear Montagu,

Your account of the state of my Brother Richard's health has affected and distressed us much; we have, however, a heartfelt consolation in the knowledge, that he is in such good hands; and feel most grateful to yourself and Mrs. Montagu for the kind care you have taken of him; and for the opportunity which the accommodation of your airy<sup>1</sup> house will have afforded him to rally; if it should please God that he recover. Say to him, from his sister and myself, everything that is affectionate and tender; poor Fellow, he has had many a long and weary fit of sickness

<sup>1</sup> MS. aery.

APRIL 1816

from which he has recovered so far as to enjoy a comfortable existence; and we would gladly encourage a hope that the like may recur; but your letter scarcely allows us to do so.—As to the state of his affairs, there is much reason to regret that he has not made a will, and appointed Guardians for his Child,—especially considering the situation of life from which his wife was taken, and the great probability of her returning by a second marriage into that class. She is, I believe, a very good affectionate Creature, but neither she nor any of her Relations can be deemed proper Persons to superintend the education of his Boy. I am much concerned at this; and do think that if it be possible he should make arrangements for this particular, and for the management of his Property during the long minority of his son.

As to his sister's affairs and mine, in connexion with Rich<sup>d</sup> we have no security but a bond for three thousand pound, which perhaps will be some hundred pounds less than the sum owing us.—But this is uncertain.

I leave it to Christopher and you, to do whatever shall seem best, under these melancholy circumstances.—If Christ<sup>r</sup> had not been in town, I should have gone up immediately—as it is, there seems to be no necessity for it.

With most grateful acknowledgement I remain, my dear Montagu

faithfully yours  
Wm. Wordsworth

Is Dr. Lawson in town, and what is he about?

*Address:* Basil Montagu Esq<sup>r</sup>, Lincoln's Inn, London.

K.                    558. *W. W. to Basil Montagu*

Kendal, May 3<sup>d</sup> Friday morning [1816]<sup>1</sup>

My dear Montagu,

You will be perplexed by receiving three letters from me. One was sent from Rydal yesterday, another in the shape of a parcel this morning from Kendal, under an expectation, which I find

<sup>1</sup> The year is fixed by W.'s statement that D. was 44 years of age. On May 3, 1816, she would be 44, and 4 months. K. dates the letter 1815, but W. was in London on May 3 of that year.

MAY 1816

is erroneous, that it would be delivered to you on Sunday. Since that letter was written I have consulted an intelligent attorney here, and from him I learn that the bond will be of no use to me for either principal or interest (without an expensive process in chancery), till Richard's son is of age, if Richard die without a will providing for the payment. I therefore beg you, as a friend and a man of business acting as my *representative*, to state to my brother that, under the present circumstances, it is my duty to enforce upon him the necessity of making and executing a will by which his estates shall be charged with the payment, within a year after his decease, of whatever sum shall be found due from him to his sister and myself, from the estate of our father, or otherwise. I sincerely beg of you to see that this is done immediately. My brother and I examined the accounts together, and agreed upon everything relating to this, according to the memorandum attached to this, so that there can be no difficulty on this part of the subject. I shall be most anxious till I hear from you that this is done; for do think of my poor sister's situation at present, forty-four years of age, and without the command of either principal or interest of her little property, in case Richard has not provided otherwise. I will now repeat my thanks for your goodness to Richard. You hint that a sale should have been made. It seems as if there was reason to apprehend that dilatoriness may still interfere. Surely Richard will be sensible of what he owes to his own family, and to his father's. Farewell,

Affectionately yours,  
W. Wordsworth.

*MS.*

559. *W. W. to C. W.*

Kendal Friday May 3<sup>d</sup>  
1816

My dear Brother,

In consequence of the distressing accounts which I received from Montagu of the state of our Br Rd's health, I proceeded thus far on my way towards London; but I have been stopped by a Letter received this morning from M— mentioning that



Rd is considerably better; and that hopes are now entertained of his recovery which did not before exist. M— tells me also that he has made but not *executed* his will—on the subject of Rd's Will I wrote you some time ago, addressing as I am obliged now to do to Mr Manners Sutton; and I am very much concerned that we have received no Letter from you, letting us know whether you have seen Richd, how he is, etc—

I am now going to beg of you to undertake a service for my Sister and myself, which when I have stated to you, I am sure, you will feel to be a sacred duty of Conscience to perform for us. I did not know till within this hour, that the bond for £3000 which Richd has given me for the debt due to us, on account of my father's Estate and otherwise, would be of no use, for putting us in possession of either principal or interest, due thereon, till Richd's Son now a year old become of age, unless Richd make a will by which his Estates are especially charged with the payment of this debt in particular, or all his just debts in general; and Trustees appointed with power to sell or mortgage for this purpose; or unless he leaves personal Property to cover this and all his other debts. Now as Rd has lately made large purchases in Land, I apprehend that he has not personal effects to cover his debts; and on this account I beg of you as a Brother and a[s] a Friend; and for your Sister's sake, every farthing of whose property is in Richard's hands, to urge Richd to execute his will; he having taken care, therein, to charge his trustees to pay this debt if required, within a year after his demise; I mean, whatever may be found justly due to our Sister and myself. I have written to Montagu to the same effect; I beg most earnestly, my dear Brother, that you would confer with him on the subject, and together take such measures, as will place our minds at ease upon this most anxious and painful subject. It would little become me to doubt, but that the will made by Richd has provided for this and every other just demand; but this Will may not yet be executed, and it is reasonable that we should be tranquillized by an assurance from himself that justice has been done. I do not write to himself, because I would not abruptly break in upon him knowing how ill he has been and still may be.

So much have I this matter at heart, especially on Dorothy's

MAY 1816

account, that I should have proceeded to London, notwithstanding this favorable account; had I not had the fullest confidence, that yourself and Montagu will represent me, and act as earnestly and zealously as I could have done myself. To leave home would cost me much at present, for I am in much anxiety about my son Wm, who has been ill; and looks very poorly—our Sister Dorothy also has had a severe attack with cold and fever—and really the expense of travelling is what I can little afford. Besides, Richd might deem that it implied a suspicion of his disregarding his duty, if nothing less than a journey to London would satisfy me that he had done right.

In my former Letter I stated urgent reasons why Richd ought to make a will, drawn entirely from considerations respecting his own family; for at that time I supposed that this Bond would enable us to touch both principal and interest; in which opinion, it appears that I was lamentably mistaken.

I know not what is become of my little Publications. I hear nothing of them; they ought to have been out many weeks ago—most affectionately your friend and Brother

W Wordsworth

*Address:* To The Rev<sup>d</sup> Dr Wordsworth.

K(—)

560. W. W. to John Scott

May 14, [1816.]

My dear Sir,

. . . Some years ago I wrote at length upon the subject of the military and civil character to Colonel Pasley,<sup>1</sup> author of the *Essay on the Military Policy of this Island*. . . *Scientific* military establishments, upon a scale proportioned to the necessary size of our army, are, I think, indispensable in the present state of Europe. To say nothing of the plea of humanity, nothing of national reputation for military efficiency, the state of the *finances* of the country will not allow us time, in a future war, if one should break out, to re-acquire the degree of military skill which can alone ensure success, if we should suffer our present knowledge to languish for want of due care in keeping it up.

<sup>1</sup> *v.* letter 431.

MAY 1816

Poverty would compel us to give in long before we had accomplished anything important for the relief of the party whose interest we had espoused. Unquestionably, if the inevitable consequence of keeping up those institutions is to be the impairing of our civil energy, let them perish. But I cannot see that this need follow.

MS.

561. W. W. to C. W.

Thursday May 23<sup>d</sup> 1816

My dear Brother,

My previous Letters would inform you that we were prepared for the Contents of yours of Monday. As there was no hope of recovery we derived satisfaction from learning that our poor Brother had not lingered long<sup>1</sup>—We condole with you most affectionately on the loss which our Family has sustained; and join in your prayer that God may give us grace to profit by this awful event.—

Richard has acted judiciously in appointing yourself and me joint Guardians with his Widow, for his son—and I am pleased to hear that it is believed that the execution of the Trust will not be attended with much difficulty—For my own part, I cannot but apprehend that it may be attended with *unsatisfactory* circumstances; knowing how little our Brother has looked into his affairs for these several years past, and that he must have had long-pending accounts, both with Lord Abergavenny and Mr Addison, and perhaps with several others. I wish from my heart that the arrangements made by him may be found equal to the paying of all his debts—for I cannot but think that for some time past his estate must have been rapidly diminishing; owing to two acts of imprudence; the 1st, making such considerable purchases of Land, and the 2nd, his taking the management into his own hands—It is clear that his Lands cannot be reconverted into money without great Loss; and not less clear, that his management cannot have been productive, but much the contrary—It is useless, however, to trouble you with these suggestions and conjectures, as an inspection of his affairs will, I hope, soon shew us the real state of the case——

<sup>1</sup> R. W. died on May 19.

MAY 1816

We have much satisfaction in learning where our dear Brother is to be buried—Say to Mrs Wordsworth, that unless I learn that it is proper I should come to London, I will meet her at Sockbridge as soon after her arrival there as she desires; and I will thank you to let me know her wishes upon this subject.—I shall write to Mr Hutton to day; and if I learn from him that my presence will be useful at Sockbridge, I shall go thither immediately.

I cannot but think with you, that it is probable my<sup>1</sup> presence will be of more service in the North than in London—

The Stamp office will require my presence from about the 15<sup>th</sup> till the 20<sup>th</sup> of July, till then, I should be at liberty to attend to any important business; if all continue well at home—

We have felt much for you my dear Brother on this melancholy occasion; and I have often regretted that I did not proceed to London, when I was at Kendal on my way thither. But the favourable accounts seemed to render it unnecessary; and I am so anxious when from home least any evil should befall my family, that I do not like to face the notion of being long absent, except when necessary.

most faithfully yours with best love

W Wordsworth

Dorothy is pretty well.

Sir George and Lady Beaumont have expressed to us a hope that you will call on them. We shall inform them how, and how much you have been engaged.—

It would be highly gratifying to me if you could find a moment to call on Lord Lonsdale—in Charles Street; he has been always so very kind to me.

*Address:* To The Rev<sup>d</sup> Dr Wordsworth, Rectory, Lambeth.

*MS.*            562. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

*K(—)*

Sunday May 26. [1816.]

My dear Friend,

Before this reaches you, you will have been informed by the newspapers of the death of our poor brother Richard, and for

<sup>1</sup> *written* probably

our sakes I am sure you have been affected by it though you did not know him personally. He left Sockbridge with his Wife in February, in a bad state of health, to transact business in London and at the same time to procure medical advice. We were not particularly apprehensive of danger as he had been so frequently ill for a great length of time though we heard that he did not cast off his malady;—but at the last Basil Montagu, seeing him grow worse and worse in confined lodgings, prevailed upon him to remove to his house—There he was very ill—and William set forward intending to go to London; but at Kendal he found a letter telling us that he was very much better; and for more than a week we had accounts of his convalescence. He was then with Christopher at Lambeth. Last Saturday but one again he worsened. On the Wednesday an abscess burst on the Liver; and from that time, poor Fellow! he struggled—not I trust in great pain—until Sunday morning the 19<sup>th</sup> when he expired, nature being quite exhausted. His sickness and the anxiety attending upon it latterly affected us very much, the contemplation of the death of a *Brother* was solemn and distressing—and when all was over we felt it deeply, though we were very thankful when God had taken him from his sufferings—and heartily do we join in Christopher's prayer that God may give us grace to profit by the awful event. We have seen very little of Richard for many years therefore as a companion his loss will not be great; but when we did meet he was always amiable and affectionate; and there has been in all our connections with him a perfect harmony. It is a great comfort to us that he died in the house of his Brother and that his body rests where Christopher may probably also spend his latter days. He was to be buried in the Church at Lambeth on Friday. He made his will about three weeks before his death, and has appointed William and Christopher joint guardians to his Son and executors with his Wife. There is also another Executor, Mr Thomas Hutton of Penrith. We have reason to believe that the Will is a just one. I must add, which will give you pleasure, that my poor Brother's wife has been a faithful and affectionate nurse to him. She is almost worn out, as Christopher says, with fatigue and watching. Poor thing! she means to return to Sockbridge as soon as

possible. We are very much indebted to Montagu for his kind exertions. Now my dear Friend I must turn to a subject which has been much upon our minds lately. Only I had not the heart to write to you while we were so anxious about Richard, and I am afraid you may have thought us careless or unkind. Sara promised me over and over again that she would write—and she much wished it—but you know she is idle—and I dare say persuaded herself every post day that we should hear from you,—as indeed I thought we should—respecting the Riots in Suffolk and the degree of apprehension you might entertain for the property of your Brothers and other Friends—that was the reason of our particular wish to hear from you. I trust that you, being out of the circuit of the Riots, are safe, and surely the Poor could not by any possible means take the fancy that Mr *Clarkson* was their enemy! but you cannot help having great anxiety and distress for others. Pray tell us how you feel—and what you fear or have feared—perhaps the newspapers exaggerate the mischief, but at best it must be very great. In this part of England we are happy—no public disasters seem to touch us. Labourers find the benefit of the cheapness of corn; and their wages are not much reduced; so that except from those who have property we have little or nothing of complaints—and they are only suffering under an evil which they can well bear, and which will certainly pass away. You sympathized in poor Southey's distress I am sure. His loss is indeed irreparable; for it was impossible for any child more completely to satisfy the wishes of a father. Herbert was in all pursuits likely to have grown up the Companion and Friend of his Father—at nine years of age he had in study the eagerness of a fellow student, while he was as fond of play as an ordinary child—and his Father in his half-hours of relaxation made himself his playmate. Southey, you know, has uncommon self-command, and after the child was buried he addressed himself to his labours as before, and so has continued to do, but all agree that he is an altered man.—His buoyant spirits I fear will never return and it will be very long before he regains his cheerfulness. Mrs Southey supported herself wonderfully at first but she is in great dejection, and I fear that it will long continue. She is not of that

MAY 1816

turn of mind which makes her, under less afflictions than this, struggle through and bear up. Therefore how can we hope that she will speedily overcome this heavy sorrow? Poor Sara had the melancholy lot of being at Keswick during the whole of Herbert's sickness—she could not bear to leave them till all was over. Dorothy was with her and on the day of the child's death she came home with Edith and Sara Coleridge, who stayed a week. Sara H brought with her a cough, the remains of her illness, and for some time she looked very ill; but she is now much better, and she has got her pony from Wales which will I hope set her completely strong again. Sara Coleridge is much improved in health and strength and is much grown. She is a delightful scholar, having so much pleasure in learning. I know no greater pleasure than to instruct a girl who is so eager in the pursuit of knowledge as she is—often do we wish that Dorothy was like her in this respect—*half* like her would do very well, for with all Dorothy's idleness there are many parts of her character which are much more interesting than corresponding ones in Sara, therefore, as good and evil are always mixed up together, we should be very contented with a moderate share of industry, her talents being quite enough. But I am perhaps misleading you. I have no fault to find with Sara in anything—but yet there is a something which made me make the observation—a want of power to interest you,—not from anything positively amiss, but she wants the wild graces of nature. Edith is a delightful girl—scholar good enough, and to me very engaging. I hope you got my Brother's Odes, and the letter on Burns. All are gone to Church but me, and I expect them home every moment. Wilham and Mary are well; but Mary has had a bad appetite and looks very thin. I hope we shall hear from you immediately. May God bless you, my dearest Friend, Believe me

Ever faithfully yours,

D Wordsworth.

Herbert Southey died of an inflammation on the heart. I wish we could hear of Mrs Luff. All join with me in kind love and in begging that you will write.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, near Ipswich.

JUNE 1816

K.

563. *W. W. to John Scott*

Rydal Mount, Tuesday, June 11, [1816.]

My dear Sir,

I am only just returned after more than a week's absence upon painful and anxious business, which has devolved upon me as trustee under the will of my eldest brother, recently deceased. He has left an only child, a boy sixteen months old, and a widow not twenty-seven years, and though his property is considerable, yet the affairs are in an intricate and perplexed situation, so that much of my time and more of my thoughts will in future be taken up by them; and I need scarcely say to you that I am wholly inexperienced in things of this kind. But to return to your situation and prospects. My best wishes will follow you to the Continent, and I shall be anxious to hear that your hopes keep their ground and strength from the influence of a milder climate. I have no doubt that the world will be benefited by your observations abroad; yet in a public point of view I cannot but regret your departure from your own country. It would give me pleasure could I say that I have any acquaintances in the literary world, through whom I could hope to aid you in disposing of *The Champion*. It will be very difficult, I fear impossible, to place the work in such hands as would support its present reputation, after you have resigned the management of it; and therefore I cannot but think you judge well and prudently in being desirous to *sell* the property, rather than entrust it to an editor or partner during your absence. But I have not a single acquaintance except Southey, to whom it would be advisable even to make known your intentions; for there is a disadvantage, as well as an advantage, in publicity upon occasions of this sort. . . . The queries you put to me upon the connection between genius and irregularity of conduct may probably induce me to take up the subject again, and yet it scarcely seems necessary. No man can claim indulgence for his transgressions on the score of his sensibilities, but at the expense of his credit for intellectual powers. All men of *first* rate genius have been as distinguished for dignity, beauty, and propriety of moral conduct. But we often find the faculties and qualities of the



mind not well balanced; something of prime importance is left short, and hence confusion and disorder. On the one hand it is well that dunces should not arrogate to themselves a pharisaical superiority, because they avoid the vices and faults which they see men of talent fall into. They should not be permitted to believe that they have more understanding merely on that account, but should be taught that they are preserved probably by having less feeling, and being consequently less liable to temptation. On the other hand, the man of genius ought to know that the cause of his vices is, in fact, his deficiencies, and not, as he fondly imagines, his superfluities and superiorities. All men ought to be judged with charity and forbearance after death has put it out of their power to explain the motives of their actions, and especially men of acute sensibility and lively passions. This was the scope of my letter to Mr. Gray.<sup>1</sup> Burns has been cruelly used, both dead and alive. The treatment which Butler and others have experienced has been renewed in him. He asked for bread—no, he did not *ask* it, he endured the want of it with silent fortitude—and ye gave him a stone.<sup>2</sup> It is worse than ridiculous to see the people of Dumfries coming forward with their pompous mausoleum, they who persecuted and reviled him with such low-minded malignity. Burns might have said to that town when he was dying, ‘Ingrata—non possidebis ossa mea!’<sup>3</sup> On this and a thousand other accounts his monument ought to have been placed in or near to Edinburgh; ‘stately Edinburgh throned on crags.’<sup>4</sup> How well would such an edifice have accorded with the pastoral imagery near St. Anthony’s

<sup>1</sup> *A Letter to a Friend of Robert Burns* (1816).

<sup>2</sup> v. *On the setting up Mr. Butler’s Monument in Westminster Abbey*, by S. Wesley.

While Butler, needy Wretch! was yet alive,  
No gen’rous Patron would a Dinner give.  
See him, when starv’d to Death and turn’d to Dust,  
Presented with a Monumental Bust!  
The Poet’s Fate is here in Emblem shown;  
He ask’d for Bread, and he receiv’d a Stone.

<sup>3</sup> Scipio Africanus (234–183 B C) ordered these words to be carved on his tomb in Campania; and Luis de Camoens, the Portuguese poet, on leaving his native country, is credited with having said, ‘Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea’.—K.

<sup>4</sup> *Excursion*, iv. 913.

Well and under Arthur's Seat, while the metropolis of his native country,—to which his writings have done so great honour—with its murmuring sounds, was in distinct hearing! . . .

I must not conclude without a word upon politics. . . . I will not at present recur to our military disagreement, further than to repeat the expression of my own belief, that no danger to the civil liberties of the country—in the present state of public information, and with our present means of circulating truth—is to be apprehended from such scientific military establishments as appear to be eligible. And surely you will allow that martial qualities are the natural efflorescence of a healthy state of society. All great politicians seem to have been of this opinion; in modern times Machiavel, Lord Brooke, Sir Philip Sydney, Lord Bacon, Harrington, and lastly Milton, whose tractate of education never loses sight of the means of making man perfect, both for contemplation and action, for civil and military duties. But you are persuaded that if you take care of our civil privileges, they will generate all that can be needed of warlike excellence; and here only we differ. My opinion is that much of immediate fitness for warlike exploit may co-exist with a perfect security of our rights as citizens. Nay, I will go farther, and affirm that tendencies to degradation in our national chivalry may be counteracted by the existence of those capabilities for war in time of peace. But this point I do not wish to press. War we shall have, and I fear shortly—and alas! we are little fit to undertake it. At present there is nothing relating to politics, on which I should so much like to converse with you, as the conduct which it is desirable that the king of France should pursue. The French nation is less fitted than any other to be governed by moderation. Nothing but heat and passion will have any sway with them. Things must pass with them, as they did with us, in the first and second Charles's time, from one extreme to the other. Something to this effect is thrown out in a late number of *The Courner*; and I confess I have myself been long of that opinion. The reforming Royalists in Charles the First's time vanished before the Presbyterians, they before the Independents, they before the Army, and the Army before Cromwell; then things ran to the opposite extreme, with a force not to be resisted.

JUNE 1816

Louis the Eighteenth stands as the successor of Cromwell, and not like our Revolution William. The throne of a James-the-Second Louis cannot I fear stand, but by the support of the passions of an active portion of his subjects; and how can such passions be generated but by deviation into what a moderate man would call ultra-royalist. Justice in the settlement of affairs has been cruelly disappointed, and this feeling it is which gives strength and a seeming reasonableness to these passions. The compromises *once* were intolerable. . . .

*MS.*                      564. *D. W. to Thomas Hutton*

Rydal Mount Saturday  
13<sup>th</sup> July, 1816.

Dear Sir,

In the absence of my Brother I opened your letter addressed to him, and shall transmit it to him, with the enclosed copies of Mr Addison's letter and your answer, by this day's post. I am very sorry that he did not happen to be at home when your letter arrived, but I trust that much inconvenience will not arise from this circumstance, as he will receive the letters on Monday. —If you should have further occasion to write to my Brother William in the course of a few days pray direct to him at John Hutchinson's Esq<sup>re</sup>, Stockton upon Tees. I think he will not leave that place before the middle of next week.

I am, dear Sir,  
Yours respectfully,  
D. Wordsworth

*Address:* Thomas Hutton Esq<sup>re</sup> Jun<sup>r</sup>, Penrith.

*MS.*                      565. *W. W. to Thomas Hutton*

Rydale Mount Oct<sup>r</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> 1816<sup>1</sup>

My dear Sir,

I found that Colin Satterthwaite would give me more for the field than the sum he had offered to you. But as he offered to

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R. Aug. 2, 1816, and W. W. to Rev. Wm. Carr Sept. 23, 1816, *v. C.R.*, pp. 85, 88.

OCTOBER 1816

take it on a Lease for 7 years at the old rent, £17, I hope my Sister will be no loser by the resolution which I made to purchase it for her, at the price offered by Mr Senhouse. It is therefore to be considered as sold to her at that price.

Mr Smith will issue handbills for the Sale of Ponder How, by private Contract; proposals to be received for one month; every effort will be made, but I have no hope of getting more than £270 for it at the utmost—as things are it would be fairly sold at that price.

Let the share of the Raceground be advertized as you propose. I have forwarded your last to my Brother; recommending in support of your opinion that the London affairs should be left exclusively to his management and that of Mr Addison, and coinciding with your judgement as to the Reversion and the Lambeth House.

We have heard from Mrs Wordsworth giving an account that her son is much reduced by a complaint in his Bowels, and that the Apothecary has advized that she should return home with him unless he improves in a day or two. You may therefore probably have seen her by this time; if so she will have expressed her desire that an attempt should be made to buy up Mrs Nelson's bond. I have mentioned this to Dr Wordsworth as adviseable could it be accomplished on good terms; though I am aware that the condition of the affairs being what it is, the Trustees cannot have much discretionary power as to the mode of getting rid of the debts.

Pray mention to Mrs Wordsworth that if her Son be not better, I should like to be written to; as I should not be easy unless some of my family saw him; my Wife has had a good deal of experience in the complaints of children.

I remain my dear Sir

truly yours

Wm. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Thomas Hutton Esq<sup>re</sup>, Solicitor, Penrith.

MS.

566. W. W. to B. R. Haydon

Haydon.

Rydale Mount, Oct<sup>r</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> 1816

My dear Sir,

Your spirited and interesting Letter deserved a much earlier answer: it also merited a much *better* answer than it will receive. As to the former point, it reached me at a most busy time, in the height of my summer engagements with friends and acquaintance flocking from all parts of the Island to see this beautiful Country, which one day I hope to have the pleasure of shewing to you; and as to the second, weightier consideration, the reply when it does come being worthy of your perusal I have nothing to plead but general inability, aggravated by some distaste for a subject of which one has had so much.—

I regret this inability the less, upon the present occasion, because yourself, who have proposed the case, have pronounced a decision upon it so judicious, as in my opinion to do away the necessity of applying to any other authority. As to the right of a people to chuse their own Governor being sacrificed by the fall of Bonaparte it is ridiculous to talk about it—Some part of the *people* of France did indeed vote for him, as they would have voted for the Devil, but he was no more the choice of the wisdom and virtue of the nation, nor of their folly, than he was of the wisdom, virtue, or folly of the Chinese. Besides, if he had been chosen by the french Nation the other nations of Europe were convinced that he would never cease from attempting to subjugate them, they had as much right to attempt and to accomplish his overthrow, as the French had to elect him to their Imperial throne and to endeavour to uphold him there. Overthrown he has been, and the Heir of the old monarchy put in his place, and many professing and supposing themselves friends of freedom lament over these events; because, forsooth a great principle has been violated—One thing however is certain that if it were true that a principle has been rejected it has not been wantonly done, but in preference of another principle on which Nations have been accustomed to rest their tranquillity, and to rely for protection of that portion of civil Liberty which their ignorance and vices permit them to enjoy.

But be assured, my dear Sir, that concern for *principle* has little sway over the minds of your opponents—they admired Bonaparte and his adherents because they were dashing Dogs at the head of expectations flattering to the discontented, and they hate the Bourbons because through them a check has been given to the career of profligate personal ambition. What has humanity to apprehend from this restoration as far as it is a question between their principles; why, that the respect paid to hereditary succession, by confirming the possession of their thrones to Princes may induce them to behave more tyrannically than they could have done without the additional security which by the termination of this struggle has been given them. But do you imagine that Kings or Emperors care a twentieth part so much about their heirs, as about themselves. In this particular they differ little from other men; now the fate, the undeserved fate, of Louis 16<sup>th</sup>, who lost his throne and his life, because his people erroneously thought that he deserved to lose them, will like that of Charles the 1<sup>st</sup> operate beneficially as a warning, and be fully adequate as far as example goes, to counteract any encouragement to misconduct which might be derived from the restoration of the Crown to the same family in the person of Lewis the 18<sup>th</sup>. Is it to be dreaded that nations will be too passive under their oppressors? Surely if the events of our time are likely to render them more so in future, it will not be in consequence of the restoration of Louis and other acts of that kind in preference to retaining the Corsican and his upstart crew; but because the powers and distinction which successfully villainy has obtained after the overthrow of ancient institutions, and the destruction of the persons in whom authority was vested, will be likely to make wise and good men afraid of trying experiments. They will rather bear the ills they have, till they become absolutely insupportable, than rush on others which they know not of. Now the retaining Murat, Bonaparte, and the rest of those wretches, would have greatly aggravated this evil; and the deference to the claim of legitimacy in the same proportion tends to diminish it. And whatever bad consequences are to be dreaded from an excess in this quarter, they are to the truly discerning much less formidable than those to which the opposite

OCTOBER 1816

extreme would conduct us. Our English forefathers at the time of the Revolution set us an example how to act on similar lines; if we are plagued with a grievous Tyrant, rise and destroy him; but do not look to another family for his successor, there is no necessity for that step, therefore avoid it; take the next heir and bind him over by such conditions as preserve a better security for your liberties. But do not let lawless ambition loose<sup>1</sup> upon you, by leaving the throne open to the pretensions of every daring adventurer.

But I have already written far too much upon a question which by the dispassionate may so easily be determined. I beg to say a word about painting, and to urge you to bend your attention morning, noon, and night, that way—How are your eyes and what progress do you make?—For a subject, let me recommend to your consideration the 16<sup>th</sup> chapter of Numbers, from the 46 to the end of the 48<sup>th</sup> verse, ‘and the plague was stayed’—Yesterday I left at Keswick Sir George and Lady Beaumont, both well—Where, and how is Scott; and is his Wife better; if you write to him remember me to him most kindly, and add that I should be happy to hear from him at his leisure.—Mrs W— and Miss H— present to you their best regards—let me hear from you at some leisure moment, and believe me with great respect and true affection,

Yours

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* R. B. Haydon Esq<sup>r</sup>, Great Marlborough Street, London.

*MS.*

*567. W. W. to Thomas Hutton*

Octob<sup>r</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> 1816

Sat. Castle Whitehaven

My dear Sir,

I propose to call on Mr Senhouse on my return through Cockermouth, or if I am unable to do so I shall write to him.

I have consulted two Gentlemen whom I have met here about the value of the Share of the Race Course. The answer of both

<sup>1</sup> loose: *written* lose

OCTOBER 1816

was that if they possessed a share they would not *sell* it at £10, neither perhaps might they *buy* one at that price. I refer the matter entirely to your judgement—suggesting merely whether (as I suppose it does not come under the denomination of personal property) as we are not ordered by the will to sell it, we are under obligation to dispose of it at any rate, at this time, however disadvantageous. But be assured my dear Sir, whatever you determine I shall approve of.

Mrs Wordsworth wished to have the wine at Sockbridge valued—as I am in want of some myself, I will take it at the valuation.

I remain, Dear Sir, truly yours

W Wordsworth.

P.S. I return to Rydale towards the middle of next week.

*Address:* Mr Hutton, Solicitor, Penrith.

*MS. 568. W. W. to Thomas Hutton*

Castle Whitehaven Tuesday  
Oct<sup>r</sup> 21<sup>st</sup> 1816

My dear Sir,

The enclosed has just been forwarded to me from home. I cannot say to whom the Bond was offered for sale—all I know on the subject is what I heard from you; who, I think, mentioned that Godwyn had offered it to Mr Dover; and what I heard generally upon the subject from Mrs Wordsworth. Will you be so kind as to write to Mr Addison if you have any information to communicate on the point that would be of use.

Be so good as to write your opinion to Mr Addison or my Brother, on the subject of proving the Will—it is a matter upon which I have no suggestions to offer, being utterly ignorant about the mode of doing these things.

Mr Wood writes me that Mr Senhouse is willing to give £395 for the field, he shall have it.

most truly yours

W. Wordsworth

P.S. I return home to morrow or next day.

*Address:* Mr Hutton, Solicitor, Penrith.



Gillies  
K(—)

569. *W. W. to R. P. Gillies*

Rydall Mount, Nov. 16, 1816.

My dear Sir,

I am much obliged for the trouble you have taken respecting Mr. Jameson's ineffectual application to Messrs. Longman for the letter to Mr. Gray.<sup>1</sup> I hope that Mr. Jameson will be supplied in a few days with one hundred copies, as I wrote some little time ago to the publisher requesting him to send that number. It is my wish that this letter should be circulated in Scotland, and I should deem myself under obligation to any friend who will exert himself in making it known. The novels of Sir Egerton Brydges I have not yet found time to look into; but your poem I have read with considerable attention. The 'Visionary' contains many good lines and well-written passages, for example, 'the never-dying leaves of ivy bright',—'Fly when pursued, and when obtained expire.' The latter half of page 53 is finely conceived and expressed. So are many other passages, as in page 30, 'Long was the way, and led o'er trackless heath;' but you are probably aware that the poem, as a whole, is objectionable—upon the same grounds as the other tales. It wants substance, and is rendered puzzling in the conduct by the succession of persons not sufficiently discriminated from each other in character or situation, and who engage in no course of action. So that upon the whole I cannot say that I think this piece superior to its predecessors, and in point of versification I think it inferior. Your rhyme has in general more harmony than your blank verse, which latter might in many instances be improved with little trouble. For example, at the top of page 100 are three lines, each having its pause on the sixth syllable. Read the second line thus: 'renews his wonted carol; stillness reigns,' and the sound will be improved without injury to the sense. You frequently introduce pauses at the second syllable, which are always harsh, unless the sense justify them and require an especial emphasis; but in such cases as the following observe their bad effect, page 21, 'the race;—the game of dice'.

I am sorry you should have been rendered uneasy by charges

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the *Letter to a Friend of Burns*.

NOVEMBER 1816

of plagiarism brought against you by your friends. I cannot deny that I have been frequently reminded of what I have written by your verses, but never under any circumstances which led me to any reflection discreditable to your ingenuousness of mind. The resemblances are such as you probably are for the most part wholly unconscious of, and were it otherwise, I do not see that they can be reckoned otherwise than as an indirect compliment to the original author. I therefore entreat of you, so far as I am concerned, to dismiss the matter wholly from your thoughts. Your poems are sufficiently original, and tinctured enough, perhaps too exclusively, from your own mind. I cannot conclude without noticing the introductory poem to your tales. It is written with much liveliness, and, I think, furnishes good ground for expectation that you will succeed when you look out of yourself. Of most of the other poems you have heard my sentiments before. Both 'Lucia' and 'Mont-alban' contain agreeable stanzas, but as wholes they are too deficient in substance. My penmanship is so bad, that in mercy I ought to conclude. If you write more blank verse, pray pay particular attention to your versification, especially as to the pauses on the first, second, third, eighth, and ninth syllables. These pauses should never be introduced for convenience, and not often for the sake of variety merely, but for some especial effect of harmony or emphasis. Mrs. Wordsworth and Miss Hutchinson are both well, and join in kindest regards. I remain, with great respect,

Most truly yours,  
William Wordsworth.

*MS.*                      570. *W. W. to Thomas Hutton*

Rydale Mount 25<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>br</sup> 1816

My dear Sir,

I entirely approve of the Letter which you have written in answer to Mr Rowland; if the Parties be disposed to act reasonably it cannot but produce the desired effect.

From your Letter to me *I infer* that when three Trustees are nominated by a Testator, and one of them declines to act, the

NOVEMBER 1816

two others if they undertake the trust are *under obligation* jointly to appoint a substitute for the one who has declined. If this be the case I most earnestly entreat of Thomas Wilkinson to undertake the Office; for I know no other Person to whom I should apply with any thing like an equal confidence that the affair would be properly managed. Of Mr Jn. Nicholson I certainly have but very slender knowledge, far from sufficient to justify me in applying to him. Indeed should I adopt this plan it must entirely be from my reliance on T. W.'s judgement: and surely should any thing occur that was not satisfactory T. W. would feel regret that I had proceeded upon his recommendation. I would write to him to urge him again to consider the subject with a hope that he may come to a resolution more consonant to my wishes and those of Dr Wordsworth, but I think it would answer better, if you would contrive to see him again, and shew him this Letter, making such observations to the same purport as your superior knowledge would enable you to do.

I am afraid that I must have expressed myself inaccurately, for some time ago in answer to a Letter of yours, I meant to give my opinion that the lands at Clifton and Yanwath should be sold in public sale as soon as they had been adequately advertized; I was therefore sorry and somewhat surprized to learn from Mrs Wordsworth that you were concerned this had not been done. Pray let it be done *forthwith*. The Sockbridge House and Lands ought to be advertized to be let as you propose.

I will take this opportunity of mentioning a few particulars in which Thos Wilkinson will I hope be so good as to assist Mrs W. with his advice. She asks what is to be done with the Horses. The black Mare ought to be sold: and T. W. will advise with Mrs Wordsworth about the best way of getting rid of her and as to the old horse or horses if there be two, they ought, I think, to be shot as soon as possible if no one will give a price for them.

With many thanks

I remain, dear Sir,  
respectfully yours  
Wm. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Thos. Hutton Esq<sup>re</sup>, Solicitor, Penrith.

NOVEMBER 1816

MS.<sup>1</sup>

571. W. W. to J. H. Reynolds<sup>2</sup>

Rydal Mount,  
28<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>br</sup> 1816.

My dear Sir,

A few days ago I received a Parcel through the hands Messrs. Longman containing your Poem the Naiad, etc. — and a Letter, accompanying it, for both which marks of your attention you will accept my cordial thanks. Your Poem is composed with elegance and in a style that accords with the subject; but my opinion on this point might have been of more value if I had seen the Scottish Ballad on which your work is founded. You do me the honour of asking me to find fault in order that you may profit by my remarks. I remember when I was young in the practice of writing praise was prodigiously acceptable to me and censure most distasteful, nay, even painful. For the credit of my own nature I would fain persuade myself to this day, that the extreme labour and tardiness with which my compositions were brought forth had no inconsiderable influence for exciting both these sensations. Presuming, however, that you have more philosophy than I was master of at that time, I will not scruple to say that your Poem would have told more upon me, if it had been shorter. How unceremoniously not to say ungraciously do I strike home! But I am justified to my own mind from a persuasion that it was better to put the objection in this abrupt way, than to introduce it by an accompanying compliment which, however well merited, would have stood in the way of the effect which I aim at—your Reformation. Your Fancy is too luxuriant, and riots too much upon its own creations. Can you endure to be told by one whom you are so kind as to say you respect that in his judgment your poem would be better without the first 57 lines (not condemned for their own sakes), and without the last 146, which nevertheless have much to recommend them. The Basis is too narrow for the super-structure; and to

<sup>1</sup> This letter has been printed in *Literary Bypaths* by H. C. Shelley.

<sup>2</sup> John Hamilton Reynolds (1794–1852), the friend and correspondent of Keats. In 1814 he published *Safie, an Eastern Tale*; in 1816 *The Narad a Tale*; in 1819 *Peter Bell*, a burlesque of Wordsworth; in 1821 *The Garden of Florence*, in 1825 with Thomas Hood *Odes and Addresses to Great People*. He also wrote much for magazines and newspapers.

NOVEMBER 1816

me it would have been more striking barely to have hinted at the deserted Fair One and to have left it to the Imagination of the Reader to dispose of her as he liked. Her fate dwelt upon at such length requires of the reader a sympathy which cannot be furnished without taking the Nymph from the unfathomable abyss of the cerulean waters and beginning afresh upon gross Terra Firma. I may be wrong but I speak as I felt, and the most profitable criticism is the record of sensations, provided the person affected be under no partial influence.

I am gratified by your favourable opinion of my labours. As a slight return for your obliging attentions will you accept of a Copy of my Thanksgiving Ode and Letter upon Burns which will be put into your hands if you will take the trouble of presenting the underwritten order to Messrs Longman. When you call there, will you be so kind as to mention that I have received complaints from Edinburgh that the two Publications have not arrived there as was expected, agreeable to the directions which I had given.

Pray beg of Messrs Longman that as many copies of each as I requested may be sent forthwith.

I am, dear Sir, with great respect,

Your obliged servant,

W. Wordsworth

*Address:* J. H. Reynolds [Esq.] 19 Lamb [?] Court]

*MS. 572. W. W. to Thomas Hutton*

Dec<sup>br</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> 1816

Rydale Mount

My dear Sir,

The following is a copy of a Letter from Mr Wood of the Globe Inn Cockermouth, received when I was at the Castle W<sup>ren</sup>.

Dear Sir,

This morning Mr Senhouse called upon me respecting the field adjoining the River Derwent; with your approbation the Sale is concluded at the price you fixed, £395, subject to your agreement with Mr Satterthwaite, the deposit and hour of payment the same as the prior Sale. I am etc.

Cockermouth Oct 2 1816

Wm Woods

DECEMBER 1816

I answered the above by return of Post agreeing to let Mr Senhouse have the field upon the terms specified in Mr Wood's Letter, which I had previously informed Mr Wood were the only conditions upon which the said field would or could be sold.— I wrote yesterday to Mr Satterthwaite, sending him a copy of Mr Wood's Letter. I am not a little surprized that any difficulty should have been started and hope to hear no more of it.

I know no person so proper to be applied to to undertake the trust as my relation Captn Wordsworth; and if the nature of the duty which would devolve upon him were explained I think, considering how very little trouble it could possibly cause him, having your advice always at hand, that he would scarcely decline it. If he be now at Penrith, which I fear he may not, will you be so kind as to wait upon him, and explain the situation in which we stand, and ask him from me to supply the vacant place. I would write to him, but the business may be more effectually done by viva voce representation. If we cannot make a Title to any thing valid without a third Trustee, he will scarcely leave us in this embarrassment, and, especially as I hope that we shall little need to trouble him except upon such occasions.

If he declines, I approve of Mr Littledale's opinion being taken as you propose, which you will be so kind as to get done.

I shall be glad to attend the sales on the 19th.

I am my dear Sir  
truly yours

Wm. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Thomas Hutton Esq, Solicitor, Penrith.

K.

573. W. W. to ?

[1816?]

. . . My verses have all risen up of their own accord. I was once requested to write an inscription for a monument which a friend proposed to erect in his garden, and a year elapsed before I could accomplish it.

MS. 574. W. W. to Thomas Clarkson

[1816?]<sup>1</sup>

My dear Friend

I was much concerned to hear that your Son talked of declining to sit for an honour. To what is this unworthy determination to be ascribed? I think it was Mr Tillbrook who mentioned to me that he had been mortified in not succeeding in his attempt to obtain some university prizes. I entertain too favorable an opinion of Tom's good sense to suppose that a disappointment of this kind could be the real cause of his starting out of the University Course. What Candidate however well qualified can be justified in encouraging confident hopes of success upon these occasions where the prizes are so few and the Competitors probably so numerous, the whole Body of Undergraduates being, I believe, at liberty to put forth their skill and try their fortune. Besides is Tom sure that he bestowed sufficient labour on his attempt to entitle him fairly to the desired reward? A few weeks ago I saw a young man who had lately gained the prize for Latin verse at Oxford. He seemed not at all elated by the distinction and rather regretted that he had contended for it, because the pains which he had taken with his Composition, he thought, might have been more profitably directed to other objects. Again, even if a man could be assured that his Composition was the best sent in, how unwise to be chagrined where it is so easy for the judges to be mistaken, unless they confine themselves in estimating the merit of these things (which in fact they ought to do) to the absence of faults, and the proofs which the several exercises contain of accurate knowledge of the languages they are written in, rather than to the indications which may be found in them of genius and extraordinary intellectual Power. University prizes and honours are not a test of these rare gifts, but are conferred as rewards of application, and that they may be [?] as unquestionable symbols of attainments deemed useful; now ingenuousness of mind and modesty require that the dis-

<sup>1</sup> This letter is undated. T C (junior) matriculated at Trinity Coll., Cambridge, in 1814, and transferred to Peterhouse in 1816, taking a pass degree in 1818. In 1816 he began to read law in London. Hence 1816 seems a probable date for the letter.

appointed Candidate should admit that others have surpassed him in the excellent quality of application, and are richer than he in the fruit which it naturally bears. What then ought to follow? not spleen and disgust and petted aversion to what was before an object of desire; but firm resolve to saddle the future with a double portion of exertion in order to make up for the deficiencies of the past.—But I am persuaded that this disappointment was not the *cause* of your Son's making known his discreditable intention; though I can easily conceive that an unpleasant mood of feeling consequent upon this failure, might give him hardihood to avow to himself and to others an abandonment of purpose which however inwardly inclined to it he would have been ashamed of till that fit of false courage came upon him. If I saw Tom, I should say to him, Know thyself, look into the goodly garden of thy own mind, and pluck up the weeds, for it is yet springtime, early spring with thee, before they have choked the fragrant flowers and the profitable Herbs. Bestir thyself and be a Son worthy of thy never to be forgotten Father; and this is within thy power, for however great be the Parent the Child dishonours not his origin who makes the most of the opportunities which have been granted him and of the powers, with which by God and Nature he has been endowed. Whatever profession Tom chuses, or whatever path of life he may walk in, he will find that in complying with his father's wish that he should take his degree accompanied with a University honour, he has done well. In the first place and as of main importance, he would have given proof that he can command his thoughts and submit to laws imposed upon him from without. He could therefore be spoken of as one capable of application; and who will submit to restraint; for mathematical studies are known to go against the grain with most of those who have been educated at our public Schools. Proficiency in these pursuits is to be valued not from considerations relating to science merely but to morals and the general constitution of the intellect. Besides looking at the subject only in a prudential view, how can a person be recommended by his friends to any situation, unless under great disadvantages, if he has had opportunities of giving proof that he has not thrown away his time, and has not



availed himself of them? Some Persons decline to sit for University honours from pride fed by erroneous notions respecting the construction put upon what is called a low honour. If they cannot obtain a high one they had rather have none, imagining that if they do not contend at all people will give them credit for ability to have succeeded, whereas if their names are found not high in the list, then it is to be presumed, from their having been there at all, that they have done their utmost, and may fairly be regarded as industrious and well-meaning dunces. Now both these notions are false, at least as far as concerns [those who have sufficient judgement to make their opinion of any consequence].<sup>1</sup> No man with them is thought the worse of for being ranked among the distinguished though he may be [far] from the foremost; nay though he may be only among the rear guard, he will be deemed a deserving soldier.—He has given proof that he has a mind strong enough to submit to discipline, and that to a certain point at least he may be depended upon. In the mean while it is known that these honours are the reward of mathematical attainments; and that a Person may be possessed of very extensive information in classics and miscellaneous knowledge, the possession of which will set him on equality in public estimation with those who stand far above him in the mathematical tripos.—I have written these loose thoughts, with a hope that you may find some opportunity of conveying the substance of them to my young friend,—if he would be happy respected or useful let him be diligent.

Farewell, and heaven bless you and yours

W. Wordsworth

MS.

575. W. W. to Isaac Slee

[1816 or 1817]

Dear Sir,

I thank you sincerely for your letter, to which I could not reply earlier having been from home.

Woodburn says that the Posts if they be nothing more than such as are here used (consisting principally of sap) would be

<sup>1</sup> These words are deleted in favour of others which are illegible.

extravagantly dear at 8<sup>d</sup>, half that sum being more than is given for such in this neighbourhood—If they were of heart of oak entirely, he says they would still be dear at 8<sup>d</sup>—Under these circumstances I am at a loss what directions to give; it certainly is still my wish, as it was my determination when I saw you, to enclose the bank for planting, but I am disgusted with the notion of being imposed upon at this rate. I must therefore beg of you to make enquiries, if rail-posts cannot be procured in the neighbourhood at a cheaper rate. One could afford something more than a fair price from these being on the spot.

I approve of your proposal of distraining upon Jack[son] at the time you mention, and beg that you would instruct Mr Hutton to proceed against him as you propose.

In respect to Robinson he must be told that I expect the payment immediately of every farthing of Arrears. You know that affairs cannot go on unless what is owing be punctually paid.

Mr. Hutton writes me word that the Concerns of my late Brother are now brought into so narrow a compass that in his opinion you and I may manage them together without any interference on his part, but as a friendly adviser—I shall be happy if you think the same, which I am strongly encouraged to do from the satisfaction your last letter has afforded me. The first time I go over to Sockbridge, which will be shortly, you must be paid for the trouble you have had and an annual allowance for the future must be agreed upon.

With best regards to your Father and Mother and the rest of your family

I remain dear Sir

· very truly yours

Wm Wordsworth

Be so good as to let Mrs Wordsworth know when she returns, or if you have occasion to write to her, that the demand of Jackson was a dishonest one—and he has proved to be £40 in debt to the Trust.

*Address:* To Mr Isaac Slee, Tirril, near Penrith.

MS. 576. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

K(—)

Wm Rawson's Esq<sup>re</sup>, Halifax, Friday Janry 10<sup>th</sup> 1817.

Call me selfish—ungrateful—or what you will, but my dearest Friend, I pray you write to me. I am utterly inexcusable for, of every day since you were so kind as to comply speedily with my last request, I have had at least two hours at my own command, and surely nothing but the perverseness of human nature—some remnant of original sin could have brought about my *seeming* neglect of you,—any day—or every day I could have written to you and yet it has not been done—and at any given time I am sure I would willingly sit down and write a letter to you—not for *your* sake but my own, for the Gratification (I will not call it the *selfish* one, nor will *you*, I think, be quite so severe upon me) of receiving a letter from you in return. Such are my feelings, yet left to myself the evil spirit conquered and I have gone on deferring the work of today till tomorrow. But I am now determined by the law of necessity which is irresistible. If I do not write now in the course of a few days I cannot have an answer from you while I remain at Halifax, and that is what I especially desire; for poor Mrs Threlkeld's sake, who remembers you with the greatest affection, an affection almost like that of a Mother or a kind Aunt. She never in all her life saw any human being whom she admired or loved half so much in a short time as you. You cannot but recollect her and her Daughter staying with us at the Cottage. We all drank tea with you at R Newton's and Mrs T had you to herself for a long time, as she says before our arrival; and she really seems to have as vivid a remembrance of your conversation as if it were but yesterday. You know it was at a time when any tender heart was most likely to be interested for you—when a Stranger could not but fear that you were going to the grave; and now her eyes sparkle with joy when she hears of your renewed health and strength. This fact will prove to you that her faculties and sensibilities are in no degree diminished at the age of 75; and to me it is delightful to observe what a lasting impression you have made upon the mind of so good a woman. I read her your last letter adding a few words for you, which were not there, of remembrance of

her and her Daughter and she was so pleased both with that remembrance and the whole letter that I resolved to write to you again immediately for *her* sake, more especially that I might recall her to your recollection and have some true message or words of kindness from your own self to her and her Daughter. I hope my little trick in reading your letter was at the least an innocent one, and I flatter myself that, in the spirit, though not in the letter what I made you say was just and true—indeed if I had not felt it to be so, I should have been wounded instead of pleased by the pleasure which the dear good old lady expressed in hearing that she was remembered by you. This is a long preamble, and I dare say you have not yet got the better of your wonder that I am still here. I could not have believed it possible that my Friends could have prevailed upon me, or that I could have possibly had a desire to stay so long from home. Month has indeed been added to Month, and that is the only thing they reproach me with at home—whereas if it had not been so, I must have gone long since. At each full moon I have put off my departure till the next—and the last putting off has with justice much disappointed my friends at home. They say if I had fixed no day or week they would have had nothing to blame me for, and the last time I was very precise in the fixing. Yet I could not resist the after entreaties of my excellent (alas! aged) friend Mrs Rawson. It is now determined that, weather permitting, I depart on Wednesday the 22<sup>nd</sup>. Mr. Rawson's carriage will take me to Keighley and some of my friends will kindly accompany me thither and I shall proceed the next day in the Coach. This decree is irrevocable. I am, as you may well believe, very desirous to be at home again and to see all my dear friends—but so I have long been, therefore that is no security for my not staying longer here. My security is that Mrs Rawson has promised that she will not say another word on the subject—she is happy that I have made so long a stay with her and will cheerfully give me up at the time which I have now fixed—indeed it was upon her entreaties urged in this manner that I yielded, and broke my word at home. She is a woman of a heavenly mind—a temper not to be ruffled—yet ardent and cheerful. She looks with composure towards her departure from

this life, which she expects will be sudden, and I have heard her say that she cannot join in that petition of the Litany against sudden death. But I am sure if she were to be afflicted with a painful malady it would not overcome her chearfulness and pious resignation. Her death would be an example, as her life has been, of all Christian virtues. She broke her hipbone (a small bone) some years ago, but though she is lame she is exceedingly active and strong and seems really to have not one bodily ailment, nor do I think that if she had not been lame her powers of loco-motion would have been, at the age of 72, much diminished. Her father died suddenly—so did both her Brothers, and for that reason she is inclined to think that her end is most likely to come unexpectedly. Her Father, Mother,<sup>1</sup> and Brothers were extraordinary men—each with a genius of his own; but one common gift of a sweet temper and loving hearts—Mrs Rawson, herself, has a remarkably fine understanding. She brought up 5 orphan nephews and Nieces, her sister's children. This sister was a good sort of a common Body. The Nephews and Nieces are all good—and clever too, and each has a distinct and marked character. As to my goings-on here I seem to have nothing to tell you. They are just much as you may imagine. We visit more than I like; but as males and females are mixed together in our parties they are more agreeable than parties in general in country towns. I always take my walk when the weather is not very bad, and whatever it is I go into Mrs Threlkeld every day. I read to Mrs. R. in an evening when we are alone, and through the day I enjoy a pleasant freedom in general in the disposal of my time. This house is very pleasant with a large flower garden and green lawn. The view from the windows makes me often think of your nice gardens at Bury, but the country here is much more varied and is really beautiful—if it were not for the odious cotton and worsted mills—and steam engines—which are really now no better than incumbrances on the ground, trade being so bad. The wealthy keep their mills going, chiefly for the value of employing workmen—and few get more than *half* work—great numbers none at all, so that really a great part of the population is reduced to pauperism, a dreadful evil. Things

<sup>1</sup> So MS.

cannot go on in this way. For a time whole streets—men, women and children may be kept alive by public charity; but the consequence will be awful, if nothing can be manufactured in these places where such numbers of people have been gathered together. It never can be expected, or even *wished* I think, that the state of our manufactures should again be what it *has* been; but if there be not a revival of trade in a smaller way people and things cannot go on as they are.—Looking round now I see ‘many rich sink down as in a dream among the poor’<sup>1</sup>—and I daily hear of families accustomed to a plentiful maintenance through labour, completely ‘broken down’—that is their expression. It is a great comfort to me that my home is out of the way of these dismal sights and sounds. We see little of distress in our neighbourhood that we cannot in some degree diminish—either by sympathy or help, but if one lived here it would be far otherwise. I trust you are tolerably removed from the extremity of distress in your neighbourhood as you have no trade—and that you have found, as you hoped you should find, comfortable employment and amusement for the winter’s evenings. If you could have your needles threaded for you, making clothes for poor people is a good thing—at least so I find it. Here but till lately the manufactories have kept the women ignorant of plain work. With you they probably can sew for themselves. I have not heard a word either of you or any of your family since your last letter, the most important contents of which I communicated to my Friends at Rydal, and I find that William has written to you; but if you had written again I should have heard. I am very anxious to hear about Tom. It is too late to say much on this subject, but I pray you tell me what your hopes and feelings are. I trust he will do well and repay you for your anxieties. Give my kind love to your dear Husband, and do, I pray you, write to me immediately. Do not put it off if you cannot write a long letter—a short one—a *very* short one will satisfy me. I want to know how you are and how you feel, and to give Mrs Threlkeld a very great pleasure. So I pray you write—but remember no time is to be lost—or I shall be gone—do, dearest Friend, do write directly. All well at home, but poor William is

<sup>1</sup> *Excursion* i. 544.

at Kirby Lonsdale on a most disagreeable business. He has been obliged to seize his Sub-D's goods, and will lose £100, he says, at least. This is the first beginning of our sorrows in Trade. The perplexity respecting Richard's affairs has no end, and my dear Friend I shall not see you this year. I have stayed far too long here for that—and expenses have been heavy and times are so bad I cannot think of it. This is a sad dull letter. Pray tell me how your dear Father is—and give my love to your sister and to Tom. God grant that the next year may bring assured hope to you that he will be a comfort and blessing to himself and his parents.

Yours evermore——write and write, I pray you write.

*Written upside down on top of p. 1.* Here I place my name D. Wordsworth you can read anything or this would puzzle you.

MS.

577. W. W. to Thomas Hutton

Rydale Mount

18<sup>th</sup> Jan<sup>ry</sup> 1817

My dear Sir,

I think it quite proper that application should be made to the Lord Chancellor for authority to sell till the several Creditors be satisfied; and am decisively of opinion that the Lands which you point out (viz those of Tyrrel, High Moor and the adjoining Lands) are what ought to be sold as least affecting the Body of the Estate. It must not be overlooked, however, that I have a contingent interest in these lands: but should the infant die during his minority, I presume that there would be no difficulty in having my Brother and Sister's claims under the will reduced and settled pro rata. Will it be necessary that any legal process should take place, before the Lands in question are sold, to effect a distribution if the remainder of the debts are paid, in case the infant should die, according to the proportions intended for his Brothers and Sister, by our late Brother's Will. It is only upon a supposition that the law would enjoin a settlement of this kind, that I could be justified in giving consent to the sale of these lands in particular, while those devized to my Brother and Sister in case of the Infant's death, remain untouched.

I know not what to say in regard to the House at Cross Cunnonby. If I am not mistaken it came into my Father's hands as

JANUARY 1817

a lapsed Mortgage; and a Person appeared at Cockermouth at the Sale pretending to have a right to the Property. Under these circumstances I do not think I should be justified as a Trustee in warranting the Title.

A very unpleasant circumstance has lately occurred in my District. John Hall my Subs. at Kirby Lonsdale has been arrested for debt. He owes me (with expenses) full £300; I procured a Bill of Sale and raised the money from his effects. It will be a fortnight on Monday since I forwarded a Letter to Hanson, Sol. of Stamp Off. informing him that I was proceeding to act under the Bill of Sale which Hall had granted me; but begging for further safety that an Extent might be issued, if Hall's creditors by making him a Bankrupt, and one of them had the power to do so as he owed him upwards of £100, could set aside my Bill of Sale, and bring the money raised by it under a provisional assignment to be divided among the creditors.

To my great astonishment no notice has yet been taken of that Letter and the affidavit enclosed in it. The money due I have raised but I am quite uncertain whether I can keep it. Last Monday I wrote the Board informing them that I had written to Mr Hanson, and that I had enclosed to him an affidavit to [?] me an Extent if necessary. I hope to hear tomorrow at the latest. I shall then know whether I shall [?] have to refund the money. I have a joint Bond from himself, Willm Bliss and John Wane Grocer, both of Penrith, for £200, are these Persons that can be deemed sufficient securities for £200? You will oblige me much by enquiring, and communicating to me the result. Should they prove insufficient I must request others of Mr Garnett

*(The end of the page cut off.)*

*Address: Thomas Hutton Esq, Solicitor, Penrith.*

*MS.*

*578. W. W. to Thomas Hutton*

Rydale Mount

Friday 24<sup>th</sup> Jan<sup>ry</sup> 1817

My dear Sir,

I am satisfied with your representation respecting the contingent interest in the lands designed for sale.

After my Letter was sent off I called to mind that I had



JANUARY 1817

omitted to mention the Lease. It struck me at the time of letting the Lands that probably the Trustees had no power to grant leases; and even if they had, in this case it would be inexpedient to exercise it. Therefore it must not be done, the Lands must be sold unburthened with a Lease.

As to the Sale of the furniture and other effects at Sockbridge, this ought to be done, after consulting Mrs Wordsworth, as soon as it is deemed likely they can be sold without disadvantage from the season or any other cause.

I have at last heard from the Sol. of the stamp Off. He says that he had written before on the 8<sup>th</sup>. I cannot but entertain some doubt of the truth of this assertion, as Letters rarely mis-carry and his never reached me. I might have lost £300 by this mischance or neglect. Hall was a shopkeeper; and I have now only to hope that he may not be declared a Bankrupt, before the Extent which *in the first instance* I applied for, if the Stamp Office deemed it necessary, be carried into effect. He gave me a Bill of sale for £500 and under it I have sold to the amount of 300, reserving the rest of his effects, till the extent be carried into effect. It appeared to me a reasonable question whether by this Bill of Sale I did not bar the operation of an extent in my own favor, but Messrs Fell and Johnson assured me not.

Excuse my troubling you with this disagreeable business.

I remain dear Sir

faithfully yours

Wm. Wordsworth

*Address:* Thomas Hutton Esq<sup>re</sup>, Solicitor, Penrith.

*MS. 579. W. W. to Thomas Hutton*

Rydale Mount

2<sup>nd</sup> Feb<sup>ry</sup> 1817.

My dear Sir,

I can see no objection to Mr Bell's opinion being communicated to Mr Rowland.

The propriety of accepting the Composition offered by Rushworth must be determined in London by Dr Wordsworth and Mr Addison.

FEBRUARY 1817

I have had no experience in the proving of Wills, though two or three Probates have passed through my Office. You beg me to inform you when it may be convenient for me, and you will send a Comm. from Carlisle to take the Probate at Penrith. I infer from this that I shall have to go over to Penrith to execute this instrument, if so, I am at liberty at any time; and will appear at Penrith when things are ready. Mr. Garnett is not provided with Probate Stamps, nor am I, having a call for so few. Pray let me know what will be the amount of the Stamp and I will send for it to London. If you see Mrs W. of Sockbridge be so good as to let her know that I have received the Parcel from Sockbridge.

I remain, dear Sir,  
truly yours  
W. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Mr Hutton, Solicitor, Penrith.

*MS.*                      580. *W. W. to Thomas Hutton*

Patterdale,  
Tuesday 13<sup>th</sup> Febr'y 1817

My dear Sir,

I received your Letter last night, written on the subject of letting the Sockbridge House and Land, the day before. I do not think that Mr Sanderson ought to have liberty to underlet the Premises, unless subject to the approbation of the Trustees; for if the land be as I suppose in any but bad times, worth three pounds an acre, it cannot but be considered that the whole is let low. I shall be completely satisfied provided yourself, Thomas Wilkinson, and Mrs W. think the rent offered sufficient, and the Tenant unexceptionable.

In regard to attending at Keswick to receive the money, I should be perfectly satisfied in confiding that office to you, if your presence at Keswick be necessary, as I suppose it will be, in which case I should hope that you would do me the favour of paying me and my family a visit at Rydale Mount, where we should all be very glad to see you. Should this, however, be out of your power, and your presence at Keswick not be

FEBRUARY 1817

necessary, I would willingly meet the Parties at Keswick, only it seems scarcely necessary that we should *both* attend.

I am sorry that you have met with so many obstacles in respect to the titles of the Cockermouth and Ravenglass lands.

I am dear Sir,

very truly yours

Wm. Wordsworth.

P.S. have enquiries been made as to what could be made of the Lands at Sockbridge separately from the house. This ought to be done before the bargain with Mr S is concluded.

*Address:* Thomas Hutton Esq<sup>re</sup>, Solicitor, Penrith.

*MS. 581. W. W. to Thomas Hutton*

Rydale Mount

Feb<sup>ry</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> 1817

My dear Sir,

I accede to the agreement made with Mr Sanderson for the House and Lands at Sockbridge provided a clause be inserted in the Lease that he is not to underlet the Premises except with the approbation of the Trustees and Mrs Wordsworth.

I am much concerned to say that I cannot find the copy of the agreement made with Mr Satterthwaite. I have informed Mr Rudd that it has been mislaid, and have begged him to wait on Col. S. with my compliments requesting from me that C. S. would allow him a Copy of it. I shall make further search to day and if I find it I will send a copy to Mr Rudd. The agreement was to this effect and no other, that Col. S. should have the field at the old rent £17 for a term of 7 years.

I purpose to attend the Sale at Sockbridge on the 3<sup>d</sup> of March; could it possibly be arranged that the Will might be proved at that time; or when I attend at Keswick for the money? I do not keep a Horse and it is some trouble to provide myself with one for so many journeys.

I shall lose nothing by the Subdistributor who has given me so much trouble. An Extent has been carried into effect against

FEBRUARY 1817

him, and his property is just sufficient to cover the debt and Expenses.

I am sorry that we are not likely to see you in my house, and much obliged by your hospitable invitation.

With sincere regards

I remain, dear Sir, your obedient Servant

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* Thomas Hutton Esq, Solicitor, Penrith.

*MS. 582. W. W. to Thomas Hutton*

Rydale Mount

23<sup>rd</sup> Feb<sup>ry</sup> 1817

My dear Sir,

It will be convenient to me to attend at Keswick, on the 1st of March and I shall write to Mr Rudd to that effect immediately. Mr Rudd had informed me of Mr Satterthwaite's refusal to shew the agreement, and applied to me for a copy of it which I brought with me from Cockermouth, but I can nowhere find it; it was (as I informed Mr Rudd) to this effect and no other that Mr S. was to have the land at the old Rent for 7 years. Mr Senhouse refuses to complete the purchase without a sight of the words of the agreement; as I cannot furnish him with the precise words, nothing remained for me but to apply to Mr Satterthwaite for a Copy which I have done, and if he will not grant it, I have offered to indemnify Mr Senhouse for any conditions apprehended by possibility to exist in that agreement, beyond those specified. If Mr Senhouse refuses to complete the purchase the field must remain, as it was before, purchased by my Sister, for £370.

Be so good as to let me know, if being confident as I am that the agreement between Mr S. and me was to no other effect, I have acted imprudently in offering to indemnify Mr Senhouse as above stated

I remain my dear Sir,

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* Thomas Hutton Esq, Solicitor, Penrith.

FEBRUARY 1817

*MS.*

583. *W. W. to Thomas Hutton*

Ambleside

Feb<sup>y</sup> 24<sup>th</sup> 1817

My dear Sir,

I had apprized Mr Rudd that I was ready to meet him at Keswick on Saturday next as proposed. I feel somewhat at a loss at present in fixing a day; because I know not yet whether the Bargain respecting the field at Derwent Bridge End will be completed; and it would save much trouble, could that business be brought to a close at the same time with the rest. If Mr Satterthwaite will not grant me a Copy of the agreement and Mr Senhouse consequently persists in his objection to complete the purchase the treaty must fall to the ground; unless he be satisfied with the proposal which I made (and mean to carry into effect provided you do not think it imprudent) to guarantee him from any claims under the Agreement, beyond those specified, viz. the letting the Field to Mr Satterthwaite for seven years at the old rent £17.

I mean to attend the Sale at Sockbridge on the 3<sup>d</sup> March; could we at that time together fix on the best day for the meeting at Keswick? If you think it ought to be settled immediately, I am sorry to say that I cannot name an earlier day than Friday the 7<sup>th</sup> March, having an Engagement with Mr and Mrs Hutchinson and Colonel Sleigh, all of Stockton, for three days in that week.

I have this day written to Mr Lumb, requesting the favor that he would meet me at Sockbridge on Monday respecting the Clifton Lands; and if not convenient that he must communicate with me on the subject by Letter.

Could you assist Mrs Wordsworth in pointing out a proper person to value the wine, before the Sale?

I remain my dear Sir

Very truly yours

W. Wordsworth

P.S. I hope you will be able to give me an hour on the Sale day at Sockbridge. I must return home as speedily as possible.

I have not yet heard from Dr Wordsworth. Surely Mr Addison

FEBRUARY 1817

cannot have communicated to him the purport of Rowland's Letters, or I should have heard (ere this time) that he had taken steps to avert the mischief. I wrote immediately on receiving the Copies of those letters from you.

*Address:* Mr Hutton, Solicitor, Penrith.

*MS.*                      584. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

*K*(—)

Rydal Mount. March 2<sup>nd</sup> [1817]

With a thankful heart, thankful for the blessings of a cheerful home, and the society of my own dear family have I dated this letter, yet not without some self condemnation that I have not exactly complied with your wishes, that I should write immediately after my arrival, the more so as you were so very good to me when I was separated from my Friends. It was a fortnight yesterday since my arrival; and I have had so many employments, and above all such a succession of happy, I may say joyous feelings, that the time seems to be twice as long, and I have more than once set myself to recollect dates, in order to be persuaded in my own mind that I had not been much longer at Rydal Mount. I never had this feeling before after my absence from home, and I attribute it to the contrast in all respects between my manner of spending my time here and at Halifax, and the perfect opposition, if I may so speak, in all domestic manners and arrangements. There I was in a large house with two old people,—servants to perform the work as by magic—no child's voice—all perfect stillness. True it is that they are the most cheerful and happy old people I was ever acquainted with; yet how different the cheerfulness of their fireside from the cheerfulness of ours—and how different the seriousness! I was very happy there, yet now that I am placed again in the perfect freedom of home, I rejoice many times in every day that I am here saying, 'How glad I am that I am among you once again'! Then notwithstanding this is but the *second* fine day we have had since my return I have had so much delight in the beauty of the country; I think the more from having come from a country in some points resembling this, abounding in vallies,

streams, and gushing springs. When I was there I thought the hills and vallies beautiful—and so they are—and they reminded me of our mountain regions; but when I came *home* again I was even struck with *surprize* at the excessive loveliness of the objects before my eyes, the exquisite proportions, combinations of forms, and richness and harmony of colours. I stayed a whole fortnight at Kendal, having promised a visit to our good friend, Mrs Cookson last summer, which I never paid, and knowing how unwilling I should be to stir from home again after I had once got here. I was met at the door at 8 o'clock in the morning by Dorothy and Willy, who, thank God! are both now perfectly well; but they then looked very delicate, having only just recovered from very severe colds. Dorothy's was especially a serious indisposition, and I am very sorry to find that during the latter part of this winter she has been more than usually susceptible of cold. She is of a delicate constitution and her spirits lead her on to over-exertion and fatigue, then comes relaxation and she catches cold. Willy rides daily to school upon an ass, and this is of great use to him both body and mind, and will in time, I hope, make a Boy of him instead of a little Baby. After a five months absence I am astonished with his babyishness; and really his Father fondles over him and talks to him just as if he were but a year old; he has, however, so fine a temper from nature that I think it is utterly impossible to undo it, and by degrees he will be recovered from all leanings towards being treated as the little pet, 'the little darling'; for when he is amongst his schoolfellows none are more active, independent, and manly than he, and he disdains all notice from Father or Mother or any of us at such times. John is greatly improved. He carries his ingenuousness up with him, but the way of learning is to him steep and difficult; and he flags, or turns aside; yet I trust he will be a respectable scholar in time. He has a sound understanding and a good memory; and an intuitive sense of the just and honourable. Dorothy began music in Autumn and she is now very fond of it. At first she was very desirous to learn, and we thought, if she would persevere, that a moderate share of skill might furnish amusement for her and sometimes pleasure to us in after times, but the benefit we looked to was chiefly

collateral—unsteadiness is her master fault, and we thought that should she go on it could not be without steadiness and diligence. For some time (when the first novelty was gone) setting at the Pianoforte was irksome and she was driven to it, with the assurance that if she did not choose to take pains it should be wholly given up. Her backwardness is now conquered and she is fond of it; and the judges say she makes a remarkable progress. She learns to draw from one of Mr Green's daughters and offers very well. As to her Latin she makes a poor progress, for she has no pride in it; but in time she will, I hope, make a tolerable Latin Scholar, and at all events she has a much better understanding of what she reads in English from the little she does already know of Latin. Sara returned from Keswick the week before my return. She looks remarkably well and is very strong, she can walk to Grasmere and back without fatigue. Today we have all been at Church, where the duty is now most admirably performed by Mr Jackson's son; but, alas! we shall not have him long, and his father, the Rector, will take the office over himself. My sister's nephew, George Hutchinson, is with him, a Boy of 14 years of age who has just had a fortune of 5000 per annum left him by his Mother's Uncle. Mr Wm Jackson (if his health permit, but he is very delicate) is to be George's private Tutor; and they are to go together to Oxford—Mr. J—n as College Chaplain; and George, of course, will have nothing to do with the University at present. The education of this Boy is a serious concern. He is of an amiable disposition, sweet tempered, quick and lively; but very giddy and unthinking, and I fear might be easily misled. Mr de Quincey is married; and I fear I may add he is ruined. By degrees he withdrew himself from all society except that of the Symptons of the Nab (that pretty house between Rydal and Grasmere). At the up-rouzing of the Bats and the Owls he regularly went thither—and the consequence was that Peggy Sympson, the eldest Daughter of the house presented him with a son ten weeks ago, and they were married the day of my return to Rydal, and with their infant son are now spending their honeymoon in our cottage at Grasmere. This is in truth a melancholy story! He utter'd in raptures of the beauty, the good sense, the simplicity, the



'angelic sweetness' of Miss Sympson, who to all other judgments appeared to be a stupid, heavy girl, and was reckoned a Dunce at Grasmere School; and I predict that all these witcheries are ere this removed, and the fireside already dull. They have never been seen out of doors—except, after the day was gone. As for him I am very sorry for him—he is utterly changed in appearance, and takes largely of opium. My sister is very well; but miserably thin and eats very little. My Brother has had much vexation and anxiety respecting Richard's affairs and at this moment we are threatened with a Chancery Suit. If this cannot be put a stop to farewell to every farthing of the property I got from my Father (I have none else) and in the meantime we touch no Interest. Wm went this morning to attend the sale of furniture at Sockbridge. My dearest Friend, I have rambled on so long about ourselves that you will think I have forgotten the contents of your last most interesting letter, but not so I assure you. I was charmed with the account you give of your goings on at Playford Hall, and heartily congratulate you on the blessing of a bountiful harvest; and above all I was delighted to hear of your sister's happy prospects and heartily wish that it may please God to grant her all possible comfort as a mother. You will be glad to hear that Mary Hutchinson has got a Daughter. She and the Children both well. Farming concerns wretched—year by year they grow poorer. What do you say to the suspension of the Hab: Corp: Act?<sup>1</sup> If it be necessary I can only think that the feeble execution of the Laws which we have already is the cause of that necessity, and it is greatly to be lamented. Nothing can so much tend to irritate the minds of the people. I hope you will be able to give us a good account of Tom, to whom I beg my kind love and to your dear Husband, your Father and Sister, and remember me to Mrs Kitchener. The Kirkby Lonsdale business was with great trouble and fatigue settled without loss. I pray you write soon—Farewell, my dear Friend, yrs ever D. W.

Oh, that you would come and see us next Summer!

<sup>1</sup> This was a part of the repressive measures introduced into Parliament by Lord Sidmouth early in the year, as the result of the riots in the previous December.

MARCH 1817

Have you seen Coleridge's 'Bible, the Statesman's best Manual'.<sup>1</sup> I think it is ten times more obscure than the darkest parts of the Friend.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, near Ipswich, Suffolk.

*MS.*

*585. D. W. to Thomas Hutton*

Rydal Mount 11<sup>th</sup> March 1817

Dear Sir,

A letter has arrived by this night's post from Dr Wordsworth, and, as it is possible that my Brother William may be detained at Penrith longer than he expected, so that this letter may reach you before his departure, I think it best to trouble you with a transcript of a part of Dr Wordsworth's letter, in order that, if you and my Brother Wm think it necessary to write to Mr Addison respecting the India Bonds, no time may be lost.

Extracts from Dr Wordsworth's letter dated March 8<sup>th</sup>.

'Immediately on the receipt of your Letter yesterday, I went in quest of Mr Addison, and have given him directions to proceed with all despatch in procuring the filing of the amicable Bill'. Dr W. then speaks of the state of accounts between Mr Addison and my late Brother; but with the probable state of these no doubt Mr Addison has made you acquainted, therefore I need not transcribe that part of the letter, and indeed the only matter of importance seems to be the following. 'You are aware that there is a considerable Sum in hand in India Bonds. Of these Mr Addison has the custody; but will leave them with me before his setting out for the Lancaster Assizes, which will be in about ten days time. It strikes one however, on second thoughts, that perhaps the best way would be for you to turn them into money the instant the Will is proved, and to pay the Sum on your account into Masterman's hands. This would put a fresh Sum into your distribution, and perhaps you may think the same course advisable with respect to the Stock (550£) in the Funds.'

If my Brother is still at Penrith pray tell him that we think it not necessary to send the statement of Sale accounts as Mr Sleigh or you must undoubtedly have a copy of it.

<sup>1</sup> *The Statesman's Manual* was published in 1816.

MARCH 1817

I ought to have prefaced this letter with an apology for the trouble I am giving you. I should have addressed it to my Brother if I had been certain that he would not have left Penrith before it arrives. I am, dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,  
D. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Thomas Hutton Esq<sup>re</sup>, Solicitor, Penrith.

*MS. 586. W. W. to Benjamin Robert Haydon*  
*Haydon(—)*

Rydale Mount, near Ambleside, April 7<sup>th</sup> 1817.

My dear Sir,

I have just received through the hands of Mr Southey the excellent Print from the Gypseys head. The Glass was shattered, when it reached Mr S— into a thousand Pieces; but luckily the Print itself had sustained no damage. I have hung this memorial of you in my Study, and be assured that I prize it not a little. If I have any fault to find with the execution of the Engraving it is that some strokes appear wanting in the face and features to soften and qualify the expression of the eyes—

Mr Southey is going shortly to Town and will be happy to call upon you; I envy him this pleasure both in seeing the artist, and the Picture of Christ's Entry which I suppose is now far advanced towards a Conclusion. I have had a cast taken of one of my hands, with which, I hope, Southey will charge himself—You expressed a wish for an opportunity to paint them from the life—I hope this substitute may not be wholly useless to you—

Your health continues good, I trust, so that your studies proceed—Where is Scott? and is he well—His poem, I see, is published—I am afraid of looking into it on account of the subject—If you write to him pray remember me most kindly and respectfully to him—I have ceased to be a reader of the *Champion* for several months, supposing that he had discontinued writing in it; and not approving the tone of its Politics. The miscreant Hazlitt continues, I have heard, his abuse of Southey Coleridge and myself, in the *Examiner*.—I hope that you do not associate with the Fellow, he is not a proper person

to be admitted into respectable society, being the most perverse and malevolent Creature that ill luck has ever thrown in my way. Avoid him—*hic niger est*—And this, I understand, is the general opinion wherever he is known, in London.

Faction runs high—The Friends of liberty and good order are alarmed at the corruption of opinion among the lower classes, and the Reformers and Revolutionists are irritated and provoked that their plans have for the present been defeated. For my own part I am full of fears, not for the present; the immediate danger will, I think be got over, but there is a malady in the social constitution which it will require the utmost skill to manage, and which if it is not met with firmness and knowledge will end in the dissolution of the body Politic. When I have the pleasure of seeing you, I will explain my views at length, and state to you the grounds of my apprehensions.—

Perhaps some of Southey's friends may think that his tranquillity is disturbed by the late and present attacks upon him—not a jot—Bating inward sorrow for the loss of his only son he is cheerful as a Lark, and happy as the day. Prosperous in his literary undertakings, admired by his friends, in good health, and honoured by a large portion of the Public, and as he thinks infinitely the wisest and best part of the Public, busily employed from morning to night, and capable from his talents of punishing those who act unjustly towards him, what cause has he to be disturbed. I left him the other day, preparing a rod for Mr Wm Smith.<sup>1</sup>—Pray let me hear from you, and believe [me,] my dear Sir, with great regard, and high respect

Most truly yours,

Wm Wordsworth

If you see Sir George and Lady B— give our kindest regards to them.

*Address:* R. B. Haydon Esq, No 8, Great Marlborough Street, London.

<sup>1</sup> Early in this year *Wat Tyler*, Southey's revolutionary poem (written 1794), was surreptitiously published, and on March 14, William Smith, M.P. for Norwich (the friend of the Clarksons), attacked him in the House of Commons. S. replied in the *Courier*, and a little later Coleridge defended him in the same paper.

APRIL 1817

MS

587. W. W. to Daniel Stuart

S(—), K(—)

April 7, 1817, Rydal Mount.

My dear Sir,

It was only two days ago that I received an acknowledgement from France of the money having been received. Otherwise I should have thanked you before for your obliging Letter. You make mention only of £30; in fact I ordered £35 to be paid to you, and on application to the Bank at Kendal they tell me that Sum was paid, and I dare say you remitted to Mr Beaudouin to that amount, though his Letter does not specify the sum he received, but simply says 'la Rente'. I should like to know *at your leisure*, whether you actually received and remitted 30 or 35, for I do not like, for particular reasons, to ask him what sum he received. 30 pounds was the sum you had sent on my account the year before and probably that occasioned the mistake in your recollection.

Many thanks for your communications on the subject of Politics. There has been a general outcry among sensible people in this neighbourhood against the remissness of Government in permitting the free circulation of injurious writings. It has been especially felt in regard to the blasphemous parodies on the Liturgy. No one can comprehend why these things should not be suppressed and the authors or publishers punished. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act is a measure approved by all the well disposed who are a large majority of the influential part of the Country. In fact also the spirit among the labouring classes (with the exception of the populace of Carlisle) is incomparably better than it was in 1794 and 5. The agricultural population of Cumberland and Westmoreland is at present sound; but I would not engage that it will continue so, in case rebellion should get the upper hand in other parts of the Island. A Revolution will, I think, be staved off for the present, nor do I even apprehend that the disposition to rebellion may not without difficulty be suppressed, notwithstanding the embarrassments and heavy distresses of the times. Nevertheless, I am, like you, an alarmist, and for this reason. I see clearly that the principal ties which kept the different classes of society in a vital

APRIL 1817

and harmonious dependence upon each other have, within these 30 years, either been greatly impaired or wholly dissolved. Everything has been put up to market and sold for the highest price it would buy. Farmers used formerly to be attached to their Landlords, and labourers to their Farmers who employed them. All that kind of feeling has vanished—in like manner, the connexion between the trading and landed interests of country towns undergoes no modification whatsoever from personal feeling, whereas within my memory it was almost wholly governed by it. A country squire, or substantial yeoman, used formerly to resort to the same shops which his father had frequented before him, and nothing but a serious injury, real or supposed, would have appeared to him a justification for breaking up a connexion which was attended with substantial amity and interchanges of hospitality from generation to generation. All this moral cement is dissolved, habits and prejudices are broken and rooted up, nothing being substituted in their place but a quickened self-interest, with more extensive views and wider dependencies—but more lax in proportion as they are wider. The ministry will do well if they keep things quiet for the present, but if our present constitution in church and state is to last, it must rest as heretofore upon a moral basis; and they who govern the country must be something superior to mere financiers and political economists. Farewell. Do let me hear from you.

I remain,

very faithfully yours,

W. Wordsworth.

Southey is going to Town shortly on his way for a short trip on the Continent. I saw him a few days ago quite well, and preparing a Rod for Mr Smith.

*Address:* Daniel Stewart Esq., Upper Harley Street, London.

*MS.*

*588. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

*K(—)*

Sunday April 13<sup>th</sup> [1817.]

My dear Friend,

We have long been expecting a letter from you, and I have said 'I will write again, for there is no knowing *when* we may

hear from her now that she has put us off so long' ; but perhaps if I had not had a sort of motive of business (in itself not worth the postage of a letter) I might yet have delayed many weeks. My business is simply this. Our Friend Mrs Cookson bought some Suffolk hemp many years ago which she liked better than any cloth she ever had in her life, and she thinks that as all other linen cloths are cheap that Suffolk hemp will be cheap also, therefore she desired me when I was at Kendal to ask you if you could purchase some for her. I said I would and forgot it, and to-day she has reminded me of my promise. She wishes to have two pieces proper for shifts for herself, and two of a finer quality for shirts. She would have it unbleached. If you can do this for her, I should be glad, and will inform you how it is to be sent ; but do not disturb yourself if it be a very troublesome commission—and probably I think Suffolk Hemps have not fallen in proportion to other cloths of which there is a more extensive manufacture, but if they should be cheap enough to tempt you to buy for Mrs C. you may add two pieces for us of the *Shifting* kind.

You will be concerned to hear that our dear Sara has been very ill, in an inflammatory disorder, not an actual inflammation of the Bowels ; but there was considerable inflammation in the parts adjacent and she suffered violent pain. It is more than a month since she began, and her recovery was at first very slow ; but she is now, I hope, approaching towards her normal state of health. She rides out daily and is now staying at Mrs Crump's at Allan Bank. We saw her at Church and I thought her looks a little improved since she left us on Friday ; but she is very thin and I dare say it will be long before she regains the flesh she has lost. Notwithstanding a prevalence of inflammatory disorders all over the country the rest of the Family have escaped and Dorothy and Willy are strong and look uncommonly well. William has been sadly harassed by my poor brother Richard's affairs—delays of lawyers—difficulties in getting debts paid—threatenings of a Chancery Suit—perplexing letters—everything to disturb him, and all [? new]—and what is worse one can see no end of it ; but I think he begins to take things more quietly, and, for the first time during more than a year and a half he has taken to his old employments. To-day he has composed a Sonnet, and

in our inner minds we sing 'Oh! be joyful!' It has indeed been most melancholy to see him bowed down by oppressive cares, which have fallen upon him through mismanagement, dilatoriness, or negligence. Alas! that is the truth. Nothing can exceed the apathy which our poor deceased Brother must have lived in, nor his irresolution and weakness. Southey is going upon the Continent and William has had a strong desire to go with him; but he has now given it up, for there are certain points in Rd's affairs pending, which might remain longer unsettled, if he were absent. I wish he could have gone for several reasons, and chiefly that he might have been out of the way of business for a while, for I think that when he returned to it he would have been able to carry it on with less labour and earnestness—the vexatious chain would have been broken, and a fresh stream of thoughts admitted into his mind. I believe he will go next year, if we live and are well. What do you think of your Friend Wilham Smith's attack upon Southey? The publishing of the pamphlet was an infamous thing; but neither that nor the triumphs of the malignant can do him harm. If I were in Southey's place, I sho[uld] be far more afraid of my injudicious defen[ders] than my open enemies. Coleridge, for instance, has taken up the cudgels; and of injudicious defenders he is surely the Master Leader. If you do not see *The Courier* regularly, I hope you may be able to borrow those for the last 4 or 5 weeks, and you will see what Coleridge has written. He does nothing in simplicity—and his praise is to me quite disgusting,—his praise of the '*Man*' Southey in contradistinction to the '*Boy*' who wrote '*Wat Tyler*.' I am very glad that Southey is going abroad. He works so hard, and looks so delicate, that one cannot see him without anxious thoughts; and, resolute as he is, he will for ever feel his bitter loss. It comes on him keenly at times and he has not the boyish glee he used to have. We have good accounts from Wales. Joanna will be here in a few weeks with her Br. Henry who is going to live again at Hawkeshead—good I mean as to health of mind and body; but worldly concerns thrive not there. *We* are least touched by the misfortunes of the times, and there is a better spirit among the lower classes in this neighbourhood than in the former time of distress. I agree with you



APRIL 1817

heartily in lamenting the licentiousness of the press, and I rejoice that Government seems now to be roused to vigilance; but it is our misfortune that we never act till our negligence has made it *necessary* that something should be done—also why suffer blasphemous and seditious works to come out weekly and in torrents as one may say? Why not have amended the Poor Laws when the poor were suffering less? Why not *then* have established saving Banks? I had not time for a long letter and have scrawled over my paper without leaving room for any inquiries but pray tell me the concerns of yourself and all Friends. What is Tom doing? My kind love to him, to Mr Clarkson and to your Father and Sister. The spring is very backward here, weather cold and snowy—snow on the higher hills in patches—nothing *green*, larches *greenish*—the Shrubs just greenening in the Gardens. Bless you my dearest friend.

Yrs Ever

D. W.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hill, near Ipswich, *redirected to* William Buck's Esq, Bury St Edmunds.

*MS.*

589. *W. W. to Samuel Rogers*

*R. K(—)*

Rydale Mount, May 13<sup>th</sup> 1817.

I presume you are in a state of earthly existence, as I have heard nothing to the contrary since we parted in a shower near the Turnpike Gate of Keswick: need I add that I hope and wish that you may be well? In the former part of this sentence, you may have divined, there lurks a charitable reproach; for you left me with some reason to expect that I should hear of, from, or about you. Though this favour has not been granted, I am not discouraged from asking another, the exact amount of which I am unable to calculate. A Friend of mine, a near Relation of Mrs. Wordsworth, is smitten with a desire of seeing the Pictures brought together by the members of the British Institution, and exhibited in the Evening—I find I have expressed my meaning cumbrously and ill—he wishes to attend in the evening Assembly and has applied to me to procure him a Ticket, for one night, if

MAY 1817

I conveniently can. Is it in your power to enable me to gratify this laudable ambition in a worthy Person? Having come to the point, I have only to add that his Address is, Thomas Monkhouse, Esq., 28 St. Anne's Street West; and could you enclose him a ticket, I shall be thankful.

Are we to see you among us this summer? I hope so—and also that Sharp will not desert us. How is he in health—and what does he say of Switzerland and Italy, both in themselves, and as compared with the scenes in our neighbourhood, which he knows so well? Is George Philips as great an orator as ever, and do you and Dante continue as intimate as heretofore? He used to avenge himself upon his enemies by placing them in Hell, a thing bards seem very fond of attempting in this day,—witness the Laureate['s] mode of treating Mr. W. Smith. You keep out of these scrapes, I suppose; why don't you hire somebody to abuse you? and the higher the place selected for the purpose the better. For myself, I begin to fear that I should soon be forgotten if it were not for my enemies. Yet now and then a humble admirer presents himself, in some cases following up his introduction with a petition. The other day I had a letter of this sort from a poetical, not a personal, Friend—a Quaker of the name of Barton, living at Woodbridge in Suffolk. He has beguiled me of a Guinea, the promise of one at least, by way of subscription to a Quarto Vol: of poems, which he is anxious to print, partly for honour, and partly for profit. He solicits my interest to promote his views. I state the fact—I do not beg—I have not sufficient grounds to go upon—I leave the affair to the decision of your own mind, only do not condemn me for abusing

*(Here p. 2 of the MS. ends pp. 3 and 4 are torn off.)*

MS.

590. W. W. to R. P. Gillies

Gillies, K(—)

[p.m. June 9, 1817]

My dear Sir,

I am unworthy of the many kind marks of attention which you bestow upon me. I knew nothing of the treatise of Wieland, which you enquired after, or I should have written immediately

JUNE 1817

on the Receipt of your Letter. But as I was absent when it arrived, and you must consequently have incurred some disappointment, without any fault of mine, I was foolish enough to press that circumstance into the service of my procrastinating habits. I have read your Poem. I like it better than any of the preceding ones. There is a strong family resemblance, no doubt, in them all—but this as a whole is to me the most interesting. It is natural throughout, and contains many pleasing passages, though I think that in the merits of particular parts some of the others are equal and perhaps superior to it. But the general impression of this last is to my mind much more agreeable than any of the preceding ones. Oswald's feelings on learning that his first passion was hopeless, are given in an animated style—and his recovery.

Even in an hour of sun-illumined Rain

is very fine, but observe that here are eight lines together all rhyming in the Vowel *A*, which gives a heaviness to the movement of this paragraph which every Reader will feel, without being aware of the cause. Lady Clara's character and Residence are very well described, and one is pleased to meet such a couplet as this, it is a sort of beauty that seems natural to you.

All through the copse wood winding walks there were  
That led to many a natural parterre

But how could you write, 'at every step the scenery seemed improving;' this is a thorough bad verse; bad language even for prose—The apology for Oswald's second passion in the preceding Canto is well done. The 6 lines at the top of page 71—an excellent composition, the sentiment is natural to the character—Is there any thing like this in any of Lord Byron's Poems—the language is better than his for the most part appears to be—but the sentiment seems somewhat in his style. I could enumerate many couplets and passages that particularly pleased me, for example in the 36th stanza, 'Spring-tide came on', and the six succeeding lines, particularly 'and long sweet evenings were when mellow dyes Of Twilight lingered in the western skies'—Your essay is desultory enough—of the soundness of the opinion

it does not become me to judge—The famous passage on Solitude which you quote from Lord B. does not deserve the notice that has been bestowed upon it. As *composition* it is bad—particularly the line (Minions of grandeur shrinking from distress)<sup>1</sup> which in defiance of all syntax is foisted in for the sake of the rhyme. But the sentiment by being expressed in an *antithetical* manner, is taken out of the Region of high and imaginative feeling, to be place[d] in that of point and epigram. To illustrate my meaning and for no other purpose I refer to my own Lines on the Wye, where you will find the same sentiment not formally put as it is here, but ejaculated as it were [fortun]tously in the musical succession [of preconceiv]ed<sup>2</sup> feeling. Compare the paragraph ending ‘How often has my spirit turned to thee’ and the one where occurs the lines

And greetings where no kindness is and all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,

with the lines of Lord B— and you will perceive the difference. You will give me credit for writing for the sake of truth, and not from so disgusting a motive as self commendation at the expense of a man of Genius. Indeed if I had not known you so well, I would rather have suppressed the truth, than incurred the risk of such an imputation.

Page 20—you say ‘my Rustic lyre I cast away, unable to *pourtray*’. We do not *pourtray* with a Lyre but with a pencil. You frequent[ly] use *revive again* this is a Tautology.—

... You hold out a hope that you will visit this country—Do not disappoint us and if Mrs. Gillies come along with you so much the better. Farewell. best regards from Mrs. W. and Miss Hutchinson—and believe me my dear Sir with many thanks for your kind attention—

very faithfully yours  
W. Wordsworth

*Address:* R. P. Gillies Esq<sup>re</sup>, King Street, Edinburgh.

<sup>1</sup> Minions of splendour shrinking from distress! *Childe Harold*, II xxvi 5.

<sup>2</sup> [fortun]tously, [of preconceiv]ed. the letters in brackets, torn away from the MS., are supplied from *Gillies*.

JUNE 1817

MS.

591. *W. W. to R. P. Gillies*

Friday [June ?<sup>1</sup>] 19<sup>th</sup> 1817

My dear Sir,

Your letter of the 15<sup>th</sup> Instant, I have this moment received on my return from an Excursion of a few days.—I fear this note will arrive too late to be of use—but I write to mention that I quit home on the 22<sup>nd</sup> and 23<sup>d</sup> of this month. I shall be absent I fear at least a fortnight I shall regret this much if it should deprive me of the pleasure of seeing you in this Country. My first visit is to Lord Lonsdale at Lowther, and afterwards I go to a Friend's House a Mr. Marshall who lives upon the Banks of Ulleswater; so that though absent for some time I shall not be far from home—

I have not read Mr. Coleridge's 'Biographia', having contented myself with skimming parts of it; so that you will not be surprized when I tell you that I shall never read a syllable of Mr. Jefferson Critique.<sup>2</sup> Indeed I am heartily sick of even the best criticism, of course cannot humor an inclination to turn to the worst—

I have no intention to print any of my little pieces in periodical works, a practice I never had recourse to, except in the case of poems which have a political bearing—Excuse this wretched scrawl written in extreme haste to catch the post—I shall be truly sorry if I hear of your arrival here after my departure.

Believe me most sincerely yours,

W. Wordsworth

MS.

592. *W. W. to Daniel Stuart*

S. K(—)

Rydal Mount, June 22<sup>nd</sup> 1817.

My dear Sir,

I am sorry that Mrs. Stuart must be disappointed in her wish to procure honey from this neighbourhood. I cannot learn that there is any such thing in the country, last summer having been so extremely wet that the Bees were incapable of working, and

<sup>1</sup> The 19<sup>th</sup> of June was a Friday in 1817.

<sup>2</sup> So MS. W. probably means Jeffrey's critique.

most of them perished through hunger in the course of the Winter. The ensuing season is likely to prove more favourable, and care shall be taken to procure for Mrs. S. a supply.

I congratulate you on your settlement in Oxfordshire; what you have done is just what I should have recommended. I dreaded the notion of your throwing yourself far into the North, even in England, and as to Scotland, so long out of it as you have been, what permanent comfort or solid satisfaction could you have found there? Your lot is now cast in a fair land, and both yourself and your Posterity will, I trust, feel the benefit. Your purchase, which is at a right distance from the Metropolis is both as to quantity and quality, I think, very judicious. In everything, especially in land, it is of consequence to have good stuff in little room. Buying a large tract of inferior soil, or waste, with a view to reclaim it, though flattering to the Fancy, is an expedient which within the few last years, has ruined persons with more certainty than any other sort of speculation. How are you as to Poor Rates? If there be not a preparation for a *radical* reform in this branch of public economy, land hitherto deemed the most stable species of property, will become the most insecure and treacherous. What an outcry, in Parliament and elsewhere, has been made against the absurdity of the Spencean system!<sup>1</sup> Yet a reference to calculations will show that this *absurd theory* does at present regulate the *practice* of the country, as enjoined by law, in a degree truly formidable. The *Poor* are at this moment in actual possession of full one-fifth of the *real* estate of the Country. They have it; and they are far stronger, a thousand times stronger, in the *admitted right*, than in the possession. There are scarcely any compulsory proceedings for the support of the Poor in Scotland, and it is said that many unhappy creatures die of hunger in consequence. I know not how far this shocking statement is true; but sure I am that the Poor Laws, as enacted and administered in this country, have

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Spence (1750–1814), the author of a scheme of land nationalization by which the inhabitants of each parish were to form a corporation in which the land should be vested, parish officers were to collect the rents, and after payment of expenses divide the money among the parishioners. The Spencean system, promulgated in 1778, was revived in 1816, when the ‘Society of Spencean Philanthropists’ was formed.

degraded tens of thousands to that point that life is wretched to themselves, a plague to their neighbours, and a burden to the Community.

There is not a single opinion stated in your Letter, in which I do not coincide. Coleridge you say viewed the matter in the same light some time ago; cogent reason for believing that our impressions, as to facts, are accurate, and our unwelcome inferences, just. Southey's last article in the *Q.R.* I have not yet seen. We have repeatedly conversed upon the state of the country with little difference of opinion; except that in his vivid perception of the danger to be apprehended from the disaffected urging on the Rabble, and the consequent necessity of government being empowered to keep them down, he does not seem sufficiently jealous of the Power whose protection we all feel to be necessary. There is a maxim laid down in my Tract on the Convention of Cintra which ought never to be lost sight of. It is expressed, I believe, nearly in the following words. 'There is, in fact, an unconquerable tendency in all power, save that of knowledge, acting by and through knowledge, to *injure the mind* of him by whom that power is exercised.' I pressed this upon Southey's consideration with a wish that his excellent Letter to Mr. W. Smith, in which he proposed to state his opinions and to recommend measures, might contain some wholesome advice to Ministers grounded upon this law of our infirm nature.

If I had access to a Cabinet Minister, I would put these questions. Do you think that the fear of the Law, and mere selfish or personal calculations as to profit or loss, in the matter of property or condition, are sufficient to keep a numerous people in due subordination? 'No.' What loss has the Country sustained, within these last 20 or 30 years, of those habits, sentiments, and dispositions, which lend a collateral support, in the way of buttresses, of equal importance for the preservation of the edifice with the foundation itself? If the old props have been shaken or destroyed, have adequate new ones been substituted? A discerning answer to these queries would be the picture of danger, and nothing else can lead to a just consideration of the means by which it is to be lessened. Farewell. Do let me hear from you as it happens to suit.

JUNE 1817

By the bye, it was not till this morning that I read the case of Stuart versus Lovell. What a miscreant—If I had been upon the Jury and had found that the Man possessed property that would bear the damages, I should have fixed upon £700, the precise sum which he accused you of embezzling.—Best regards to Mrs. Stuart, and believe me, faithfully yours,

W. Wordsworth.

A neighbour of mine says you may procure in London Majorca honey better than we get in this country.

*Address:* Daniel Stuart Esq, No 9 Upper Harley Street, London.

*MS.* 593. *D. W. to Jane Marshall*

*K(—)*

Wednesday 25<sup>th</sup> June [1817]<sup>1</sup>

My dear Friend,

When, on our way home, I viewed from the top of Helvellyn the fields of Skelly Nab and the dwellings of Hallsteads and Old Church I thought I would, the very next day write you an account of our journey; but, finding Miss Joanna Hutchinson ill in the rheumatism, I was unwilling to begin with a dolorous tale, and put off for a day or two, and thus, because I had begun with a delay I went on, and it is now more than a fortnight since I was at Hallsteads.

We had a most delightful prospect from the top of the mountain, and I did not find the ascent very toilsome; for we took plenty of time and reached home, I may almost say without fatigue, at about eight o'clock in the evening. We viewed the masses of snow with particular attention which Mary Anne daily watches in their decay from the shores of Ulswater, and my Brother made a bold push to procure some of that very snow for our refreshment; but he could not accomplish it, so we were obliged to be satisfied with some a little further on, which her eyes had never gazed upon. When we were at Glen-riddin the Miss Askews were eager in their hopes of ascending Helvellyn with Mary Anne, and, I think Miss Hazell; but if they did not go to Mr. Askew's before the commencement of the very hot weather,

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R. June 24, 1817, *v. C. R.*, p. 91.



JUNE 1817

I think it will not be thought prudent by the elders of the houses of Marshall and Askew that the young people should venture upon such a walk. The coolness of the air was very favorable to us. I never walked with more spirit in my life than on the lofty Terrace of Helvellyn, and the next day my limbs were not at all stiff, nor had I the least sensation of fatigue. Poor Joanna Hutchinson continued in great pain for several days; and as she neither regained her strength nor got rid of the rheumatic pains in the course of a fortnight she resolved to try a warm sea-bath, and she and Miss Hutchinson left us at six o'clock on Monday morning, intending to go either to Allonby or to Parton, a little village near Whitehaven. They would decide upon one of the two places on their arrival at Cocker-mouth, after consulting a person acquainted with both. I do not know how long they will be absent; but I should think certainly not less than three weeks if the sea air agrees with Joanna, though they will naturally be very impatient to return to this delightful place, which they have left in full beauty.

Dorothy is gone with them. We are in hopes that the sea-air will strengthen her. She has no particular ailment; but is excessively thin and pale—rather say black and yellow often times, and has had no appetite for some weeks.

I hope that Mr. Marshall arrived at Hallsteads at the promised time, and that he is now perfectly well; and that you all continue so. How do you like this very hot weather? It is of the right old-fashioned kind, and pleases me well, but certainly it is not the weather for stirring about or making journies either of business or pleasure; but we, at Rydal Mount, are well off, for when there is a breeze stirring we are sure to have our share of it in one part or another of the garden; and the evenings and mornings are most delightful. Are you not astonished with the progress of vegetation? I hope that if Mrs. Whitaker is not already with your Sisters, she will arrive before the very fine weather is gone, that she and all of you may enjoy the Luxury of floating upon still waters on long summer evenings. Nothing can exceed the glory of Ulswater at such a time. There is now a refreshing breeze, and if it continues we intend to stroll down the meadows to Winandermere, and shall take a Boat to Low

JUNE 1817

Wood for the sake of the sunset on the Langdale mountains, a spectacle I often have heard you speak of with delight.

I have scrawled over my paper and hardly left Room to request that you will take the trouble to inform Mrs Askew if you should see her in the course of a week or two, that Miss Hutchinson does now always write to Mrs. Luff through the post-office. The *Inland* postage is to be paid. If you are not likely to see Mrs. A., pray be so good as to write a line to her to this effect. I would write to her, but my letter would not be worth the postage. Pray make my best Respects to Mrs. Askew and all the Family. With kind love to all at Hallsteads and Old Church,

I am, dear Jane

Your affectionate Friend

D. Wordsworth

*Address:* Mrs Marshall, Hallsteads, near Penrith.

*MS.*

594. *W. W. to Daniel Stuart*

*S K(—)*

Rydal Mount, Sat, Sept<sup>br</sup> 7<sup>th</sup>, 1817.

Dear Sir,

The German scheme is out of the Question. C. in recommending it, seems to have overlooked that, when he himself studied at Gottingen, he was 25 or 6 years of age, and before he went thither had resided several months in a Clergyman's house to acquire the language. A Public Office is wholly undesirable for those who have the means of doing better, that is, of a regular English Gentleman's Education. I cannot understand what you report from the youth's Masters, that he will at Christmas have attained all that they in the usual way can teach him, if by this is meant that he cannot go further under their tuition. If he has done well where he is, why cannot he be continued there, reading such books in classics as he has not read, and continuing his exercises in prose and verse composition in the Latin and Greek languages? But as they have expressed this opinion it would seem that they would rather be without the Lad, than encounter this additional trouble on his account. It remains then to consider how he can make the best use of his time till he can enter

at one of the Universities. You are perhaps aware that from Cambridge he must be excluded for the ensuing year, not having been entered previous to the Commencement, which is, I think, about the beginning of July—and as he is so young, there is no reason to regret this. As you intend him for the Bar, I should by all means recommend a Public School for the ensuing twelve months, in preference to his being placed in the house of a Clergyman. I give due consideration to what you say on the subject of his overgrown stature, but I cannot accede to the truth of his own remark that, should he go to Winchester, Harrow, Rugby, or any other Public School of celebrity, he would have everything to go over again. Inconvenience, no doubt, would arise from his not having learnt, perhaps, the same Grammar, but if he be well grounded and respectably practised in the Latin and Greek languages, which he must be, if what you say of his late Masters be just, then the obstacles from this cause would be easily surmounted. I am decisively of opinion that a Public School is the proper place of education for a *Lawyer*. I know several eminent English Lawyers distinguished for their knowledge of law, as [?], who most probably would have been equally distinguished for their happy manner of displaying it in a court of justice, if they had fortunately been educated in public schools, but, not having had that discipline, they are obliged to keep their candle hidden under a Bushel. Shyness, reserve, awkwardness, want of self-possession, embarrassment, encumbered expression, hesitation in speaking, etc., etc., are sad impediments to an Advocate; and the best way of obviating all this is to place a Lad under the necessity of encountering the shock he will every moment meet with, in those Seminaries. As to private tuition, it is such an irksome thing, that scarcely any of those who undertake it, do their Duty. If they be Persons of known Competence, they mostly have several pupils of the same age, to qualify for the University. A certain plan of study is chalked out—the Scholars and Master begin with a resolution that everything shall be understood. This is stuck to for a *while*, but first one Lad falls off, and then another, and the course of Reading is persisted in when perhaps not one of the three, four, five, or six, that the class is composed of, has any

understanding of the subject. But they must go forward, else the master will not seem to have fulfilled his part of the engagement. What then do I advise? That your Protégé should be immediately examined, in Latin and Greek, by some competent Person who has been himself distinguished at one of the Universities, for his knowledge of classics, and educated at one of the public schools; and, if he find him well grounded and practised in construing and composition, and deems him so far advanced that he can be sent to one of our great public Schools with a prospect of benefiting in those studies, that is, without its being probable that he would be thrown back materially by the necessity of learning a new set of syntax rules, or other things of that sort, that then he should proceed forthwith to such school for the ensuing year, and be admitted at Trinity College, Cambridge, next commencement to reside in October following. I advise Cambridge, in preference to Oxford, because at Cambridge he will have stronger incitements and inducements to apply to Mathematics; and, if he is able to fix his attention so far as to make a progress in those sciences, the assiduity and steady application of the thoughts requisite for success in Law will not be more than he will find himself already prepared for. I recommend Trinity College in preference to any other, because it is a more liberal foundation. I have now said all that strikes me upon the subject.

The prospect for the ensuing harvest is very encouraging in the North of England and South of Scotland. The weather at present is more promising. I received a newspaper from you, some time ago, in which you had done me the honour of adopting a remark from one of my Letters. I have not seen Southey since his return. I learn that he is looking uncommonly well, and has enjoyed himself much.—With best regards to Mrs. Stuart, I remain very truly yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

P.S. Your [Protégé] might go to College immediately and reside as a Non-Ens., *i.e.*, without university rank. I have just learned that the masters of the great schools do not like to admit boys after the age of 15, unless from one great school to another; and it is certain that your protégé will be less likely

SEPTEMBER 1817

to benefit in a general way, from his advanced age. So that, upon the whole, it is a puzzling case, and I wish you by all means to go by advice grounded upon his examination, as before recommended.

*Address*· Daniel Stuart Esq, 9 Upper Harley Street, London.

*MS.*            595. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

*K*(—)

Rydal Mount October 16<sup>th</sup> [1817]

My dear Friend

I will not enter on the subject which you have so sympathetically discussed, our long silence, except to suggest that, it becomes us both to profit from what has passed—we each know that however slow we may be in writing the other will neither be offended nor dream of the possibility of neglect and this assurance has often aided the suggestions of indolence and other motives for delay. I did not *expect* a letter from you for I had taken the whole blame to myself, therefore I was doubly pleased when Sara put yours into my hands on our return from Uls-water last Monday, and in answer to my inquiries, at the same time informed me that she had written to you. Your account of yourself, my dearest Friend, is certainly very satisfactory as regards your health, yet I cannot conceal from you that I felt a sadness at the close of your letter—entertaining as it was. You speak of that one day spent by the River-side as a thing to be repeated at the close of labours and expenses, and how *many* of such days have *we* passed this summer:—You talk of your Husband letting ‘the farm sink too much into him’. This I know must be the case: but the confirmation from you was painful and strengthened me in the conviction that you have both taken upon yourselves care, anxiety, and even labour that you would have been better without.—Then follows that you cannot look to a time for visiting us—Why should you have been thus confined? Why have such a Bondage in a great farm that can never make you rich and if it could, by that time your wings would be clipped by age. You have both active minds and if Mr C had had two cows and a horse they would have furnished him with sufficient employment to withdraw him from fancies

and cares that might sometimes oppress him in his study or by his fireside. But what is the use of all this! You *have* the farm and must keep it for a time. I confess it is a selfish feeling that makes me thus lament to you,—I am grieved and it is some relief to me to tell you so.—It seems to me that you, with only one child, have no motive to imprison yourselves in this way, and involve yourselves in worldly cares, and I am half vexed that you should have done it. Do forgive me for having said what must be useless and may give you pain—and I will try to hope that in a year or two you will be more at liberty. I have spent six months out of the last twelve from home and look forward to being stationary for a while with satisfaction, yet when an opportunity offers, I am determined to go to France. I am under promise to Caroline (she is married to Mr Baudouin's Brother and has a Daughter) and besides I have a great desire to see her and all the Family. At that time I shall certainly make my way to you, but as the how and the when are all uncertain it will not serve for either of us to fix our minds upon at present. I am very happy, much as we shall miss Sara, that she is likely to spend the winter with you—I cannot say when she will set off or how she will travel—therefore do not consider yourself as quite certain of seeing her; yet I am sure she will do her utmost.—Tom Monkhouse is at Penrith and will be here again after the Races; but she cannot accompany him; she has, however, some thoughts of going with John M who is also at Penrith and will stay perhaps 5 or 6 weeks in this country. We have a succession of company all this summer—one house-ful after another, but after the Monkhouses leave us we shall be settled to ourselves for the winter. The Autumn has been delightful, and your own Lake of Ulswater was enchanting while we were there. We spent two days at Eusemere with Capt'n. Wordsworth and his Bride, and were exceedingly pleased with the hospitality and kindness of them both. He has made a most judicious choice. Eusemere is exactly as you made it excepting some alterations in the kitchens—every walk remains as made by your hands.—Often did Mary and I think of you, and often wish that you were walking by our side—The Lodging-rooms have the same papers on the walls and you would be surprized

to see how little they are changed—They look as fresh and clean as if they had been put up this summer. William was at Thomas Wilkinson's—but we, M and I, did not see him—William says he is not altered in any respect but that he looks older—he labours just as hard as ever with the same contented chearfulness. I hope you will see Tillbrooke at Christmas. He will delight in talking with you of Rydal, and its inhabitants; we were very sorry when he was forced to go away; and he went with a heavy heart. You will be charmed with the Ivy Cottage whenever you see it. I would try to describe the beauty of the Orchard and garden, that are and that are to be, but you will hear all from himself and Sara.—Southey returned from the Continent in great spirits—quite himself when I saw him in Borrowdale which was just after his return; but I am sorry to hear that home has already wrought sore change in him. How can it be other wise! A man cannot live with such a set of women and approve of them without being the worse for it. How can he be lively when his Wife is always dull and frown[s] at all his little gaieties? Southey saw Caroline and her Mother Husband and Daughter Dorothée and was very much pleased with them—He says the Babe is a lovely Child, the Mother very interesting and the image of John Wordsworth—and something like Dorothy; and the Husband a fine man—sensible and animated and very fond of his wife and child. How sorry I am that you did not see these friends of ours when you were at Paris!—Derwent Coleridge is going to his Father in London—I can not see any good that can possibly arise from this, unless it forces his father to exert himself to put the Boy forward, or forces him to confess openly that he cannot do any thing—which will at least compel him to perceive that he or his Children have had, and have Friends, ill as he thinks he has been used in the world. I have hastily scrawled over my paper to save the post, and have hardly left Room to speak of ourselves or the Children in answer to your inquiries. William has sate for his picture,<sup>1</sup> written a few small poems, entertained company, enjoyed the country, and paid some visits and so his summer has been passed; he intends to work hard at the Recluse in Winter—The

<sup>1</sup> To Richard Carruthers: according to Southey 'a respectable likeness'.

OCTOBER 1817

Children are healthy and well-looking, and only want stricter discipline to make them all we could desire—yet in respect of learning, John will never make a figure, though I hope he may pass very well through the University, which will be the best opening for him if his Uncle Chris<sup>r</sup> lives; or if his Father lives and preserves the Friends whom he has already made. Do you know of any good School for Girls that you can recommend? I have it much at heart that D. should go to school for a while if any unexceptionable school could be found—She is as fine a Girl as ever was, but there is too much pleasure and too little regularity at home.

Wm's picture is charming—What a sad scrawl—I am called to dress for a visit at Mr Gee's at the foot of the hill. Believe me ever my dearest Friend. Your affect<sup>te</sup>

D W

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, near Ipswich.

K(—)

596. *W. W. to Lord Lonsdale*

January 3<sup>d</sup>, 1818.

. . . If property, situation in life, character, etc., could ensure success, our triumph would be complete. But every man of weight overrates his own importance till it is fairly tried; and this even seems as much owing to want of reflection as to personal vanity. Our indolence bribes us also into a belief that ordinary influences are equal to extraordinary occasions; and we trust accordingly to passive qualities and circumstances, when every nerve ought to be strained and every power put into action. But this, of which I see instances on every side of me, would be better said to the public. . . .

*MS.*

597. *D. W. to Thomas Monkhouse*

Jan. 1818.

Monday night 10 o'clock

My dear Friend,

The packet from my sister containing your kind note arrived about three hours ago. The pleasures of the Whist Table were suspended, and we were all in perfect stillness while Dorothy



devoured *her* letter and I my two or three. Willy's was not published till we had gone through the others, nor did he suspect that there was one for him. I assure you the Letter was well bestowed; for it made him very happy—he has carried it up to his bedroom. Pray tell his cousin George this. Our Whist party consisted of Jonathan, Betty,<sup>1</sup> Miss Smith and Dorothy—D. instructed Miss S for the first time in the rudiments of Whist during the  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour before we lighted candles, D. playing 3 hands, and directing Miss Smith at the same time. It was a very droll scene—D. was so clear-headed and so sharp, confounding neither the order of the Cards nor the laws of justice and strict honour, which I thought she had some temptation to do. After this one lesson, Miss. S., with my overlooking her, performed her part to the satisfaction of Betty and Jonathan; and he, good Creature! after Cards were laid aside listened enraptured to the Duets which they played; hanging over the piano, and looking now and then up at his Wife in wonder and delight.—I have often wished I could be with you in an evening in Queen Anne St and back again to Rydal Mount; but as that is impossible, believe me I have had no painful regrets that I could not be of your joyous Party. We have had our own pleasure—and not the merriest were merrier than on Christmas day when we drank a bottle of Cowslip wine to the healths of Father and Mother, Aunt Sarah and all absent friends—with a single toast to me, being mistress of the ceremonies on my own Birth-day. Your short note gave me very great pleasure and no less for the handwriting—it only occupied me a little longer in the reading, and if I were better used to your hand I should get on better; so I hope you will take the pen again if Mary happens to be writing when you are in the house and at leisure.—I thank you, one and all, for remembering me so kindly, and I assure you when I have an opportunity of meeting the same party again assembled at Rydal Mount I will not be out of the way.—How much do I wish that Thomas and Mary Hutchinson could have gone to London at this time! I do not rejoice at the purchase of their estate, cheap thought it be, for I fear it will bind them for Life

<sup>1</sup> The Quarryman and his wife who lived at Hackett, v. Letter 436. Miss Smith is undentifiable.

JANUARY 1818

to Wales. It gives me much concern to hear that your Brother had taken home with him a very bad cold. Give my love to Mr Tillbrooke, Mr Ellwood, Mr George Sutton, and believe me yours very affectionately

D Wordsworth

William Crackenthorpe intending to offer himself for the County!!! Surely he can have no hope of success, therefore where is his motive? For my Part I wish not success to any opposers of the House of Lonsdale; for the side that house takes is the good side! The acquittal of Hone<sup>1</sup> is enough to make one out of love with English Juries.

K(—)                    598. *W. W. to Lord Lonsdale*

Jan 21, 1818.

. . . What else but the stability and might of a large estate, with proportional influence in the House of Commons, can counterbalance the democratic activity of the wealthy, commercial, and manufacturing districts? It appears to a superficial observer, warm from contemplating the theory of the Constitution, that the political power of the great landholders ought, by every true lover of his country, to be strenuously resisted; but I would ask a well-intentioned native of Westmoreland or Cumberland, who had fallen into this mistake, if he could point to any arrangement by which Jacobinism can be frustrated except by the existence of large estates continued from generation to generation in particular families, and parliamentary power in proportion.

MS.                    599. *W. W. to J. Kingston*<sup>2</sup>

Rydal Mount, Ambleside

2<sup>nd</sup> Febr'y. 1818.

Dear Sir,

I have this day received a Letter from the Stamp Office, from which it appears that inconvenience had been sustained in your

<sup>1</sup> William Hone was tried for libel in Dec 1817. He conducted his own defence, and, despite Lord Ellenborough's efforts, was acquitted.

<sup>2</sup> Kingston was the Comptroller of Stamps whose 'phenological development' had been examined by Lamb at Haydon's 'immortal dinner' on the previous Dec. 28th

FEBRUARY 1818

Department by the want of my Quarterly and Annual Accounts. I regret this much and beg leave to state that when I was in Town I called at your office, and on representation that it was very inconvenient to me to leave London, I was informed by one of your Clerks, that the Office would not require my Accounts till the end of the Month in consideration of what I stated.

The Accounts would have been in London on the 31<sup>st</sup> had it not been for the neglect of the Proprietor of the Kendal Coach, by which they had been sent from my office, to meet me at Kendal, on the 26<sup>th</sup>. Though repeatedly called for, it was denied that the Parcel had been received: and it was not till several days that it could be found, having been mislaid.

I should take it as a great favour, if this could be explained to the Board, so that I might stand free of any charge of negligence or inattention.

I am, Dear Sir, respectfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

The Accounts (sent by the Manchester Mail) would reach London on the 2<sup>nd</sup> Inst.

(K—)            *600. W. W. to Lord Lonsdale*

10<sup>th</sup> Feb., 1818.

. . . Not to exclude or give offence to dissenters, who are very powerful in Kendal, I recommended 'King and Constitution', in preference to 'Church and King', as the latter part of the Lowther motto. . . .

K(—)            *601. W. W. to Lord Lonsdale*

12<sup>th</sup> Feb., 1818.

This week I have addressed two letters, signed 'A Friend to Truth', to the editor of *The Chronicle*, which if he inserts, I shall have some hope of him. If he does not, I shall publish them elsewhere.

. . . I wish much for your opinion as to the propriety of precautionary measures in augmenting the numbers of trustworthy

freeholders. An offer has been made to me of an estate<sup>1</sup> which would divide into *twelve* small freeholds; and, with your Lordship's sanction, I would purchase it, being able to reckon on as many persons,—gentlemen, my friends and relations,—who could be depended upon. If it be found that your adversaries adopt the plan of increasing the numbers in their interest, it will be necessary to keep pace with them, and I don't think that the matter can be safely left to casualties. . . .

K.                    602. D. W. to Thomas Monkhause

Kendal, March 3<sup>d</sup>, 1818.

My dear Friend,

Knowing that you do not grudge a shilling that pays for tidings of old friends, and that if you can get a little sound good-government doctrine into the bargain, you will think the shilling well bestowed, I send you this paper;<sup>2</sup> which I think you will say is pretty well done. There is nothing comes out on the other side of the question worth reading, though every day brings out something fresh on both sides. The Broughamites evidently abate in their hopes, and the opposite party has *well grounded* hopes of success; but the misguided mob, including almost all of the lower classes who have no votes, cry aloud for Brougham,<sup>3</sup> expecting that if he is but returned for Westmoreland, meal will be reduced to fifteen shillings a load. So they cry out! and no lady would venture to appear in a yellow<sup>4</sup> ribband in Kendal streets, though you cannot walk thirty yards without meeting a dirty lad or lass with a blue one! and the *ladies* of that party also have no fear of displaying their colour.

I am detained at Kendal by bad weather. I came in the coach on Thursday, and shall return upon Neddy to-morrow, if the day be fine. All are well at home. We often wish you had a vote to bring you down at the election. H. Brougham is expected

<sup>1</sup> The estate of Hackett in Langdale; v. Letter 613.

<sup>2</sup> i e. To the Freeholders of Westmoreland, by a freeholder, Feb. 28, 1818.

<sup>3</sup> This was Brougham's first attempt to sit for Westmorland. He was defeated again in 1820 and 1826.

<sup>4</sup> Yellow was the Tory and blue the Whig colour.

MARCH 1818

about Easter, when it is much to be feared that there will be fresh disturbances.

I am called to dinner, so excuse this scrawl, and if you put this paper into any one's hands, pray erase all my scrawling. God bless you!

Ever your affectionate,

D. W.

I should have sent you the last Kendal paper, but it contained nothing but the London tavern dinner and some villainous writing in which there was no sense, on the other side.

K(—)            603. *W. W. to Lord Lonsdale*

March 10, 1818.

. . . The rural stamina of this outbreak are misguided good intention, party spirit, dissent, disaffection, envy, pride, and all the self-conceited pretensions which absurd ignorance can be incited to by headstrong reformers and revolutionists. . . .

MS.            604. *D. W. to Sara<sup>1</sup> Hutchinson*

K(—)

Easter Tuesday. [March 24, 1818.]

My dearest Sara,

I have had 2 days and a half of exertion and bustle, and now I take the pen not satisfied with the time that is before me for writing to you, to Mrs Luff and to Mrs Clarkson, three offices with which I was charged when I left Rydal on Sunday morning with your brother Henry. I had set my heart upon seeing the People and the stir on Brougham's entry and should have come by the Coach on Saturday, but there was no room for me; and the weather had long been so very stormy, that I had not a thought of walking. However on Sunday morning the sun shone, and as Henry was at R, and willing to accompany me I resolved to come, though the wind blew fiercely but fortunately from the North, therefore except by the Lakeside where cross winds assailed us we were rather pushed forward than retarded

<sup>1</sup> K., who prints a few lines of this letter, gives the addressee as Sara Coleridge.

by the blast. We left R at precisely  $\frac{1}{4}$  past 12—halted  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour at Stavely—and reached Kendal at  $\frac{1}{4}$  before 5. I give you these particulars for the sake of our dear Friend, Mrs Luff, who will be glad to hear that at 46 I can walk 16 miles in 4 hours and  $\frac{3}{4}$  with short rests between on a blustering cold day, without having felt any fatigue except for the first  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour after my entrance into the house at my journey's end when my Body remembered the force of the blast, and I was exhausted. It is now past 6 o'clock, Tuesday evening, and I have scarcely time to save the post with all my letters. What do you say to my being a turn coat? For the joke's sake I got this Frank—Crackenthorpe<sup>1</sup> asked us this morning if we would have any, I replied 'No, I'll have none of your franks,' and then I recalled my words, recollecting that I wanted to write to *you*, and had had by me a long time a letter from the dead letter office, which I wrote to Miss Malcolm just after Wm and M went to London, and which I want to send to her to prove that she had not been neglected by us. But now for the events of yesterday. Truly thankful we were that all went off with the most perfect quietness;—but indeed how could it have been otherwise? Unless they had been guilty of the folly with which they charged the Lowthers, namely that of instigating a mob to endanger their own lives! Whatever Friends the Lowthers may have among the mob of Kendal, none appeared yesterday to disturb the peace, and the heads of the Lowther side used their best endeavours to preserve good order. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6 the Clubs with all their Flags assembled and all persons who wished to go to Burton to meet B. What right the Clubs had to be summoned to make a show, I know not. Probably there were not 10 votes among them. Elizabeth and all the young ones of the Family saw the motley group depart—They declared there was not one except Towers the Apothecary who looked in the least like a gentleman. Allan Harden and Mr King were among the most respectable (A. is a Blue, his Father a Yellow).—At a little after one we stationed ourselves at Mrs Strickland's windows and at about two, in the midst of a bitter snow shower, B. and his attendants with Music and banners halted before the Bank. Among his

<sup>1</sup> i.e. William C son of 'Uncle Kit', and a stout supporter of Brougham

precursors was Crackenthorp, who with the Misses Thompson, Mr T, the Wakefields, Wilham Abbot and Wybergh was stationed in the windows right opposite us. The Hero of the day had been dragged by a set of ragamuffins in blue Ribbands from within 3 miles of Burton and when he drew up towards the door with music, Banners, horsemen, music and the immense multitude on foot all joining in one huzza fearless of the driving storm the spectacle was grand. To my feelings it would have been sublime if the cause had been a good one. The candidate for the favour of that mob assembly was distinguished by a large blue handkerchief which hung from his neck to the bottom of his waist. He appeared at the window—face to face with us. Silence was proclaimed and the oration began, but if such be house of commons eloquence, commend me to a mountebank Doctor. Mrs Strickland, whose ears and whose faculties are as lively as they were at 20 years of age, says that when Dr Green used to speak it was something like. He appeared like a gentleman and what he said was far better worth listening to. But Mr B's Speech was addressed to a mob—intended *for* a mob; and that mob he invited to meet him at Appleby. He never once addressed himself to the Freeholders, never but once used the word (and he spoke  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour) and that was incidentally. In short you might have thought he was ashamed of claiming any connexion with that respectable body. But I have already once written down the substance of his speech for Rydal and cannot set about doing it again. So you must be contented with one part of it. But first conceive John and me stationed side by side in the window right before him, E. Cookson's head above mine, Henry's above John's; and cousin Crackenthorp and two or three of the Thompsons at the next window to Brougham. His first words were words of gratitude to that goodly assembly—next of lamentation and sympathy on account of the bad weather which was indeed a contrast to the weather on the memorable 11<sup>th</sup>, a day which none of them could forget if they were to live a hundred years, but in all other respects how much the contrast was in *their* favour! (Loud applause) and here he impudently styled them the Lowther Riots and in plain language charged the Lowther

party with being the Authors of them (which by interpretation was saying that they were so silly as to incite a mob to do its best to destroy themselves!) Then he began to describe the Arts used by the party to mislead the people. Their agents were anonymous writers—or writers under false names. One of these, the first who descended to personality in this contest, had taunted him with his poverty and the county of Westmorland with a like charge (he quoted the words of a friend of yours about Westmorland) ‘*That man held a sinecure in the county and he had nothing else or very little else to live upon. He was the most active of the secret agents of the cause, and to be sure it was much harder work to read his writings—understand me I do not mean his poetry, but those other writings which he now pours out, than any of the duties of his office impose upon him*’ There was much more of the like, and I determined to face it out. In the beginning of this part of the harangue Crackenthorp cast a good-humoured and significant look at me, which I returned and a short time after the end of this part of the subject I pushed E. Cookson to my place and took hers. No doubt he expected that the mob would at once understand whom he alluded to and looked for a triumphant laugh of sympathy; but no, it fell a dead weight upon the ears of all except the Faction at his elbow. However not daunted by this rebuff he turned to the subject again. ‘In the words of our immortal Poet—you are not to suppose I mean that poet of whom I have spoken to you before (pointing towards the Windermere road), no, in the words of our immortal poet’—and here, poor man, his memory failed him, and he blundered out some garbled lines which I could not hear distinctly—no doubt they had been *intended* for the words of Shakespear—but enough of this. The speech had not even the merit of producing much effect even upon the mob to whom it was solely addressed, and I must say that I could perceive no merit in the man as an Orator, except words at will when he did not pretend to quote from others—and a very distinct utterance. The utmost attention was paid by the auditory; but when all was over they looked heavy and stupid as if they had expected something which they had not found. Crackenthorp stole away from the dinner at 8 o’clock and stayed



with us till past 12 and we had a very merry and pleasant evening, and he was very agreeable. This morning he called again—and just before he was setting off with B on his canvass ran down to us in out-of-breath haste to read us a letter just received from Mr Clarkson to Mr Wakefield ‘a letter worth a host of votes’—and indeed it was a feather in their caps,—a beautiful—a delightful letter. Nothing has ever yet issued from their press that, compared with that letter, is worth looking at. No doubt they will publish it—but after he had read the letter he hurried off and we had no talk, and Elizabeth and I soon after saw him dragged at Brougham’s side by a set of dirty lads and vagrant-like men preceded by music and banners, through the town. The mob was small to-day, and there was no joyousness in it but a great deal of odious coarseness. They are gone to Ambleside. C. will most likely sleep at Rydal. The Lowthers are expected here on Thursday and we *hope* quietness will be maintained; for unruly as they are, they yet have heads and leaders amongst them, and have agreed amongst themselves, under these leaders, not to commit further outrages. Such at least was certainly the arrangement yesterday, but they had no provocation. You will think, dearest Sara, that my head is turned with this election, that I can think of nothing else, and true it is, the tendency of all these proceedings is evidently so dangerous, that we are interested far more than it is even possible for *you* to conceive at a distance. I had intended writing to Mrs Luff to-day, but I shall not be able to save the post if I do. We were very happy to receive a letter from her from the quiet harbour of our Good Friend’s house. I am afraid she will feel this terrible cold very severely, she must take care not to expose herself rashly, and I hope in time she may get seasoned to the climate, but it is very much to be feared that she will never be able to stand the fickleness of the Seasons in the North of England. I shall write to Mrs Clarkson to-morrow. We had a most affecting account from her of poor Tom’s sufferings and fortitude. It has indeed for parent and child been a sad visitation. When we last heard from Joanna she complained of rheumatic pains; but she had not been so ill as when she wrote to you. It is very distressing. I hope the Middleton Bath which

you recommend may be of use to her, and that she may be able to come with Betsy; but until the weather is warmer there is no thinking of Betsy's coming, and we wish her visit to be rather early in the spring on account of others. After Betsy we are bound to invite Mrs Coleridge and Sara. Mrs C. proposed coming in April or May; but we told her we could not fix a time on account of Betsy. Then poor Mrs Rd Wordsworth and Johnny must be wedged in at some vacancy. Mary Hutchinson wrote not very long ago and she did not say she was *not* coming, nor did she talk in such a manner as to make us think that she much expected to be able. In answer I replied that M and I did not see any force in objections urged; for you must know that we think her pregnancy is not of sufficiently long standing to make it unfit or uncomfortable for her to travel. Mary W. says that she is of opinion that Mary H. would not like to leave your Aunt without either Joanna or you, and Joanna, poor thing, is not likely to be fit to take much care upon her shoulders, and indeed I think with Mary that it would not be a desirable thing that your Aunt should be left sole housekeeper. Dorothy and Mrs. Gee's pupils were to have a merry holiday yesterday and I dare say the most of this week will be a holiday as I am away, and there is so much canvassing, and at a time when everybody has a holiday.

D. is certainly much improved in many important points—but she sadly wants thought, especially in application to her Latin. French she likes very well and is exceedingly quick in applying the rules of the Grammar. We are going to make a school-room to be ready against Betsy comes, and a very nice one it will be. The saddle room—above the stable. Without such accommodation I should dread the entrance into the house of one staying visitor—I am sure you will rejoice at this contrivance. I need say no more concerning Miss Dowling than what I said in my last which crossed yours, except that certainly if she had immediately succeeded Miss Fletcher her advantages would have been much greater. She would have had all her scholars. But even yet I have no doubt it wd answer and will. No time for more—a sad letter it is and hard work for you to read, but take a good will for a good deed and be thankful.

MARCH 1818

Kindest regards to Mr C and Mrs L and believe me ever, my dearest Sara, your affectionate D. W.

Is the tooth-ache better. All well here and at Rydal. Mr Cookson will return [the] week after next. No time to correct blunders.

Brougham has been galled by nobody's writings but William's, and they have cut to the quick, Depend on it. Henry returned to Rydal yesterday, John here still. William walked with us on Monday, dined with Mr Fleming, drank tea at Calgarth. Mr. Fleming much better. Mr. Rhodes of Halifax—a good man he was—died lately from mis-swallowing a crumb of bread, which brought on a coughing fit and the Rupture of a blood vessel. He has left his sister 8000£ and his nephew 5000 and each of his Nieces, daughters of the same sister, 1000. His wife is to have, as they say, all the rest of his property for her life. This is placing great confidence in her, for he left a daughter, and report says the property amounts to 80,000£. One half of that sum would have made Hannah Gibson of Newcastle think herself in strange luck!

MS. 605. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

‘Sunday—I believe the 30<sup>th</sup> March’<sup>1</sup> [1818]

My dear Friend,

A week ago I left home, and brought your letter with me, intending to answer it the very next day; and do not think I was unfeeling or unkind because I did not do so, yet found time by snatches to write letters, and long ones, to others. In truth it was because I was so much distressed at the thought of your past sufferings, and of what you may yet have to go through (though I trust that all cause of fear is gone by) that I could not bring my mind to write to you the first, while I was so eager to disburthen it of the observations and excitements of this eventful week. I felt no disposition to detail the history of Mr Brougham's entry to *you*; and for others it *must* be done. Accordingly I have written sheets and sheets as the children say. There has been no letter from Sara since I left Rydal, therefore no news of you or your poor son; but bad news, if

<sup>1</sup> It was the 29th

there had been any, would have reached us, so I trust he is gradually amending. What a dreadful visitation! I cannot conceive a more sickening anguish than you must have felt when you first beheld that Boy, who had parted from you strong, vigorous, active and comely lying upon his sick-bed so deformed in features, so helpless in body, so oppressed with pain! But a sustaining consolation must have followed when you witnessed his fortitude, and were assured that the danger was over. I cannot hope that the plague of boils will be speedily removed; they are very tedious in general, but always salutary after severe illnesses of this kind. I hope with you that Tom's constitution may be benefited by having gone through this terrible struggle—It often happens so.

I came to Kendal, not you may be sure, to do honour to Mr Brougham, but to see him, the man, and to hear him speak (I never before heard a Parliament man), to speculate upon a Kendal mob and to note the stirrings in all ranks. The mob was very great, but we had no confusion. The heads of the Lowther party took the utmost pains to prevent any interference so that if there *had* been quarrels, the friends of independence must have fought against each other. Oh! that is a mischievous word. It is the motto of the servants, of the Girls working at trades, comb-makers, straw-hat-makers &c, and really walking Kendal streets in the evening of one of these bustling days of Easter week the numbers of disgusting females shouting Brougham and independence were so great you might have supposed the whole of the female populace were turned out. I could not have believed it possible that so many impudent women and girls were to be found in Kendal. Crackenthorp who attends Brougham on his canvass often stole away from the bustle and sate for many hours with Mrs Cookson and me and to be sure we were the most good-humoured disputants that ever met. Many a plain truth did I tell him and poured out some shameful lies which I heard uttered by Brougham. He calls himself a *native* of this county. Henry Hutchinson, Mary Wordsworth, myself and others well acquainted with Penrith about the time when he was born, know that Burdnest was not then occupied by this Family, and we believe he was not born in the

County.<sup>1</sup> I stated this to C. and he confessed that his mother did not *think* he was, but oh, replied C, a man may say he is a Westmorland man if he lives there, if his estates are there. 'True, in common conversation an Inhabitant of the county attached to it and proud of it *might* say so; but *not* that he was *born* there—if B. used the expression in the sense you would attribute to it, it looks as if he neither understood Latin nor English.' He replied, 'well I must give him a hint of it' and so I suppose he has done; for in the report of his speech in the Kendal Chronicle he is not made to call Westmorland his native county. I cannot but lament that Mr Clarkson has thought it right to lend his help to such a cause. He is little aware of the rebellious spirit stirred up in this county, or I am sure he would not have done it. The majority of the populace of Westmorland are ready for revolution, I firmly believe, and that they would be set to work before many years are over, if a majority of county members such as Brougham in political conduct and principles were returned to Parliament. Crackenthorp ran down to us in an out-of-breath haste when the horses were ready to go out of town with B. and him to read us a letter just received by Mr Wakefield from your good Husband, and well may he be proud of his prize. They never *had* such a Feather in their caps before and never will have again. 'Oh,' said he 'it is better than forty votes,' and indeed I felt that so it was. A beautiful letter and it presents a noble picture of the firmness, the purity and simplicity of Mr Clarkson's mind. But with respect to the two grand arguments that Brougham *must* be in the house of commons, and that private obligations should give way to public considerations, it may surely be answered that there would be no difficulty in getting B into the house of C. The Opposition would do that—and the other argument except to the enlightened is a dangerous one. The Tenant has been accustomed to look up to a good Landlord, and accordingly Mr Crackenthorp told me that none of his tenants and [*? not*] many of his neighbours would promise their votes till they had

<sup>1</sup> Brougham Hall, popularly known as 'Birdnest,' because the Manor of Brougham originally belonged to the Bird family, was purchased in 1726 by Brougham's great-great-uncle Brougham was born in 1778 at Edinburgh; he does not seem to have lived at the Hall before 1792.

heard what *his* opinion was. He gave it them supported by his best arguments and they vote for Brougham. Could they do better? But I do not believe that it was through the free use of their understandings convincing them that it was for the general good; but they were swayed by many motives—gratitude, personal respect—a belief that he knew better than they, and the like. Mr Clarkson's letter was published in yesterday's paper; and I have read it with delight, as an admirable letter and a faithful picture of his noble mind, but I feel assured that it will serve a cause which he would not wish to serve if he were acquainted with all its bearings. But I am leaving no room for private affairs. I was in hopes of getting a frank from Lord L. but he will not be here till Tuesday and there is no large paper in the house, so I must be brief. Miss Dowling has been at Rydal, since I left home, making arrangements for the establishment of a school in Miss Fletcher's place; and I trust nothing will happen to prevent the execution of her plan. Mary approves highly of Miss Dowling (I have never seen her) and William frankly promised her his daughter as a scholar, with which promise I am as much pleased as if any body had given me a thousand pounds. D. under the discipline of a school conducted by so sensible a woman as Miss Dowling will be as fine a girl as ever was born. She only wants steadiness and a softening in her manners, her carriage etc, etc, and habits of application which our numerous interruptions in [?] make it very difficult for so lively a girl to acquire, and how very much better for her to be placed in a good school so very near to her own home, where she will, whenever she comes, pick up some random knowledge, while we shall at the same time have an opportunity of seeing what she *does* learn and giving her other instructions which will produce far more effect occasionally given than when she was always under her Parents' Roof. Sara's letter advertising Miss D. of the vacancy at Ambleside met her at Penrith on her way to London. This was very lucky. She stayed two days at Rydal, has set her agents at work, and is now gone to London where I hope she will meet you. Poor Mrs Luff is very desirous that Miss Dowling should settle at Ambleside, but I fear she will not have much benefit from her society there, as it is too probable that

MARCH 1818

Mrs Luff will not be able to bear the changeable climate of the North, and, between ourselves, I think Mrs L would be much happier if she were placed near the Farquhars where there would be greater variety of company, and more of such indulgences as she has been accustomed to while under their Roof. In solitude her sorrows would come back upon her. She would want employment, having no family and she would brood upon her loss. So I think; and it is plain that her mind is so formed that she can be amused with the common goings-on of easy life, lively company—and a change of scene. But she will not, I hope, decide hastily upon any plan, and perhaps if her health will permit her to live in Westmorland, by having a little garden, teaching a little school, or such occupations she may divert her mind, and keep off gnawing regrets; and I know it will be a great comfort to her to be near our family. Dear Sara gives us a very pleasant description of the goings-on at Playford, but they must have a sad want of you, and heartily do I wish that your dear Tom and you were with them again. Pray write as soon as you can. Do not mind a long letter. I only want to know how you go on, and a dozen lines with good news [?] What a sad scrawl I have made of it! Can you decypher it? I hope so for you are very clever in that way, and have now, I trust, leisure enough. Give my kind love to Tom and believe me,

Your affect.

D. W.

Pray tell us Mrs Kitchener's cure for children's heads. A little girl of Mrs Cookson's has been under the doctor a long time and no cure can be found.

Do not fail to send Mrs Kitchener's receipt.

I guess Coleridge will not call upon you.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, 16 Earl Street, Blackfriars, London.

*MS.*

*606. W. W. to Daniel Stuart*

*S. K(—)*

Rydal Mount, March, 1818.

Dear Sir,

I sit down with pleasure to give the best answer I am able, respecting your Brother's intended College engagements. First,

for the *time* of his going to College, supposing him respectably prepared, which can only be ascertained by some qualified person examining him, or taken upon the report of his Master, the propriety of trusting this report will depend, entirely, on the grounds you have for deeming him a competent judge, and an honest and honourable man if your Brother has shewn that his talents and character are such as make it probable that he would apply to the severe study of the law, it would then be best that he should be admitted forthwith, with intention of going to reside next October. But if it were more likely that he should prove unfit for the law, then college Patronage would become a most important object to him; and, in this case, I should not recommend his going to College till the age of 19, provided I could ensure a rational probability of his making a good use of the intermediate time. It is, every day, becoming more and more difficult to obtain that degree of superiority which will ensure a man a Fellowship at College; and, unless he be made a Fellow, he has nothing to look for from his College, and nothing, that can be an object, from the University. Now the longer a youth puts off going, the better he may be prepared to outstrip his Rivals. There is another important point to be considered. If he looks to make his fortune from the University, the Church will be his profession—now he cannot get into orders before 23; and, should he enter at 17 with a view to the Church, there is an awkward period between the age of 20 and a few months, when he would take his degree of B.A., and three or 4 and twenty, during which he would scarcely know what to do with himself. Indeed if one could be *sure* that he would apply, so as to render it most likely that he would get a Fellowship (which is generally obtained, if at all, after a man has been four or five years at the University, and can rarely be had after six) this would be of less consequence. But, as the thing is uncertain and difficult to procure, he who *goes* best qualified, and with the most fixed habits of application, is most likely to succeed. I know not whether this long explanation is to you perfectly intelligible. The sum of my opinion is that, if I had strong reasons for believing my Son would apply to the law, I should send him to college at 17—if I thought he must be obliged to



take up with the Church, I should not send him till 19, unless I knew that he was so far advanced in his Studies, as to encourage a strong persuasion in me that he would distinguish himself, even if sent at 17. As to his College, the advantages of a large College are, that he may *chuse* his Company, and is more likely to be roused by emulation; and the public Lectures are more likely to be good, and everything carried forward with more spirit—the disadvantages are that, seeing so many clever men and able scholars, he may be disheartened, and throw up in disgust or despair. Also, much more distinction is required to obtain a fellowship among so many competitors. But it very often happens that distinguished men educated in large Colleges, when there are not fellowships for them there, are elected into *small Colleges*, which happen to be destitute of persons properly qualified. The chief advantages in a small College are the much greater likelihood of procuring rooms and in the end, college Patronage; but there is danger of getting into lounging ways from being *forced* among idle People, and the public lectures are rarely carried on with such spirit. Of the smaller Colleges, Emanuel is, at present, likely to have the greater number of fellowships, owing to the few admissions lately there; but then the reason of this is that the Tutors and Lecturers, at present, are not in repute. I have a friend, a very worthy man and great Scholar, who is one of the tutors at Peter-House, (his name, Tillbrook, a clergyman) one of the smaller Colleges. There are only two large ones, St. John's and Trinity; but that is very full. He naturally is partial to small Colleges, and to his own in particular, which, no doubt, must be well managed, else it would not be so crowded. But one knows not which to recommend; so much depends upon the disposition of the Party. But there cannot be a doubt but that the noblest field for an ambitious, industrious, properly qualified, and clever, youth is Trinity Coll. As to Trinity Hall, I know little about it, because it is a College that makes little figure in the University. It is, as you say, appropriated mainly to the Civil Law. Its *Lay*-fellowships must be good things. There are lay-fellowships also at Pembroke, and a few, I believe, at every College; but the principal thing to look at is a spirited education. With that, a man may turn himself

MARCH 1818

in the world, and, on this ground, I should prefer Trinity Coll.; bearing in mind that, if a Student there should be surpassed by others so far as to be excluded from a fellowship, he still might be distinguished in a way that would recommend him to be chosen for some smaller College. When you determine where, and in what year, you will send your Brother, write to the Tutor of the College, and he will give you advice as to the mode of admission, and every other particular. As to rooms, the earlier in the year he is admitted, the better chance; but the great Colleges are not able to contain one-half of their Students. In many of the smaller, there is room. I think a private Tutor an advantage, but the expense is considerable. His education will be forwarded chiefly by his own habits of application; but that sort of attainment which is most likely to shew off to advantage in the University, is far more sure of being procured at the great public schools. I mean in classics.

I have left myself no more room. Ever yours,

W. W.

I overlooked one advantage belonging to a smaller Coll., viz., the tutors know better how the men are conducting themselves as to morals, expenses, etc.—what company they keep and so forth; and if requested, would make report to parents and friends; especially, if the Party belonged to some of their own friends, they would be less scrupulous, in such a case, about speaking unfavourably, if they had reason to do so.

*Address:* Daniel Stuart Esq., 9 Upper Harley Street, London.

*MS.*                      607. *W. W. to Thomas Hutton*

Kendal April 4<sup>th</sup> 1818

My dear Sir,

A press of engagements put your last Letter out of my recollection for several days. In answer to your proposal in regard to the education of the Child, I have to say that I shall cheerfully assist Mrs W. as far as necessary. At the same time, I would observe, that in the course of a few years that education, if conducted suitably to his connections, and to the wishes of my

APRIL 1818

Brother and myself, must prove so expensive, that any prospects in life which I have do not justify me in contracting to supply any portion of the expense, upon the supposition that I or my heirs are not to be remunerated from the Minor's Estate when he comes of age. Whatever sums I may advance on this account I should wish a *discretionary* power, for requiring repayment of the same, if the condition of my own family should demand it, to the full extent. Therefore I cannot covenant to relinquish such right; nevertheless I know Mrs W. will give me credit for every possible good wish towards my Nephew and for readiness to advance my portion of what may be required to procure him a suitable education. But she must clearly see, that I cannot in justice to my Wife and Children bind myself and my executors to a conduct, which might raise him at their expense. I will do my duty towards him.

I am very sorry I could not get over to Penrith when at Lowther, the other day.

ever most faithfully yours  
W. Wordsworth

P.S. I have no objection whatever to covenant for my proportion of the support of my nephew's Education, upon the condition that the money advanced for that purpose, or as much of it as I or my executors think proper, shall stand upon the same footing in respect to the Minor's Estate, as the sums advanced by me to keep down the interest.

W. W.

K(—)      608. W. W. to Lord Lonsdale

Rydal Mount, April 6, 1818.

My object in writing this work<sup>1</sup> was to give the *rationale* of the question, for the consideration of the upper ranks of society, in language of appropriate dignity. It shall be followed up with brief essays, in plain and popular language, illustrating the principles in detail, for the understanding of the lower orders.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. *The Two Addresses to the Freeholders of Westmoreland.*

MS. 609. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

[Sept. 18, 1818.]

My dear Friend,

By a note from Mrs Coleridge we heard of you yesterday ; and of your having been engaged in the trying office of nursing your good Father during a dangerous illness , I am thankful with and for you that he has recovered and you have my earnest wishes that it may please God to prolong his life for many years to come, in that happy state in which I know him,—though in times suffering in body, yet not grievously—and always blessed with cheerful spirits which made him enjoy the happiness spread around him, yet ever looking forward to another state of being. I never think of your dear father without sentiments of love and reverence. I saw him first at Eusmere, but did not then perceive what he was. To know him perfectly he should be seen at home, with his Family and long established connections around him. Do not think, my dearest Friend, that I only write to you now because I have chanced to hear of your Father's illness—I certainly should have written this very day. So far, last Monday—It is now Friday, therefore alter the word 'written' for 'begun to write'. How I was prevented from going on I do not recollect ; ever since, however, we have been engaged in some way. But indeed, my dear Friend, I am hurt when I review the many months which have passed since we have had any communication with each other. It is like wilfully wasting means of comfort and happiness and of social intercourse of that best kind where true friendship and true love exist. At our time of life why be guilty of this folly ? Old Friends must needs be diminishing year by year and new ones cannot now become like the old. We may value, esteem, admire them, but something is still wanting. To what does all this tend ? You may well call it prosing, the truth, however, is that I want to make an *effectual* resolve never again to be so foolish, and to induce you to do the like. We talk of engagements, and of business—of domestic employments, and out of doors pleasures ; but we all know very well that the fault is in ourselves.

You wrote to me last—this I know but *when* I cannot say,

only it was some time before the West<sup>d</sup> Election, and that was three months ago. I really think that our Party have carried themselves with moderation on their triumph, and it may be hoped that private enmities are subsiding; though indeed they were very bitter in some instances at Kendal and even at Grasmere—as to us Rydal people some Friends we have gained—for instance the Norths who I believe formerly never looked upon us with a friendly eye give us always a cordial greeting—and Mrs North during the whole of the Election sent her own Son to me every day with the earliest intelligence of the state of the Poll. All the rest of the family except Dorothy, were at Appleby. As I say we gained some new Friends and I do not think we have lost any of our old ones—at least we have had no sparring and have met one another at all times with ‘accustomed cordialty’. A few weeks ago Lord Lowther spent three days with us and my sister and I liked him much. He has very good sense and was pleasant and chearful in a quiet way. He is certainly very discerning in the characters of men and seems to have no *bitterness* in his judgments. This contest must have been of infinite use to him. If he did not know it before he must now perceive that much will be and is already required of him, and that rank and great professions must be upheld by personal character and a judicious attention to the interests of the people with whom he is connected, and indeed he seems disposed to give his mind to the acquirement of knowledge, especially in connection with these two Counties. Col<sup>l</sup> Lowther and his wife, Lady Ellnor, called on Tuesday. He is a fine brave Fellow and has seen much of active service abroad. He is painfully shy. The first time he spoke to Mary and me he seemed quite daunted—like a Rustic from one of our mountain vales, but on Tuesday we thought that he had gained courage during the late struggle for his shyness seemed to be much worn off. The Wilberforces have been at Rydal rather more than 3 weeks and are delighted with the country. Their houses (for they have two) are at the bottom of the hill by the road-side, just opposite to the road turning up to Lady Fleming’s house and ours. But these two houses (though we have borrowed a press-bed which is placed in a parlour) are not sufficient for their needs. They have no less than 5 beds at

different houses in the village. The family amounted to 19 when they first came, but three are gone—two schoolboys and a secretary. The arrangements were first begun by Letters between Mr W. and my Brother—but the business was soon given up by William to me and innumerable were the Letters which passed between me and Mr Wilberforce, and no little contrivance was required to get together Beds for so many, the cottagers, though they had rooms, not having beds of their own. First of all I had to receive 7 servants (William and Mary were at Keswick at the time) and on their arrival I was a little out of heart. With 7 servants came 5 horses—and there was no provender for them—and the Inns at Ambleside could not take them in—and packages and servants upon a wet and dirty day seemed at once to fill the small rooms—and when I said ‘the Family will I fear be sadly crammed!’ I assure you I was not encouraged to dissipate my fears—‘Aye, if you saw our house! the first floor would far more than hold both these two houses.’ Add to this, the old Cook’s observation upon my answering to one of her questions ‘such and such things must be sent for to Ambleside’, ‘Our men don’t like going errands, they are not used to it’—and her exclamation ‘what an inconvenient place!’ when she found they could not get ‘a drop of Beer’ nearer than Ambleside—besides objections of the housemaid and kitchen maid to sleep upon a Mattress, and you will not wonder I was rather afraid, that our good Friends might find themselves not a little uncomfortable on their arrival,—but I assure you it was a pleasing contrast when they *did* come, all joy, animation and thankfulness. The rooms were larger than they expected—and so *many* sitting rooms it was quite delightful, and as to the garden—the situation—everything was to their minds. I desired the servants to send for me when the Family came. I found all at dinner except Mr W. and his two youngest sons who were not come. Mrs W. looked very interesting, for she was full of delight and talked as fast as any of the young ones—but I must say that she has never since appeared to me to such advantage. Yet I like her very well—admire her goodness and patience and meekness—but that slowness and whyness of manner—tending to self-righteousness, I do not like. Not a

particle of this was visible that first day when they were all rejoicing over their dinner of Mountain mutton and Westmorland beef—and each telling,—and all at once—his or her separate feelings. Then came Mr Wilberforce himself and all ran to meet him—I must go to—and then indeed I was much affected, seeing his feeble body, which seemed to me completely worn out. This was the more affecting as I perceived at the same time that his mind was as lively as ever. Such were my first impressions. I soon however discovered with great satisfaction that he has yet no small share of strength; and it now seems to me that he *may* live many years.

The two daughters are very sweet girls—remarkably modest and unaffected—lively, animated and industrious, in short just what well-educated girls ought to be. The weather has not been steadily fine, but they do not mind a few showers, and we have had many most delightful days, which they have made full use of—all except Mr W. who seems to have far too much to do.

We see each other very often—but have never eaten a meal together till yesterday, when my Br dined with Mr W. and all came up to tea with us. The evening passed very pleasantly. Mr. Fleming of Rayrigg and his son were of the party. Thomas Monkhouse is with us, and we hope he will not be in a hurry to go away; for he is always happy at Rydal. He has brought a friend, Captain *Sertorius*,—how he came by that name I know not. He is a natural son of George Rose, and through his interest, I suppose, was made post Captain at an early age. He is a pleasant, brave Fellow, and has seen much hard service. Trade goes on as it *should* do and T. M. seems now to have decided that it is better not to give it up, and I cannot but think he does wisely. He is in no danger of being so wedded to gain as to shut out good affections. It is above 3 weeks since Joanna left us to go to Hindwell; but we have not yet heard from her. Perhaps she is waiting to tell us of Mrs H's confinement, but this is not well; for we have been anxious to hear of Joanna as the weather was damp when she left us, and not favourable for a rheumatic person. Poor thing! her health is sadly broken. We do not much expect Sara this winter—at least Miss Dowling told us she

# SEPTEMBER 1818

intended to spend the winter in Wales, but she has said nothing of it to us. It is now, I believe, six weeks since we heard from her. She was then well and in good spirits. We have had the most delightful summer ever remembered—weeks of uninterrupted sunshine, genial showers, again weeks of sunshine. Our fruits have ripened and the fields have been for ever green. Strange this may sound to you ; but so it was. In May and a part of June the drought was excessive, but the abundant dews I suppose prevented the parching of the pastures, and that you know is the time when the fern springs and that is always green in summer. We never had such an abundant supply of vegetables in our garden, while from all other parts of England we hear of the scarcity. I am sure that you will be pleased to hear that we are, so far, highly delighted with Miss Dowling's school. Dorothy is perfectly happy, and we have no doubt that she will greatly improve. No hour of her day is unemployed. She was at home last Sunday ; and on account of her Cousin Monkhouse is to come again next Sunday. We do not go to see *her* finding that, when we have done so, she has been disturbed by the expectation of our going again, and has been on the watch for us from the top of the hill where Miss D.'s house stands. She grows much but will not, I think, reach her mother's height. She will soon be taller than I am. William had a sad illness in spring ; but is now well and *for him* strong. John is a very fine-looking Boy. All strangers are taken with him from his ingenuous countenance, and the mixture of hardness and modesty in his deportment and manners. And now, my dearest Friend, it is time that I inquire after you all. How is Mr Clarkson ? and where is Tom ? I hope that by this time he has not only wholly regained his health and strength but cast off the traces from his Countenance of that dismal disease. Tell us that you both think about coming to see us and, further, that you talk of the time when, and the means how. This is a sad scrawl, I have been afraid of missing the post and now they come for my letter—God bless you, my dearest Friend,

Ever yours

D. W.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich.



OCTOBER 1818

K(—)

610. W. W. to ?

Rydal Mount, October 6, 1818.

... I have ascertained that the paper containing that infamous letter signed 'Birch' has been sent to different persons of the Lowther party. This is a vile course. Two rules *we* ought to lay down; never to retort by attacking private character, and never to notice the *particulars* of a personal calumny, or any allegation of a personal nature proceeding from an anonymous quarter. We ought to content ourselves by protesting in the strongest terms against the practice, and pointing it out to indignation and contempt. . . .

MS

611. D. W. to Jane Marshall

K(—)

October [1818]

My dear Friend,

I have been very idle I must confess in not having written to you long ago in answer to your kind letter from Allonby, if I had had no other motive for writing; but I am sure you have wished to hear of us; and on that account alone I ought to have written, and, believe me, I have blamed myself not a little for my idleness.

Sir George and Lady Beaumont returned from Hallsteads inexpressibly delighted with the hospitality and kindness which they had met with under your Roof. They were never weary of talking of the kindness of one and all; and, as for you and Mr. Marshall, they were sure they had tried you to the uttermost by having kept dinner waiting hour after hour.

They often said that they hoped at some time to have the pleasure of seeing you at Coleorton on your way to London or Bath.

My Sister urged me to write while the Beaumonts were with us. She knew of my former negligence, and was desirous to return her thanks for the partridges which you were so thoughtful as to send with our Friends, and which you might then be sure were well-timed.

All the Wilberforces intend to leave Rydal tomorrow. Mr. W.

and his eldest Son and youngest Daughter departed on Thursday week; and truly sorry were we to lose them. There never lived on earth, I am sure, a man of sweeter temper than Mr. Wilberforce. He is made up of Benevolence and loving-kindness, and though shattered in constitution and feeble in Body he is as lively and animated as in the days of his youth.

His Children very much resemble him in ardour and liveliness of mind; the two Girls are sensible and very amiable—and the youngest Boy is a very interesting and clever Lad.

Sir George and Lady B. left us on the Saturday, and I accompanied them to Keswick and on Monday morning I went into Borrowdale. The next day, Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce, all their Family, and Sir George and Lady Beaumont came with store of provisions, Miss Barker having provided vegetables etc., and we all dined together. The next day, which was one of the finest of the year, I ascended Scaw Fell<sup>1</sup> from Seathwaite with Miss Barker—and never before did I behold so sublime a mountain prospect. Our Guide, who is a Shepherd of Borrowdale, turning his eyes thoughtfully round when we were on the pinnacle of Scaw Fell, said 'I do not know that ever in the whole course of my life, I was at any season so high upon the mountains on so calm a day'. There was not a breath of wind to stir the very papers which we spread out with our food, when we ate our dinners on that commanding eminence. The next day I returned to Keswick and stayed with Lady B. till Saturday, a day of incessant rain, when I came home with our Neighbours, the Wilberforces.

My Brother will give you a good report of the health of all our Family and I hope, my dear Friend, that he will find your poor little Ellen quite recovered. It concerned us much to hear of her being suffering under one of her distressing attacks when Mr. Monkhouse and his Friend called at Hallsteads.

By your letter from Allonby I first heard of the full extent of your poor Sister Catharine's misfortune, and Lady Beaumont has since given me many particulars. Lady B. seemed to hope

<sup>1</sup> For an account of the ascent *v. W's Guide to the Lakes*, where W. has printed it as an 'extract from a letter to a Friend' (p. 112 of my reprint of the *Guide*).

with you that she would gradually be restored to the use of her leg—she told us that you were all going to Bath early in the spring. Perhaps if the visit to Bath does not produce the wished-for benefit your Sister may be induced to put herself under Mr. Grosvenor's care at Oxford. It seems to be one of those cases in which Mr. G.'s mode of treatment is likely to be serviceable. Lady B. spoke much, and feelingly, of your Sister's cheerfulness and patience, and of the tender attentions paid to her by every member of your Family. My Brother was very glad to meet with your Son John at Leeds, but was not so fortunate as to see Miss Pollards and Mary Anne. They had passed through Kendal. His young Friend and he had a very pleasant chat together.

I am going on Tuesday to spend a few days with Mrs. Calvert at Keswick. It is a visit which I have been urged to pay for several years, and something has always happened either to make me unwilling to leave home, or it has been inconvenient. My Brother has promised to call for me on his road from Lowther.

Mrs. Calvert has just parted from her only Daughter, whom she has placed under Miss Dowling's care; therefore I hope the company of a Friend may be more than at any other time acceptable.

Miss Dowling called here this afternoon with her Sister, who takes part with her in the duties of the school, and with her little Flock of Boarders, now amounting to six. Dorothy seems to be as happy as possible, and we have every reason to be satisfied with the improvement she is making—indeed all the Girls look cheerful and contented—just as one would wish—not excepting Miss Calvert, who has left home a fortnight. Poor Dorothy had, I believe, at first a sad home-sickness, though she said nothing. Her eyes always filled with tears when she saw any of us; but it is now all over. Mary Calvert and she are great Friends, and well pleased at being under the same Roof together.

Two or three new scholars are expected after Christmas, so it is probable that Miss Dowling will soon have as many Boarders as she will wish for.

It is some time since I heard from Halifax; but the account of our good Friends was truly cheering. I have for some weeks

OCTOBER 1818

been in daily expectation of a letter from Mr. Ferguson to whom I wrote, requesting him to purchase some stuff for Curtains. I suppose he is waiting till the stuff is dyed and sent off; for surely if any misfortune had been the cause of his silence I should have heard of it. We were much mortified (my Sister and I), that we happened to be from home when Mr. and Mrs. Stansfeld Rawson called; and we only had two minutes' talk with them on the Road, as they passed in their carriage. My Brother was fortunate enough to be at home; but they only stayed half an hour, being in a hurry to proceed on their journey. Mr. R. looked very well.

I hope to hear a good account of your Sisters, that their journey has been of use to Miss Catharine. Lady Beaumont tells me that you have yet some trouble from your lame foot. It was indeed a grievous accident but, as you observe, compared with your Sister's it was as nothing, though it must have been a serious draw-back from your summer enjoyments; the weather has however been so very warm, that it has often been more delightful to sit and feel and enjoy than to make any exertion of limbs, and this has for you and her been a great blessing.

Remember me kindly to Mr. Marshall and all of your Family who are at home.

My Sister begs her best regards. Believe me ever truly yours  
D. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Mrs Marshall, Hallsteads (apparently delivered by W. W.).

*K(—)            612. W. W. to Lord Lonsdale*

28<sup>th</sup> November, 1818.

Looking at this subject generally, I cannot but be of opinion that the feudal power yet surviving in England is eminently serviceable in counteracting the popular tendency to reform, which would unavoidably lead to speculations. The people are already powerful far beyond the increase of their information, and their improvement in morals. . . .

DECEMBER 1818

K(—)

613. *W. W. to ?*

Dec. 8<sup>th</sup> 1818.

... Our opponents are very active in procuring freeholds, so much so that we must exert ourselves with the view of preserving the balance. This necessity is much to be regretted,—but it to me is so obvious that I purchased the other day a freehold estate in Langdale, which will divide into seven parts. Of these five are already disposed of, one to Mr. Gee, and the other four to my own relations. . . .

*MS.*

614. *W. W. to C. W.*

Jan<sup>ry</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> 1819

My dear Brother,

Mr Monkhouse will probably have shewn you the copy of Mr Russel's Letter, as I learn he has already done of mine to him.—As mine was perhaps longer than necessary or expedient his is concise enough.

If I understand the Madras system, one of its fundamental principles is ; that so far from want of quickness being an objection, the efficiency of the new system is chiefly shewn in the treatment of slow Boys.—One Boy advances *more rapidly* than another, but *all* are made to advance according to their talents.—I conclude then, either that Mr Russel does not perceive this principle of the system, or he is content to have his school managed with as much of the new scheme as suits his fancy, and to fall below the point of its characteristic excellence, or that not questioning but my Son might benefit to a certain degree, he apprehends that striking a balance between loss and gain, the account would be against the Boy. This supposing him to judge conscientiously ; if he be determined by selfish notions grounded upon the great name of the School, then, he must submit to the charge brought against most Masters of Public Schools, viz., that of indifference concerning the mass and the slower Boys provided a few at the top can make a brilliant figure.—It is difficult to give a just account of John's powers of mind—the darker side has been laid before you—the brighter is of less interest to a *school* master. His judgement is excellent, [h]is memory good, his command of words extraordinary, his

love of knowle[d]ge striking, but his difficulties in attaining it such as I have described. He is never weary of listening to interesting and instructive conversation, catches at it from all quarters, when the trouble is not imposed upon him of seeking it *himself* in books—not that I can say that he is *idle* now, or wanting in zeal; but he is so long in finding his words in his dictionary, and so inaccurate in reading that he meets with difficulties often where his Aunt would not have found them at 4 years of age.—I'll give you a slight specimen of his way of reading English, exhibited two or three days ago—'Oh! that', (he read 'On that') 'requi[te]' he read rightly—the *same* word in the next line he read '*requre*'; three or four lines lower, 'meagre stores of verbal gratitude', he read *stories*—and so on. In his spelling he is much improved, but it continues very bad for his years.

His distinguishing himself at the University, educate him where you will, appears out of the question; he is nevertheless a promising Youth, with whom every body is pleased; his character is so manly, modest and dignified.

I have had an offer of £30 for the House at Cross[?] the Title deeds are lost—do you think it worth our while to guarantee the purchase as Trustees, otherwise it cannot be sold—pray let me know.—I sent you long since a Copy of the address to the Freeholders, by an acquaintance; who took it [to] London and said she had forwarded it to you—a few other small things were sent at the same time. The Wordsworths are too poor to print at their own cost for the gratification of others—many thanks, however, for your good intentions and wishes—ever most affectionately yours W W

If you think it would be possible to get my younger Son on the foundation at Charter House I should like to try. Tell me how to set about it. My *income* is far short of what is necessary to educate three children as I could wish—I must dip into the principal of our little; so that such a situation for Wm. would be very acceptable.

What a deplorable scrawl this is!—Accept the joint good wishes of us all to you and the dear Boys. W. W.

Address: To the Rev<sup>d</sup> Dr Wordsworth, Rectory, Lambeth.

JANUARY 1819

MS

615. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

K(—)

Tuesday 12<sup>th</sup> Jan. [1819]

I hesitated for a moment before I ventured to open your *little* letter—Because it was a little one a fear rushed in that some thing amiss might have happened; and believe me, my dearest Friend, that I felt very happy, not only in finding that my apprehensions were unfounded, but that you were even happier than usual. Above all it is matter of rejoicing that your dear Son is now likely to settle into habits of steadiness. If he is fond of his profession he cannot but do well as there has never been a doubt in any Quarter of his abilities. I hope this letter will find you at Bury—You cannot think the pleasure it gives me to be so affectionately remembered by your excellent Father. What delight he must take in his little Grandson! I fancy I see the benevolent smile in his eyes when he is caressing that child. Your letter came on Saturday evening. On Sunday I could not write—was engaged all day yesterday—and now it is (on Tuesday) within half an hour of post time and I resolved to put off writing till to-morrow, when I recollected that to-morrow I am engaged to go with a party of young ones to visit Betty Yewdale in Langdale, the good woman recorded in *The Excursion*, who received the Pedlar in her cottage and walked backwards and forwards with her light upon the hill to direct her Husband's homeward steps from the Quarry.<sup>1</sup> I wanted to write to you at length and thoughtfully; in my present hurry I shall forget more than half of what I ought to say. I wish I could be useful to the young Man who wishes to improve himself in the North, but there is only one possible chance that occurs to me or any of us. Mr Dawes is quite out of the question for various reasons which I need not detail; but the schoolmaster of Barton, we think not unlikely, and through Thomas Wilkinson you might apply. He is very steady, sensible and a good schoolmaster. He is a curate at some one of the Churches in that neighbourhood, is, I believe, married and has a nice comfortable house. I have conversed with him at his own door and was much pleased. His name is Thompson. He has, I believe,

<sup>1</sup> *Excursion*, v. 728-71.

had one or two young men in his house for the purpose for which you apply, and I believe several big boys have gone to him in the holidays. Upon the whole I think your Friend may succeed by applying to him. Since I last wrote to you we have gone through all the anxiety and agitation of determining to send John Wordsworth to the Charterhouse. Shirts were made, journey arranged, and every thing ready, and a letter came from Mr. Russell the head master which put a stop to his going. My Brother wrote frankly and with most tender solicitude describing John's age, attainments, and dispositions. Of the last he *could* not speak too favourably. Mr. R's reply was that the standing rule of his school was to admit no boy after 14 and from what my Br. had said he thought it not advisable to depart in this case from the general rule. This was a great disappointment to us. My Brother would not for the world send him to any other *public* school; but the Charter H. being conducted on Dr Bell's plan he had great hopes that John might do well there. I have much more to say on this subject but time will not allow. John is to stay at home for a while under his Father's sole tuition and he intends him for Cambridge—with no hope of his making a figure there; but I trust he has well-grounded expectations that he will not disgrace himself. John now takes great pains. His understanding is very good; yet his slowness inconceivable. Dorothy has been at home 3 weeks, returns to school tomorrow week. She is greatly improved and we have every reason to be delighted with Miss Dowling and her sister. Miss D. will have nine Boarders after the holidays, and it seems likely that the school will go on increasing till she has as many as she wishes for, or can manage, everything being taught by herself or her sister. Mrs Coleridge is here, with Sara and Edith,—two sweet Girls,—and you may be sure we have mirth and merriment enough, with such jinglings of the Pianoforte as would tire any but very patient people. We had a grand Ball last Thursday. The house turned inside out. Ballroom decorated with evergreens, a happy employment with hard labour for the Girls. Two whole mornings were so engaged, and who should come in unexpectedly but Dr. Bell? The Lasses' Friend, he was detained for the Ball, and only left us yesterday. He tutored Miss



Dowling, carried her Girls with D. to form a Class, visited the Trinket shop, spent four guineas for them, and left every one a guinea at parting. Mr. Johnson from the Central School is to be here on Saturday; but alas, only for two days. On that day Mrs. C. leaves us—and the girls are woe be-gone. Hartley has done excellently at Oxford—has had high compliments from his Tutor, is now with his Father—writes thoughtfully—resolves to do his utmost in the beaten road, has got the promise of two pupils. We have great hopes that Derwent will get to one of the Universities; but it is not yet so far settled that I can say anything further than that Grosvenor Lloyd has offered to allow him 30£ per ann out of his living. This is noble and affecting, and his Mother<sup>1</sup> rejoices at it. *She*,<sup>1</sup> poor woman, is at Birmingham struggling with law-suits and family quarrels,—her husband at Ambleside in a wretched state—he lies in bed all day—and lies or sits up in bed all night awake, his imaginations are horrid. Willam has written some beautiful sonnets lately. That is all he has done. His giving so much time to John will be a sad thing and glad should I be if a private situation could be found for John where he might be well-instructed. No time for more—no room. All well at Hindwell—all well here. Give my kind love to Mr Clarkson, your Father and Sister. Remember me to your Brothers and Mrs Kitchener. God bless you, my dear good Friend—Believe me evermore your affectionate D. Wordsworth—I cannot look over what I have written.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, W. Buck's Esq, Bury, Suffolk.

K(—)                    *616. W. W. to Lord Lonsdale*

January 13<sup>th</sup>, 1819.

... I wish I could add that I feel myself properly qualified for the undertaking,<sup>2</sup> and that I could get rid of those apprehensions, which they who know me better than I know myself are perpetually forcing upon me,—viz. that my literary exertions will

<sup>1</sup> D.'s statement as it stands is confused and misleading, for 'his Mother' is, of course, Mrs. C., whilst '*she*' is Mrs. Charles Lloyd. But the mention of Grosvenor Lloyd has led her mind from the one to the other.

<sup>2</sup> Wordsworth had just been made a J.P. for Westmorland.

JANUARY 1819

suffer more than I am aware of from this engagement. They ground their opinion upon an infirmity of which I am conscious, viz., that whatever pursuit I direct my attention to is apt to occupy my mind too exclusively. But . . . I am anxious to discharge my obligations to society. . . .

*M. 617. W. W. to Lord Lonsdale*

[? Jan. 1819]

My Lord,

Many thanks for your obliging letter. I shall be much gratified if you happen to like my translation, and thankful for any remarks with which you may honour me. I have made so much progress with the second book, that I defer sending the former till that is finished. It takes in many places a high tone of passion, which I would gladly succeed in rendering. When I read Virgil in the original I am moved ; but not so much by the translation , and I cannot but think this owing to a defect in the diction, which I have endeavoured to supply, with what success you will easily be enabled to judge.

Ever, my Lord,

Most faithfully your obliged friend and servant,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

*M. 618. W. W. to Lord Lonsdale*

*K(—)*

Feb. 5 [1819]

My Lord,

I am truly obliged by your friendly and frank communication. May I beg that you would add to the favour by marking with a pencil some of the passages that are faulty, in your view of the case. We seem pretty much of opinion upon the subject of rhyme. Pentameters, where the sense has a close of some sort at every two lines, may be rendered in regularly closed couplets ; but hexameters (especially the Virgilian, that run the lines into each other for a great length) cannot. I have long been persuaded that Milton formed his blank verse upon the model of the *Georgics* and the *Æneid*, and I am so much struck with this resemblance, that I should have attempted Virgil in blank verse,

had I not been persuaded that no ancient author can be with advantage so rendered. Their religion, their warfare, their course of action and feeling are too remote from modern interest to allow it. We require every possible help and attraction of sound, in our language, to smooth the way for the admission of things so remote from our present concerns. My own notion of translation is, that it cannot be too literal, provided three faults be avoided: *baldness*, in which I include all that takes from dignity; *strangeness*, or *uncouthness*, including harshness; and lastly, attempts to convey meanings which, as they cannot be given but by languid circumlocutions, cannot in fact be said to be given at all. I will trouble you with an instance in which I fear this fault exists. Virgil, describing Æneas's voyage, third book, verse 551, says,

Hinc sinus Herculei, si vera est fama, Tarenti  
Cernitur.

I render it thus:

Hence we behold the bay that bears the name  
Of proud Tarentum, proud to share the fame  
Of Hercules, though by a dubious claim.

I was unable to get the meaning with tolerable harmony into fewer words, which are more than to a modern reader, perhaps, it is worth.

I feel much at a loss, without the assistance of the marks which I have requested, to take an exact measure of your Lordship's feelings with regard to the diction. To save you the trouble of reference, I will transcribe two passages from Dryden first, the celebrated appearance of Hector's ghost to Æneas. Æneas thus addresses him:

O light of Trojans and support of Troy,  
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy,  
O long expected by thy friends, from whence  
Art thou returned, so late for our defence?  
Do we behold thee, wearied as we are  
With length of labours and with toils of war?  
After so many funerals of thy own,  
Art thou restored to thy declining town?

This I think not an unfavourable specimen of Dryden's way of treating the solemnly pathetic passages. Yet surely there is *nothing* of the *cadence* of the original, and little of its spirit. The second verse is not in the original, and ought not to have been in Dryden; for it anticipates the beautiful hemistich,

Sat patriae Priamoque datum

By the by, there is the same sort of anticipation in a spirited and harmonious couplet preceding:

Such as he was when by *Pelides slain*  
Thessalian coursers dragged him o'er the plain.

This introduction of Pelides here is not in Virgil, because it would have prevented the effect of

Redit exuvias indutus Achillei

There is a striking solemnity in the answer of Pantheus to Æneas:

Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus  
Dardaniae. fumus Troes, fuit Ilium, et ingens  
Gloria Teucrorum, etc.

Dryden thus gives it:

Then Pantheus, with a groan,  
Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town.  
The fatal day, the appointed hour is come  
When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom  
Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands  
The fire consumes the town, the foe commands.

My own translation runs thus; and I quote it because it occurred to my mind immediately on reading your lordship's observations.

'T is come, the final hour,  
Th' inevitable close of Dardan power  
Hath come! we *have* been Trojans, Ilium *was*  
And the great name of Troy; now all things pass  
To Argos. So wills angry Jupiter,  
Amid the burning town the Grecians domineer.

I cannot say that 'we *have* been', and 'Ilium *was*,' are as sonorous sounds as 'fuimus' and 'fuit'; but these latter must

have been as familiar to the Romans as the former to ourselves. I should much like to know if your Lordship disapproves of my translation here. I have one word to say upon ornament. It was my wish and labour that my translation should have far more of the *genuine* ornaments of Virgil than my predecessors. Dryden has been very careful of these, and profuse of his own, which seem to me very rarely to harmonise with those of Virgil; as, for example, describing Hector's appearance in the passage above alluded to,

A *bloody shroud*, he seemed, and *bathed* in tears.  
I wept to see the *visionary* man.

Again,

And all the wounds he for his country bore  
Now streamed afresh, and with *new purple ran*.

I feel it, however, to be too probable that my translation is deficient in ornament, because I must unavoidably have lost many of Virgil's, and have never without reluctance attempted a compensation of my own. Had I taken the liberties of my predecessors, Dryden especially, I could have translated nine books with the labour that three have cost me. The third book, being of a humbler character than either of the former, I have treated with rather less scrupulous apprehension, and have interwoven a little of my own; and, with permission, I will send it, ere long, for the benefit of your Lordship's observations, which really will be of great service to me if I proceed. Had I begun the work fifteen years ago, I should have finished it with pleasure; at present, I fear it will take more time than I either can or ought to spare. I do not think of going beyond the fourth book.

As to the MS, be so kind as to forward it at your leisure to me, at Sir George Beaumont's, Coleorton Hall, near Ashby, whither I am going in about ten days. May I trouble your Lordship with our respectful compliments to Lady Lonsdale?

Believe [me] ever

Your Lordship's faithful

And obliged friend and servant

Wm Wordsworth

K(—)

619. *W. W. to Lord Lonsdale*Coleorton Hall, 17<sup>th</sup> February, 1819.

I began my translation by accident. I continued it, with a hope to produce a work which would be to a certain degree *affecting*, which Dryden's is not to me in the least. Dr. Johnson has justly remarked that Dryden had little talent for the pathetic, and the tenderness of Virgil seems to me to escape him. Virgil's style is an inimitable mixture of the elaborately ornate and the majestically plain and touching. The former quality is much more difficult to reach than the latter, in which whosoever fails must fail through want of ability, and not through the imperfections of our language.

In my last I troubled you with a quotation from my own translation, in which I found a failure—'fuimus Troes,' etc., 'we have been Trojans,' etc. It struck me afterwards that I might have found still stronger instances. At the close of the first book Dido is described as asking several questions of Venus,

Nunc, quales Diomedis equi, nunc quantus Achilles,

which Dryden translates very nearly, I think, thus,

The steeds of Diomede varied the discourse, etc

My own translation is probably as faulty upon another principle:

Of Hector asked, of Priam o'er and o'er,  
What arms the son of bright Aurora wore,  
*What horses there of Diomede, had great*  
*Achilles—but, O Queen, the whole relate.*

These two lines will be deemed, I apprehend, hard and bald. So true is Horace's remark, 'in vitium ducet culpæ fuga,' etc.

MS.

620. *W. W. to Francis Wrangham*

K(—)

Rydal Mount, Feb<sup>ry</sup> 19<sup>th</sup>, 1819.

Dear Wrangham,

I received your kind Letter last night, for which you will accept my thanks. I write upon the spur of that mark of your regard—or my aversion to Letter-writing might get the better

of me. Rogers read me his Poem<sup>1</sup> when I was in Town about 12 months ago; but I have heard nothing of it since. It contained some very pleasing passages, but the title is much too grandiloquent for the performance, and the plan appeared to me faulty. I know little of Blackwood's Magazine, and wish to know less. I have seen in it articles so infamous that I do not chuse to let it enter my doors. The Publisher sent it to me some time ago, and I begged (civilly you will take for granted) not to be troubled with it any longer. Except now and then, when Southey accommodates me, I see no new Books whatever, so that of course I know nothing of Miss Aikins' Queen Elizabeth<sup>2</sup>. I ought to have mentioned that the three Sonnets advertised in Blackwood's Magazine as from my pen were truly so, but they were not of my sending.

As to the St [? Bear]<sup>3</sup> case you will see that no doubt as well as all others, in the report from the Committ[ee] which will soon be laid before Par[liament]. It will prove that all the [?] allegations are unfounded.

I am glad to hear you are engaged with Dr. Zouch.<sup>4</sup> I find it difficult to speak publicly of good men while alive, especially if they are persons who have power; the world ascribes the eulogy to interested motives, or to an adulatory spirit, which I detest. But of Lord Lonsdale I will say to you that I do not think there exists in England a man of any rank more anxiously desirous to discharge his Duty in that station of life to which it has pleased God to call him. His thought and exertions are constantly directed to that object, and the more he is known the more is he beloved and respected and admired.

I ought to have thanked you before for your versions of Virgil's Eclogues,<sup>5</sup> which reached me at last. I have lately compared it line for line with the original, and think it very well done. I was particularly pleased with the skill you have shewn

<sup>1</sup> *Human Life, a Poem*, was published in this year.

<sup>2</sup> *Memours of the Court of Queen Elizabeth*, by Lucy Aikins, 1818.

<sup>3</sup> Bear *this word is almost illegible, perhaps it is Bees*

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Zouch, 1737-1815, divine and antiquary, rector of Wychiff in the N. Riding (1770-93) and later of Scrayingham in E. Riding—in 1805 appointed Dean of Durham. In 1796 he edited the works of Isaac Walton. Wrangham edited Z.'s works in 1820.

<sup>5</sup> Fifty copies printed in 1815, published in 1830.

in managing the Contest between the Shepherds in the third Pastoral, where you have included in a succession of couplets the sense of Virgil's paired hexameter. I think I mentioned to you that these poems of Virgil have always delighted me much; there is frequently in them an elegance and a happiness which no translation can hope to equal. In point of fidelity your translation is very good indeed.

You astonish me with the account of your Books,<sup>1</sup> and I should have been still more astonished if you had told me you had read a third (shall I say a tenth part) of them. My reading powers were never very great, and now they are much diminished, especially by candle light. And as to buying books, I can affirm that on *new* books I have not spent five shillings for the last 5 years. I include reviews, magazines, Pamphlets, etc., etc. So that there would be an end of Mr. Murray, and Mr. Longman, and Mr. Cadell etc., etc., if nobody had more power or inclination to buy than myself; and as to old Books, my dealings in that way, for want of means, have been very trifling. Nevertheless (small and paltry as my Collection is) I have not read a fifth part of it. I should however like to see your army.

Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
When Agrican, with all his *Northern* powers  
Besieged Albracca as *Romances* tell.<sup>2</sup>

Not that I accuse you of romancing. I verily believe that you have all the books you speak of—believe, and like the Devils, *tremble!* Dear Wrangham, are you and I ever likely to meet in this world again? Yours is a *corner* of the earth; mine is not so. I never heard of any body going to Bridlington, but all the world comes to the Lakes. Farewell. Excuse this wretched scrawl. It is like all that proceeds from my miserable pen. Be assured I shall be glad to hear of you at any and all times; but literary news, except what I get occasionally from Southey, I have none to send you in return. Ever faithfully yours

Wm. Wordsworth.

As to the Nortons<sup>3</sup> the Ballad is my authority, and I require

<sup>1</sup> F. W. was a great book-collector—it was said that his shelves 'began at the front door and ran up to the garret and down to the cellar'. In 1825 he had amassed 15,000 volumes. <sup>2</sup> *Paradise Regained*, iii. 337–9.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. *The White Doe of Rylstone, or the Fate of the Nortons*.



no more. It is much better than Virgil had for his *Æneid*. Perhaps I ought to have mentioned that the articles in *B[lack-wood]'s Magazine* that disgusted me so, were personal,—referring to myself and friends and acquaintances, especially Coleridge.

MS. 621. W. W. to J. Forbes Mitchell

M. G. K.

Rydal Mount, Apr. 21<sup>st</sup> 1819.

Sir,

The letter with which you have honoured me, bearing date the 31<sup>st</sup> of March, I did not receive until yesterday; and therefore could not earlier express my regret that, notwithstanding a cordial approbation of the *feeling* which has prompted the undertaking, and a genuine sympathy in admiration with the Gentlemen who have subscribed towards a Monument for Burns, I cannot unite my humble efforts with theirs in promoting this object. Sincerely can I affirm that my respect for the motives which have swayed these gentlemen has urged me to trouble you with a brief statement of the reasons of my dissent. In the first place, Eminent poets appear to me to be a Class of men who, less than any others, stand in need of such marks of distinction, and hence I infer that this mode of acknowledging their merits is one for which they would not, in general, be themselves solicitous. Burns did, indeed, erect a monument to Ferguson;<sup>1</sup> but I apprehend that his gratitude took this course because he felt that Ferguson had been prematurely cut off, and that his fame bore no proportion to his deserts. In neither of these particulars can the fate of Burns justly be said to resemble that of his Predecessor, his years indeed were few, but numerous enough to allow him to spread his name far and wide, and to take permanent root in the affections of his Countrymen: in short he has raised for himself a Monument so conspicuous, and

<sup>1</sup> Robert Fergusson (1750–74), a poet to whom Burns often acknowledged his debt. For his tombstone in the Canongate Churchyard, Edinburgh, Burns wrote the inscription:

No sculptur'd Marble here, nor pompous lay,  
 'No storied Urn nor animated Bust';  
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way  
 To pour her sorrow o'er her Poet's dust.

of such imperishable materials, as to render a local fabric of Stone superfluous, and therefore comparatively insignificant. But why, if this be granted, should not his fond admirers be permitted to indulge their feelings, and at the same time to embellish the Metropolis of Scotland? If this may be justly objected to, and in my opinion it may, it is because the showy Tributes to Genius are apt to draw off[f] attention from those efforts by which the interests of Literature might be substantially promoted; and to exhaust public spirit in comparatively unprofitable exertions, when the wrongs of literary men are crying out for redress on all sides. It appears to me that towards no class of his Majesty's Subjects are the laws so unjust and oppressive.—The attention of Parliament has lately been directed by petition to the exaction of copies of newly published Works for certain Libraries; but this is a trifling evil compared with the restrictions imposed upon the duration of Copyright, which in respect to Works profound in philosophy, or elevated, abstract, and refined in imagination, is tantamount almost to an exclusion of all pecuniary recompense for the Author, and even where Works of imagination and manners are so constituted as to be adapted to immediate demand, as in the case of those of Burns, justly may it be asked what reason can be assigned that an Author who dies young should have the prospect before him of his Children being left to languish in Poverty and Dependence, while Booksellers are revelling in luxury upon gains derived from Works which are the delight of many Nations.

This subject might be carried much further, and we might ask, if the course of things insured immediate wealth, and accompanying rank and honours, honours and wealth often entailed on their families to Men distinguished in the other learned professions, why the laws should interfere to take away those pecuniary emoluments which are the natural Inheritance of the posterity of Authors whose pursuits, if directed by genius and sustained by industry, yield in importance to none in which the Members of a Community can be engaged.

But to recur to the proposal in your letter:—I would readily assist, according to my means, in erecting a Monument to the

memory of Chatterton, who with transcendent genius was cut off by his own hand while he was yet a Boy in years ; this, could he have anticipated the tribute, might have soothed his troubled spirit ; as<sup>1</sup> an expression of general belief in the existence of those powers which he was too impatient and too proud to develop. At all events it might prove an awful, and a profitable warning—I should also be glad to see a monument erected on the banks of Lochleven to the memory of the innocent, and tender-hearted Michael Bruce,<sup>2</sup> who, after a short life spent in poverty and obscurity, was called away too early to leave behind him more than a few trustworthy promises of pure affections and unvitiated imagination.

Let the Gallant Defenders of our Country be liberally rewarded with Monuments: their noble Actions cannot speak for themselves as the Writings of Men of genius are able to do ; gratitude in respect to them stands in need of admonition ; and the very multitude of Heroic competitors, which increase the demand for this sentiment towards our Naval and Military defenders considered as a Body, is injurious to the claims of Individuals.—Let our great Statesmen and eminent Lawyers, our learned and eloquent Divines, and they who have successfully devoted themselves to the abstruser Sciences, be rewarded in like manner ; but towards departed Genius, exerted in the fine Arts and more especially in Poetry, I humbly think, in the present state of things, the sense of our obligation to it may more satisfactorily be expressed by means pointing directly to the general benefit of Literature.

Trusting that these opinions of an Individual will be candidly interpreted, I have the honour to be,

Your obedient servant  
Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* J. Forbes Mitchell Esq.

<sup>1</sup> *written* and

<sup>2</sup> Michael Bruce (1746–67), born on the banks of Loch Leven, the son of a weaver—educated at Edinburgh he became a schoolmaster. His poems were edited in 1770 by John Logan he is said to have been the real author of Logan's *Cuckoo*.

K(—) 622. W. W. to Viscount Lowther

[? Spring 1819]

Do you suppose that Tierney<sup>1</sup> is really sincere in his declaration that he adopts the positions of the Report of the Bullion Committee of which Horner<sup>2</sup> was chairman? If he does, he has studied political economy to little purpose. For instance, what an assertion that gold had not risen in value, it was only that paper had fallen! This is theory trampling upon fact; upon a consequence arising from the state of Europe obvious, one would have thought, to a child. . . .

K(—) 623. W. W. to ?

May 24, [1819].<sup>3</sup>

. . . Unwilling that what I cannot but think the errors<sup>4</sup> of the bullionists should be laid open, I wrote to Mr. Southey, begging his interest with the editor of the Q. R. to procure the reviewing of the pamphlets on this subject for Mr. De Quincey, editor of the *Westmoreland Gazette*. Mr. Southey wrote in reply, 'I fear the Q. R. would be closed against De Q.'s opinions upon the Bullion question, as it is against *mine on the Catholics*.' (Mr. Southey is an enemy to further concessions.) 'And indeed more

<sup>1</sup> George Tierney (1761–1830), at this period the recognized leader of the opposition in the House of Commons, and a leading authority on questions of finance.

<sup>2</sup> Francis Horner (1778–1817), the friend of Brougham and one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*. He entered the House of Commons in 1806, and in 1810 moved that a committee should be formed to inquire into the true causes of the high price of bullion and the state of the exchange. Their Report established the principle that the value of paper money could only be maintained as long as it was immediately convertible into gold. W.'s friend Sharp was a leading member of the committee, and advocated the protection of the currency by law. The findings of the Committee were naturally unpopular with the government and the banks. On Feb. 2, 1819, Tierney moved the appointment of a committee to inquire into the effects produced on the exchange with foreign countries by the restriction on payments in cash by the bank, and to report what reason existed for continuing the restriction. In his speech he affirmed his adherence to the views of Horner and the Bullion Committee. Hence my dating of this letter.

<sup>3</sup> K. dates this letter 1814, but De Q. was only editor of the *Westmoreland Gazette* from July 1818–Nov. 1819.

<sup>4</sup> So K.; but W. was obviously *not* unwilling that the errors should be laid open.

MAY 1819

certainly because some years ago it took the wrong side upon that subject; and consistency in a political error is the only kind of consistency to be expected in a journal of this kind. This I am sorry for, because if De Quincey could bring his reasonings before the public through a favourable channel I think he would go far towards exploding a mischievous error.' From this extract it may be seen that these Reviews value above everything the keeping up the notion of their own mysterious infallibility. It is probable that the Q. R. is closed against the opponents of the Catholic claims, in consequence of its having espoused the other side, through the influence of Mr. Canning over the editor. The great circulation of the two Reviews, *The Quarterly* and *The Edinburgh*, has been very injurious to free discussion, by making it almost unsurmountably difficult for any writer, not holding a public situation, to obtain a hearing, if his opinions should not suit either of these periodical publications ...

MS.

624. W. W. to Hans Busk<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, Ambleside  
July 6<sup>th</sup> 1819

Dear Sir,

Your writings are not to be hurried over; this must plead my excuse for not having thanked you earlier for the 'Vestriad'; which, though detained upon the road, by a fault of some of Mr Longman's people, in directing the parcel it was enclosed in, reached me some time since. The plan is more extensive than that of your former poems; and the execution equally good—I was particularly pleased with the descents into the submarine regions, and the infernal. These two Cantos I liked best; and the 'Council' is perhaps the least happy: in all councils there is something too quiescent—The serious passages, everywhere so gracefully interspersed, will excite a wish in many as they did in me, that you would favor the world with something in downright earnest—Your Portrait of Silene is eminently happy; and throughout the whole of your productions is an air of lively

<sup>1</sup> Hans Busk (1772–1862), scholar, poet, and country gentleman with an estate in Radnorshire, and thus a neighbour of T. Hutchinson at Hindwell. His *Vestriad*, a Mock Epic in 3 books, was published in 1819.

JULY 1819

morality that most honourably distinguishes you among the multitude of candidates for poetic celebrity—Your two obliging Letters require especial acknowledgement. If you have erred at all in the movement of your couplets it is surely on the right side.—You seem to understand my opinions on this subject perfectly:—I have, indeed, a detestation of couplets running into each other, merely because it is convenient to the writer;—or from affected imitation of our elder poets. Reading such verse produces in me a sensation like that of toiling in a dream, under the *nightmar*. The Couplet promises rest at agreeable intervals; but here it is never attained—you are mocked and disappointed from paragraph to paragraph. In regard to monosyllabic lines, I do not think that there lies any objection to them merely as such; I mean any objection on musical considerations. For the words, if well *chosen* and suitably united, blend into each other upon the ear, as readily almost as if the feet of the verse were composed of polysyllables.—

I noticed in your Vestriad with particular pleasure, your flight in the Balloon. Rich in bold fictions as your Poem is, you were not called upon to make more of that vehicle than you have done—Judgement is shown in nothing more than the power to resist temptations of Fancy, especially where, as in your case, the gratification lies within easy reach.—

The ‘Waggoner’ was written *con amore*, and as the Epilogue states almost in my own despite; I am not therefore surprized that you read it with pleasure; composing *wide[ly]* as you do from unborrowed feelings—The critiques to which you allude I have not [ ] and if, as is probable they be such, as so[me] good natured person forwarded to me, the Literary Gazette, I should indeed thorough[ly] despise them. It is now 20 years since the ‘Duncery’ of the periodical Press first declared war against me; and they have kept it up with laudable perseverance; I wish I could praise any other quality which they have evinced—Farewell—and, dear Sir believe me with sincere thanks for your kind attentions

most respectfully yours

Wm Wordsworth—

*Address:* To Hans Busk Esq<sup>re</sup>, 31 Nottingham Place, London.

JULY 1819

MS.

625. *W. W. to H. Parry*

Rydale Mount July 20<sup>th</sup> 1819.

My dear Sir,

I shall be truly glad to see you. On the other side<sup>1</sup> you have the needful. The Subs—have been written to—

ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* H Parry Esq, Stamp Office, Kirby Lonsdale.

MS.

626. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

K(—)

Sunday August 1<sup>st</sup> [1819].

My dear Friend,

I trust that the thought of the possibility that you were neglected or forgotten by us, or that we did not feelingly sympathize with you in your affliction has never once crossed your mind; but that you have wished for a letter from us—have looked to it as a comfort I do indeed believe—and you have been disappointed perhaps grieved that no letter came. Is not this, my dearest Friend, a sufficient cause for the self reproaches which do now torment me? I can only say for myself the truth that I have been cowardly. The act of writing being a voluntary act, a thing that may be done to day as well as to-morrow, I have put it off—and am utterly inexcusable. Sara would have written long ago, but she knew that I intended it—and she wished too that I should write—You know how I revered your excellent Father and though I knew that happy as he was in his pious life, and useful to all around him, the thought of death brought neither dismay nor sorrow to him—that to him it was peace and joy, I could not write or think of your loss without distress;—and feeling that no consolation could be given by others—that all must proceed from yourself and from the remembrance of what your Father was, I shrunk like a coward from the expression of my own feelings. You must forgive me. It was very kind in you to write so particular an account of your Father's last moments. It comforts me to read

<sup>1</sup> The 'other side' has been torn off the MS.

your letter; therein I see that you are happy when you think of him; and I trust by this time even *cheerful*, but the loss can never be made up in this world. That I know. Mrs Luff came to Miss Dowling's, our house being quite full. She is now at Mr. Crump's and will not come to stay at Rydal till towards the end of next week. We met her at Church this morning, and she told me she had had a letter from you, with a distressing account of Mr. Clarkson's having been very ill, and you from home! I join with you in joy and thankfulness for his recovery. Long may you be spared a sorrow like that which you have lately gone through! I do not wonder at your resolution not to leave him again; but let us hope that out of this resolve another may arise, namely to go from home *together* oftener; and to come into this country. You will need a little change more than you have hitherto done. There is repose and comfort in the thought of your deceased Father—but when he was alive and you had him within a day's journey of you, there was an invigorating power in that thought. Think how years go by, how the children are coming forward to take their place in active life, and we are going down the hill. Thank God, your health being amended you are stronger than you were years ago, and perhaps not one of *us* is very much failed in point of strength; and for my part I have as much enjoyment in walking as when I first came into Westmorland twenty years ago, yet you will be surprized when you see me, in face a perfect old woman. I have only eight teeth remaining—two in the upper jaw, the rest below and of those two or three are on the point of coming out. Sara is very well. She has got a nice pony and she and her nephew John ride out together. She is going to Patterdale tomorrow with our neighbours, the Gees, to meet William who is now at Lowther. William is quite well, preserves his teeth, and does not look older for his years than formerly. Mary too is well. Dear Dorothy is just gone back to school. We have a sad missing of her, yet are thankful for the loss as she is as well placed for general improvement, and for the correction of her peculiar faults as it is possible for a girl to be. She is as lively as ever—not yet quite steady, but in due time I think she will be so. Her health is good and she grows regularly in height—and is sufficiently stout, though



as yet she has no womanly breadth, indeed we are glad (seeing others of her own age perfect women) that she continues a child so long. She will be 15 on the 16<sup>th</sup> of this month. John is a very good Boy; but he grows a man almost—and it is far too soon; for his attainments are much behind his years—yet he does now improve for *him* even rapidly, considering the disadvantages he labours under, having only his Father for an instructor. We wish very much that a Tutor could be had in the house, or that we could hear of some clergyman who could receive him as a pupil. When you see Mr Tillbrooke talk to him on the subject. Perhaps together you may hit upon some plan; but we shall see Tillbrooke again on his way from Scotland. He paid us a very short visit and stayed a few days at Allan Bank. Have you seen *Peter Bell* and *The Waggoner*? William has done nothing lately except a few Sonnets, but these are exquisitely beautiful. Poor Mrs Luff has set her heart upon furnishing a cottage; but no cottage is to be had—and indeed I think she is much better without one, though I believe that for a few months it would make her as happy as she could be after her great loss. I wish her mind were such that she could content herself in lodgings where she might be quite independent when at home, and have the power of moving at will. She has an excellent heart, and is only too generous and unsuspecting. I wish I could see how she could be made happy—but I fear without someone to lean upon she will never be so. When she is under our Roof we can judge better what to advise, and what is possible. Mrs Luff delighted me today with your account of Tom. I trust, my dear Friend that henceforth you will derive uninterrupted comfort from him. Give my kindest love to him. Are we likely to see him in the North? The hay harvest is almost concluded, and never were there finer crops or a more delightful season. The weather is very hot. The Hutchinsons left us a fortnight ago. They are now at Stockton. Mrs. H. is a sweet creature. She is an example for all mothers. She is playful and tender with her children, yet resolutely guards against all foolish indulgence. We were very sorry when they left us. The house was quiet even to dullness. Rydal Mount is the nicest place in the world for children. You will almost long to be young again, as I do, when you see it; for

AUGUST 1819

the sake of trotting down the green banks, running and dancing on the mount etc. You must come and see us indeed you must before it is too late for you and all of us.—I am sure when you come to the end of this letter you will feel as if I had told you nothing. So I feel myself; and it is always so with me after a long silence—I trust we shall hear soon from you again; and that I shall have no more to reproach myself, and then I will think of all that I have to tell you. Farewell, my dear Friend, Give my best love to your Husband and believe me ever your affectionate D Wordsworth.

*Address:* Mrs. Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich.

*MS*

*627. D. W. to Joanna Hutchinson*

Sunday September 5<sup>th</sup> 1819

My dear Joanna,

Sara is gone to Church on horseback with Tom Monkhouse and the rest of the family on foot with Lord Lowther. After making a pudding and giving a few directions for dinner I sit down in my own Room, with an open window, viewing the sunshine upon the green fields, a great treat to us now, for, after the finest season of hot and dry weather that ever was known we have had, with little intermission since last Sunday, torrents of rain, and the corn cut and *uncut*, especially the latter, must be greatly injured. My lover, as you call him, has a crop of the grandest oats ever seen in Grasmere now standing in the sheaf, which he assures us has received 'six pounds' damage. We have passed our time very pleasantly since T. M.'s arrival, and I trust he has also, for he has been in excellent health and spirits. Lord Lowther arrived on Friday to dinner at 5 o'clock. We were not quite in such a bustle as on that ever memorable day when you, dear Joanna, left us. The rain was almost as heavy, and many a time I thought of you, and of our unhappy cook's misery. We have got a delightful young woman in her place, who is always chearful, tidy and good humoured, and in the management of her fires, that never ending plague when Jane was here, she is exactly the opposite of Jane, and cooks well with less fuel than

any servant we ever had. Yesterday the two Mr Jacksons and Mr Gee dined with us upon venison and partridges from Lowther. We have been very comfortable and without the least bustle till last night when before the Gentlemen had left the dining room our loquacious Friend Mr Myers arrived half tipsy. He produced a letter he had received from Mr Crump and his own answer to it, four sides of a folio sheet which he deputed Mr Monkhouse to read to the gentlemen, and his own comments upon it were loud and long, with stamping and gestures; but not content with this when he came into the study he gave *me* the two letters for my own reading. After a careful perusal he called upon me for a discussion of the merits of his dispute with the people of Grasmere respecting the inclosure of an Intake, and when this was done, he himself, for the benefit of Ladies and Gentlemen, (all except Lord L. who luckily happened to be in his own Bedroom) read the two letters aloud, Mr Crump's in a hum-drum voice with many comments upon errors in style, and his own with all the pomposity of an Actor—Then came on his third discussion. In short he talked all—and every body was miserable, and it is a real fact that he made me quite ill—I am sure I ailed nothing before his arrival, and before he went away I was as uncomfortable—all over—as possible. Delighted we were when he left us saying that he was engaged all this day; but judge of our vexation when he came in to breakfast when we had half finished—all dirt and snuff. In the course of the Breakfast he pulled a pair of old white yarn stockings out of his pocket, displayed them at full length threw them on the floor and desired me to take charge of them. Then came on an harangue concerning his wardrobe—and after all he began with the old story of the blue and buff, which no doubt Mary H. well remembers. I am sure I have been compelled to hear [it] a score of times. Breakfast ended all were assembled on the front and Mr. M. found that *he* should be too late to dress and go to Ambleside Church as he had 'promised Julia Rachel' he should do, therefore he proposed to bring her hither. This was positively declined, stating William's particular engagements with Lord L. Luckily he was not affronted, for he promised to come again to-morrow. The Venison Feast at Kendal is on Tuesday, and the

Ball, I believe, on Wednesday. Lord L. leaves tomorrow, and William will meet him at Kendal if his eyes are well enough. They are now distressingly inflamed. Mr. Gee will dine with us to-day and perhaps Mr de Quincey. He has been invited, but we never see him now. The Hiltons are at Mr Gee's old house. We are to meet them at Mr Gee's tomorrow. Mrs Luff left us when Lord L. came. She will return on Tuesday, and thinks of taking lodgings for a while at Ambleside, as Mrs Hilton's house at the foot of the hill will not be vacant till the end of October. We have not seen Henry since his first arrival, but T. M. Wm John and Sara were at Coniston on Thursday in quest of fish. He is well and quite happy to find himself again at Coniston. Unfortunately they did not see him—he was out fishing. Tom M. goes to Penrith from the Kendal dinner and Ball, but will return before the Races whither John W. is to accompany him. After all I hope that Willy is to go with him to London (Mary H will be delighted to hear this) to be under Mr Johnson's care till he is old enough to be entered at the Charterhouse. This seems at present to be fully resolved on, and I hope the resolution will not fail at last as the *necessity* of a change is now fully perceived by all parties. I think John will be placed at Sedbergh School; but this is not certain. Dorothy grows very fast, and looks well and healthy—much better than when Mary left us. Miss Dowling thinks highly of her application and consequent improvement. We expect her this afternoon—Now for the business which I have to write about—namely Mr Baudouin's reply to my inquiries respecting lodgings in or near Paris. His answer is such as entirely to quash any hopes from that quarter, the price of board being upwards of 100£ per annum, lodging above 30£ and with other expenses—according to Mr Gee's calculation it was dearer than in England. The precise sum I cannot state, having forgotten, and as I do not know the exact value of French money I cannot, by referring to Mr B.'s letter, make a calculation. I trust however that you will have no occasion to leave your own country. I had a letter from Miss B.<sup>1</sup> lately. Her uncle and Family were going to leave Boulogne. She did not know whither they were going; but if to Paris she seemed to think she would take lodgings in Boulogne.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Barker, their old Keswick friend.

She had been poorly; but was in good spirits at the time of writing I fear she will be forced to remain in France many years unless some one leaves her a legacy, and that is not very probable. Mary and Mrs Luff have talked of going into Borrowdale for a few days; but I think they will not get off at all, having delayed till the evenings are likely to be cold, and short days and long nights do not suit Borrowdale. We were very much grieved that the dear children were poorly on their arrival at home. No doubt it had been owing to the heat. Give Aunt Dorothy's very best love to them. I hope George thrives apace now, and has had no more of those frightful bowel complaints. D. is just arrived. She sends her tender love to her dear little cousins. We often talk of them and their goodness and I am sure I am grateful to their dear Mother for the exertion she made to bring them to see us. It was a great undertaking. D's love to you all severally, and to her God-Mother. It is time to dress for dinner so I must stop, and indeed I think I have not any more news for you. Yes, Mrs Lloyd is at young John Green's house with her little girls, and will stay a while. She is as well as one can expect. Her husband is in London. We have had no remarkable persons this summer, but the Bishop of London and his Lady. They dined with us. The Bishop is a very delightful man and his wife is a pretty pleasing woman. God bless you! dear Joanna, I hope you continue pretty well—clothe yourself as light as possible and use exercise in the fresh air whenever it is dry. This is Mr Scambler's advice. Give my best love to Tom and Mary. I hope your Aunt is now quite well again. Remember me kindly to her, and do not fail to give my love to John Monkhouse when you see him. Believe me ever, dear Joanna,

Your affectionate Friend

D Wordsworth.

I cannot read over what I have written—excuse scrawling. I hope you will not be very busy when you receive this that you may have time to decypher it.

*Address:* Miss J. H. [no stamp: delivered by hand?]

MS. 628. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson  
K(—)

Sunday. Dec<sup>r</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> [1819].

My dear Friend,

I am become one of the idlest, and seemingly the most ungrateful of correspondents; at least as far as you are concerned with me in that way. To my shame I speak it and with sorrow; but no more on this subject. You can more easily forgive me than I can forgive myself. Another year is drawing to its close. It has been to you a year of change, with affliction; yet such change as comes in the natural course of this life, and I trust that your late anxieties on your Husband's account are over, that he has wholly regained his usual good health; and that you still continue to receive hopeful and cheering accounts of your son. Thomas Monkhouse, who, I believe, sees him pretty often, gave us such reports of him—his conduct, manners, and the bent of his mind, as were highly satisfactory and confirmed what you had said before of his attention to his profession and the studies connected with it. *We* have to look back on the past year with thankfulness; it has not brought any serious affliction immediately pressing upon this Family; and one resolve we have reason to rejoice at—the resolve to part with William. *I* had long been convinced that nothing but a removal from home could save the Boy from ruin; but his Mother could not be brought to this conviction till it was forced upon her; and long did the Father waver and despond from fears for his health; but happy am I to be able to tell you that his health and his looks have visibly improved; and this I believe to be solely owing to a cheerful submission to unbending laws; and activity of mind *fixed*—not wandering, as it ever used to be. Mr Monkhouse says that the improvement in William's reading is marvellous—far beyond his most *sanguine* expectations; and Mr. Johnson says that no boy can behave better than he does—that he is getting rid of bad habits very fast, is as lively as a lark—very observant and very happy. He shews a talent for figures. Luckily for himself and his present teacher he had not been practised in that way at home. He is to spend his holidays (a fortnight) at Sundridge. Mr Hoare has been very kind to him—So has Mrs

Douglass the mother of a little boy (the nephew of the Marquis of Queensbury) who was also with Mr. J. for a few weeks after William's arrival; but has been obliged to go home ill of the measles and hooping cough, of which complaints his younger Brother has died. Happily they were not caught in the Central School. We hope that my brother will send John to Sedbergh School after the holidays. He and my sister went over to Sedbergh that very week before Mr Stevens' death with intention to place him there, if circumstances had encouraged them; but no sooner did they see Mr Stevens than they perceived that he was a dying man, though he himself had no apprehensions, and when William said he would wait a little for an amendment in his health before he fixed respecting John, Mr S. replied 'the more he had to do the better for him'. Poor man! he placed his motherless Family side by side—produced their mother's picture—wept while he talked; and said that he trusted he should be able to give his Children good educations—'all he *had* for them'. William sent the Doctor to him from Kendal: he was *much worse* when he arrived; and in a single week he was dead. On the other side of my paper you will see a statement of the case of these 12 poor children, which has been circulated among Friends; and the subscription is likely to be a good one. I send it you not expecting or wishing that *you* should give anything. You have enough to do in your own neighbourhood in addition to other especial calls on Mr. Clarkson's humanity; but you have rich Friends, and the Father having been a Clergyman, a Schoolmaster, and a Fellow of a College, these children seem to have claims beyond the circle of a private acquaintance. Cracken-thorpe was a pupil of Mr. Stevens and most affectionately attached to him and his wife. He has subscribed £50, a great Sum, considering his means. We expect Mrs. Coleridge and Sara next week on their way from Liverpool. Mrs C took Sara thither to get her fitted with steel stays or supporters for her Back. She has long had a weakness there; and the spine has been almost imperceptibly forming a slight curve in one part. The stays have been made under the direction of a surgeon eminent for skill in such cases, and he entertains no doubt of a perfect cure provided her health is good. To attain this she ought to be allured from

standing as much as possible and must lie on her back for at least two hours in the day. Dorothy will be at home on Friday night; and we shall have her for one month. She, thank God! has at present no bodily weakness—She is almost twice as bulky as Sara, and considerably taller. I wish she were half as studious; and perhaps both would be the better for such a division of property. However we may be thankful for the good we have. Dorothy is affectionate, lively, has good sense; and is anything rather than listless or indolent. Derwent is to go to his Father after Christmas. This is a pity. Would you believe it possible, Coleridge expressed a wish that Sara could go to Highgate to be under the care of Mr. Gilman!! the cleverest medical man with whom he was ever acquainted!! Hartley is, I believe, at Ottery with his Uncles. We have given up all hope of Mrs Luff's being able to procure a pension. Lord Lowther has taken infinite pains; but when my brother last heard from him, he gave us reason to fear that there was not the smallest chance for her. This will no doubt settle all her thoughts of house-keeping, except in a very small cottage; and I think she would be much happier in lodgings considering the liberty she would have in not being tyed to any house. Yet I am very sorry her income is so small; for even in Lodgings, with her habits, her pleasure in giving, her pleasure in spending, she will find herself poor. She is a good creature; and I should have liked to have seen her a perfect Lady Bountiful in our neighbourhood. If John goes to school, my Brother will visit London in the Spring, and he will take me along with him—such at least is his wish and mine, but I consider the matter so uncertain that I think little about it and talk less. You say you intend to be there in the Spring, so I hope we may meet in London, and go together to the Central School—at all events I trust you will come into the North next summer—you have given us better hopes of this than ever before; and I think that Mr. Clarkson will not find it easy to refuse coming after his very long absence from this country. Sara sends her very best love. I do not know whether I ought to tell you that she is most eagerly and happily employed in knitting yarn stockings for Mr Clarkson. She knits and reads by the hour together. All well—Sara loses her teeth fast, but it



makes no difference in her appearance or very little. Mine are *all* gone but three above and three below and I have now a true old woman's mouth and chin. My profile is seventy. Shall I get a set of new teeth? We talk of it. Yet I do not altogether like the experiment. Give my kind love to your Husband, in which all join, and to Tom. God bless you, my dearest Friend, Believe me ever your affectionate, D. Wordsworth. It is very cheering to me when I close this letter, so near the end of the year, to think that I have two chances of seeing you before the end of another year.

John is taller than his Mother, indeed not above an inch shorter than his Father. At the time you wrote requesting me to recommend your friend at Bootle to Captain Wordsworth's notice; he, poor man, was too ill in mind and body for me to apply to him, and his dismal end, no doubt, you have heard of. I hope Sara will write soon—her letter will be better worth postage than this. We have had intense frost and deep snow, no stoppage of roads. Fine skating upon Rydal Water—for John and his Father. The eyes quite well again.

[*A Copy of Notice about the Rev. W. Stevens was attached to the letter.*]

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich.

*Hutchins.*<sup>1</sup>      629. *W. W. to John Kenyon*<sup>2</sup>  
K(—)

[1819.]

. . . Mrs. Coleridge and her daughter are now here, both well. Since you left us Mrs. W. and I have been over to Sedbergh, to see the orphan family of Stephens; we found their prospects brightening—the subscription is going on well, and situations

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Transcripts from the MSS made for the Wordsworth Society by F. L. Hutchins, and printed in the *Transactions of the Wordsworth Society*, No. VI.

<sup>2</sup> John Kenyon (1784–1856), the friend of many literary men of the time, among them Southey, Landor, and, later, the Brownings, made the acquaintance of the Ws in this year, though, as Sara H tells T. Monkhouse, 'ever since his visit to Keswick fifteen years before he has been, as he says, *bit* by W.'s poems, and indeed seems to have a better verbal knowledge of them than the author himself'.

DECEMBER 1819

have already been procured for several. To the honor of Liverpool, be it mentioned that Mr. Bolton, sometimes called the Liverpool Croesus, has contributed £50. You speak of this great commercial place as I should have expected. In respect to visual impression, nothing struck me so much at Liverpool as one of the streets near the river, in which is a number of lofty and large warehouses, with the processes of receiving and discharging goods.

I am truly thankful for your travelling directions. The ladies write

[*cetera desunt*]

Address: John Kenyon, Esq<sup>re</sup>, London.

MS. 630. W. W. to B. R. Haydon

Haydon(—)

Rydale Mount near Ambleside. 16<sup>th</sup> January, 1820

My dear Friend,

Mr Monkhouse has probably informed you how far I have suffered under the same malady as yourself.—I am better so far as to be able to use my eyes by day; but I neither write nor read by Candle light.—I do most sincerely rejoice in *your* recovery—and congratulate you with all my heart on the completion of your Picture; of which I hear from our common Friends the Beaumonts the most excellent accounts. Indeed they speak of it in the highest terms.—Your most valuable Drawing arrived, when I was unable to enjoy it as it deserved. I did not like to employ an Amanuensis to thank you for it; as I hoped for a speedy recovery:—a hope I shall not indulge in again as I am convinced that the organ of sight is with me in a precarious state; that is very irritable and subject to inflammation. Under these circumstances as I was sure of your painful sympathy I ran the risk of incurring your displeasure, as the less evil of the two—Your drawing is much admired as a work of art; some think it a stodgy<sup>1</sup> likeness; but in general it is not deemed so—for my own part I am proud to possess it as a mark of your regard, and for its own merits.

I purpose being in London in the Spring; when I trust I shall

<sup>1</sup> *written stogy*

find you well and prosperous. Do you ever hear of John Scott—pray how is he? and where; if you are in communication with him let him know that I am much interested in his welfare.—Mr Monkhouse, I understand, you see occasionally, and through him we hear of you; always with lively interest. Now that you have recovered your eyes, paint, and leave writing to the dunces and malignants with which London swarms—You have taken too much trouble about them.—How is Keates, he is a youth of promise too great for the sorry company he keeps. You perhaps have heard from Mr Monkhouse that my younger son is at the Central School, Baldwyns Gardens. I should like to know what impression your picture makes upon him, and shall beg of Mr Monkhouse to take him to see it. Do you skate, we have charming diversion in that way about our lakes. I wish you were here to partake of it. The splendor of the snow-clad mountains, by moonlight in particular is most charming; and the softness of the shadows surpasses anything you can conceive; this when the moon is at a particular point of elevation. I never saw any thing so exquisite; though I believe Titian has; *and* so, therefore, perhaps may you—Let me hear from you at your leisure, and particularly how far you are pleased with your own performance. If I could see your Picture, I think it would inspire me with a Sonnet; and indeed without seeing it I do not lack matter for so slight a tribute to your merit.—Mrs Wordsworth and Miss Hutchinson join me in most hearty congratulation, and sincerest regards; and believe me, my dear Haydon,

Your faithful friend

and sincere admirer

Wm. Wordsworth

*Address:* B. R. Haydon, Lisson Grove north, London.

*MS.*

*631. W. W. to B. R. Haydon*

Rydale Mount Near Ambleside

Friday [p.m. Jan. 24, 1820]

My dear Friend,

I am sure you are little aware of my pecuniary resources, or you could never have thought of me in your difficulties; which

I do earnestly wish I could remove.—But it is some time since I have been impelled to lay down a rule, not to lend to a *Friend* any money which I cannot afford to *lose*.

My income has at no period of my life exceeded my wants; within this last year it has been considerably reduced, while the education of my children is reaching its most expensive point.—It sounds paradoxical, but the fact is strictly true; that I have too great an admiration of your talents, and too much regard and respect for you to comply with your request: for I could not be easy were you to repay the money to your own inconvenience and I could not at the same time spare it without embarrassment. I have for several years been obliged to defer my trip to the Continent because I could not afford it; and if it be executed next summer as I have promised, the engagement was incurred altogether in consequence of the offer of a friend to supply the cash if needed —It avails little to repeat how much this inability hurts me on the present occasion,—Had my literary labours brought me profit, it would have been otherwise—but I shall say no more.—

I wrote to you a day or two before the Receipt of yours.—Your account of Scott gives me great pleasure,—I shall look for his book on Italy with impatience—as to his Magazine what is its Title? I never heard of it.<sup>1</sup> Scott and I disagree about many very important points; but I greatly admire his Talents, and respect him highly.—I hope your Picture<sup>2</sup> is not much hurt by my Presence in it, though heaven knows I feel that I have little right to be there. As to the clamour of the London infidels, you despise it as I do. I am sending to the press a collection of poems, that conclude the third and *last* Vol: of my miscellaneous pieces.—In more than one passage their publication will evince my wish to uphold the cause of Christianity.—My industry has often been as much as my health could bear, since I saw you, but with

<sup>1</sup> *The London Magazine* first appeared in Jan. 1820; John Scott was its editor.

<sup>2</sup> *Christ's Entry into Jerusalem*, just finished, and exhibited in the following March; it contains portraits of both Keats and W.

JANUARY 1820

a product by no means proportionate!—But with God's blessing I shall be remembered after my day.—

Ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

Your Letter arrived the day before our [? black] day; this is the very earliest opportunity for answering it.

*Address:* R. B. Haydon Esq<sup>re</sup>, Lisson Grove-north, London.

K(—)      632. *W. W. to Viscount Lowther*

Rydal Mount, February, 1820.

As one well acquainted with French affairs, do you think it would be prudent to lodge money in the French funds? I mean for one like myself, who cannot afford to lose anything. By the sale of an estate I have about £2000 to place somewhere or other.<sup>1</sup> Increase of interest is an object, as the education of my children is now reaching its most expensive point; and if without much risk as to regular payment of interest, or loss upon the principal, I could profit by placing it in the French funds, I should like to do so.

K(—)      633. *W. W. to Viscount Lowther*

Feb. 13, 1820.

. . . Sincere thanks for your letter. It has determined me to trust £2000 to the French funds. . . .

MS.      634. *W. W. to Mrs. Rose Lawrence*<sup>2</sup>

Rydal Mount, 7 March 1820

My dear Madam,

Your Letter has this moment reached me, having been detained at Ormskirk whither it got by some blunder of the Liverpool Post-master; Kendal it should seem is a safer direction to me than Ambleside.

<sup>1</sup> Probably the Place Fell property which Lord Lowther's father helped him to acquire in 1810.

<sup>2</sup> Wife of Charles Lawrence, of Wavertree Hall, near Liverpool.

MARCH 1820

I am truly sorry to hear of your severe illness—and the more so as your convalescence may be retarded by the return of this severe weather.

This morning our hills and vale were white with snow—it has disappeared from the Vale already, but the air as probably with you is very ungenial.

I have seen Mr Southey—I spent three days with him and returned only the day before yesterday. I did purpose to write to you—but I am sorry to say he does not appear inclined to meddle with Cervantes. Navarete<sup>1</sup> he has not seen, but his first observation was, when I mentioned your wish, that the life would be best done by a Spaniard. Besides Mr. S's hands

[*Cetera desunt*]

MS. 635. D. W. to Thos. Monkhouse

Lambeth. Tuesday  
[p.m. Apr. 25, 1820]

My dear Friend,

I hope I may see you at dinner today, but in case of disappointment I write to tell you the result of my deliberations with my good Brother this morning. Last night I was so completely jaded that I determined to dismiss all thoughts that did not lead to composure and sleep, and was accordingly rewarded by a good night's rest, and am this morning fresh for business, yet I am resolved to spend the whole day in quietness. I cannot make up my mind to give Doumergue 50 guineas without first satisfying myself as to the prices of other dentists; and should I hear that Cartwright's or Fox's prices are much lower I should then wish to make inquiries respecting their comparative success in putting in whole sets of teeth. I settled with Mrs Stoddart that in case I determined on Doumergue we should go together on Thursday; but as I want to inquire further I cannot so soon fix with him, therefore I now write to her to that effect, and I hope that through your help I may tomorrow be able to gather such information as will satisfy me. I was thinking of writing

<sup>1</sup> Juan Fernandez Navarrete (1526-79), surnamed El Mudo (the Mute), Spanish painter of the Madrid school.

APRIL 1820

to William Allen to inquire after Fox, and perhaps he also may know something of Cartwright. My Br. seemed to approve of this; but thinking again, he advised me rather to go to Wm. Allen and proposed that Miss Lamb should go with me. This cannot be as Miss L. is out of town. Miss Stoddart also is engaged. But *you* I think may be able to help me. I only want to know the prices in the first instance.

If it be possible, then, I wish you would meet me at Mr Lloyd's lodgings tomorrow morning—I will be there at twelve o'clock; and the sooner after that time the better. If you cannot, pray send me a line there, No. 11 Charing Cross.

It vexes me to give so much trouble; but I cannot in conscience go to such a price without due consideration.

Do ask about Cartwright if you see any one who can tell you. This evening or tomorrow morning. God bless you.

Yours most truly  
D. W.

K                      636. *W. W. to John Wilson*

Rydal Mount, May 5<sup>th</sup>, 1820.

My dear Sir,

Of the particular fitness of any one to fill the chair of Moral Philosophy, in the University of Edinburgh, I am an incompetent judge, having only a vague notion of the duties of the office. But if the choice is to depend upon pre-eminence of natural powers of mind, cultivated by excellent education, and habitually directed to the study of ethics in the most comprehensive sense of the word; upon such powers, and great energy of character with correspondent industry, I have no hesitation in saying that the electors, the university, and Scotland in general, must be fortunate in no common degree if among the competitors there be found one more eligible than yourself.

Wishing you, cordially, success in the pursuit of this honourable object of ambition,

I remain,  
My dear Sir,  
Very faithfully yours,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

MAY 1820

MS.

637. D. W. to Mary Hutchinson

Thursday morning

concluded Friday evening 5<sup>th</sup> May [1820]

My dearest Mary,

Since we parted at Rydal Mount I have often thought of writing to you, but Sara was writing—or Mary—or they were going to write, and as I was never a *set* correspondent of yours so I put it off; and thereby I have not done justice to my own feelings; for few people have been so much in my thoughts as you and your dear little ones, and sometimes—with a twitch of pain—I have fancied that you might call me forgetful or ungrateful.—I congratulate you both on the birth of your second Daughter. The news was quite unexpected when your brother Tom greeted me with it.—I should have been very glad to have heard of a fine Boy to match with my delicate pretty nursing George; but as a Girl it is, one may be allowed to rejoice over *that* in comparison, and I am sure I was better pleased than if I had heard that a Boy was born. We little thought that the time was so near when Thomas was at Rydal, where notwithstanding his very bad cold, he was very contented, and seemed to enjoy himself. Not so, I understand, at Appleby—and no wonder: for it was truly provoking to be confined there helpless in a crowd. Thomas gave but a cheerless account of farming, and I tried all I could to persuade him that it would be best to give over and come and live on your means in the North. Surely better live without attempting to gain anything, than to labour in the attempt with anxiety, and after all to reap loss instead of gain. I cannot endure to hear you talk of emigration. I hope, my dear Mary you will accept me as Godmother to your little Girl. Your Husband has consented, and probably you have sent me a message to that effect; but I have not been in the way of receiving it.—I am exceedingly comfortable and happy at Lambeth, and glad that I had the resolution to come away unprepared. I had new sets of cloaths (petticoats shifts etc) ready for making and I intended coming with William and Mary; these I put into my trunk and thought I should easily get them done here; but I found that London is no place for working, and if I



can get Willy's clothes repaired in the holidays it will be as much as I can do, with my own little jobs that are perpetually rising up. It will be three weeks this very night at eleven o'clock since I reached Lambeth.—Your dear and kind good Brother came to see me the next morning with Willy—You can judge of the joy of our meeting. It was wholly unexpected on Willy's part, and he was completely overcome with pleasure. We walked out together; and till last Monday my time was completely filled up,—with inquiries after dentists, gazing about the streets, seeing Panoramas—pictures—Exeter change etc etc, your brother Tom being my companional most daily—sometimes my Brother Christopher for a short way: but *his* occupations are constant and except once, he has never been able to go out with *me*. I have gone with *him* on his round to other places—only one day we dined at Hampstead—stayed all night at Mrs Hoare's and did not come home till the next day at dinner time (5 o'clock). There we met Miss Joanna Baillie<sup>1</sup> who is one of the nicest of women—very entertaining in conversation, without the least mixture of the literary Lady. I spent one whole day with Miss Lamb; Willy was with us and the next day, he and Henry Hutchinson dined here, and Henry having two days holiday dined the two following days. Henry is very little changed except in his speech. He is a fine hardy good natured Lad who will make his way, and I doubt not be a credit to his Father and Family. Willy is very sweet and interesting—in all respects wonderfully improved—no better Boy can be—and he will take care of himself amongst the 400. I was next him. I went once to him at school. The Boys were at play without hats, and he and I wandered about the large Square like two forlorn things—nobody noticing us—but I doubt not he is quite at home there when he is playing with the rest. Willy's school breaks up on the 12<sup>th</sup> and he is to go again to Mr Johnson; but we shall have him here at least once a week. Tom and I thought

<sup>1</sup> Joanna Bailhe (1762–1851), dramatist and writer of miscellaneous verse—famous in her own day for her series of plays, in which it is attempted to delineate the strange passions of the mind, each passion being the subject of a tragedy and a comedy. (Vol. i, 1798; Vol. ii, 1802; Vol iii, 1812 ) She was the friend of Scott, and W. W. spoke of her as 'the model of an English gentlewoman'.

it better that we should deny ourselves at present for fear of unsettling him now at his first going to the C. house; and I assure you I have no disposition to spoil him, much as I should enjoy seeing him oftener. Tom and I went with him last Sunday but one to the opening of a handsome Chapel given by a Mr Wilson to the National Society. The Bp. of London preached, Mr Johnson read prayers, and Mr William Coleridge (who is appointed morning preacher) read the Communion Service. All the duty was admirably performed, and the Bishop's sermon excellent. The children have the whole Gallery allotted to them, the Girls in the centre—the Boys down each side—(Willy was amongst them)—and it was an affecting sight. The children sang very well. As I told you much of my first fortnight was employed in seeking after Dentists, and your Brother and I took infinite pains. A Mr Dumergue was recommended to me; but when he told me his price (50 guineas) I could not resolve on him: and infinite pains I have taken: but after all I fixed on him, Dumergue, not being satisfied with any other and believing him to be the best in England—and now I am glad I did so. He drew all my remaining teeth (8 in number including stumps) on Monday—all but one sound one, which is left to steady the new set for the time it will last; and when it goes I can have a false one in its place. The tooth drawing was not half so bad as I expected, though bad enough. He is certainly a delightful operator; and I hope my gums will be sufficiently healed by next Thursday to be measured for the new set. If they should not answer—but everybody encourages me to expect they will—I shall only have the 50gs to regret, for I rejoice in having got rid of my old teeth. My mouth has not been so comfortable for many months, and I wish that poor Sara, whose mouth is for ever growling, were in exactly my state.—I confined myself to the house two days in which I was fully employed in writing. I had a mantua maker in the house too; but as to sewing with her it was completely out of the question—glad I was that I could get anyone to do the work for me. I now walk out for my health's sake; but see none but particular friends. On Wednesday Tom dined with us, and Mrs and Miss Hoare sat a long while in the morning. Mrs H is a charming woman—a particular friend

MAY 1820

of Tom's and she is a mother to my three nephews and very kind to Willy. Yesterday morning I began this letter to you, and you will see where I stopped. Miss Lamb came in from the country, where they have a lodging, and intend to spend most of the summer. After we had sate comfortably for an hour—who should come in but Mrs Clarkson and her son Tom? Miss Lamb left us at 2 o'clock, and I accompanied Mrs. C. on foot to Charing Cross at 3. We had most interesting discourse together, and you will be glad to hear that she looks much better than 11 years ago, and I think, scarcely a day older. She makes no complaint except that she cannot walk much, from uneasiness and swelling in her legs. She tells me I am not so much changed by the want of teeth as she expected; but how this should be I know not: for now my mouth is drawn up to nothing, and my chin projects as far as my nose: but I look healthy enough, though I have lost 8 lbs since I was last weighed, being now only 6 stone 12 lbs: Miss Lamb is quite well and has been so for above a year. She is little altered in the face except from the loss of a tooth, but is sadly too fat; and she dresses so loose that she looks the worse for it and cannot walk so well; yet she is still a very good walker. I have forgotten Southey—He called on Wednesday morning, and agreed to breakfast with us today, and your Brother Tom, who dined here the same day promised to meet him this morning; and when I took up the pen they had just left me. T. and my Brother are gone to visit the White Chapel Schools and I hope to see him again tomorrow and that he will bring an account of Willy whom I have not heard of since my visit to him. Southey is quite well, and as pleasant as can be; he intends to breakfast with us very often. My brother Chris<sup>r</sup> is as kind a brother as can be; and I am very much at my ease here. He has a library below stairs and I have a nice drawing room above which looks into the Archbp's grounds—a beautiful green field with very fine trees—and not a building to be seen except one rustic cattle shed; he breakfasts in the study after prayers—usually at 9 o'clock—I then leave my Brother—His callers go to him and we come upstairs. All the morning he is busy; but comes up now and then to say 'how do you do?'—If it suits we go out together, dine at 5 or  $\frac{1}{2}$  past—and he sits with me till tea is over—goes to

his study with candles, and comes up again at 10—reads prayers and we sit together till bedtime, and often do not part till twelve o'clock. I have not yet seen any of his sons. We are to go to Sundridge for a day or two as soon as my teeth are in; but he intends not to remove thither till the Boys' holidays at Midsummer. This is the better for me, though I should have liked to have spent these 10 days, when I cannot shew myself, at Sundridge. The Marshalls are in town; but I have not seen them—Mrs M. wrote to say she would call on me on Monday to dine and go to see King Lear at night; but *that* was the day of my trial. They are coming to our Church on Sunday and will call on me at noon—I, of course, cannot shew myself at Church. I left my writing to take a solitary walk—solitary though in a crowd, for I came up the Strand having crossed Waterloo Bridge. The river was most beautiful today and beyond Vauxhall Bridge all was as clear and bright as among the Lakes. It is delightful weather for London; but the winds are cold and blighting. This reminds me of an afflicted family of whom I hear much, they being intimately connected with Mrs Hoare. You have seen Mr Brompton's name among the *benevolent* members of the house of commons. When my Brother was in the North he was informed by Mrs Hoare that Mr B's eldest son a remarkably fine hopeful Boy ten years of age had died of an inflammation of the Bowels and that all the rest of the children except an Infant at the breast were ill of the measles and hooping cough—and since we came to Lambeth, three of those children have died one after another and there is yet another in the last extremity of weakness. The Baby is a sweet little thriving creature, and as it has not carried the disease from its mother's house I trust it will escape. Mrs Hoare has had it with the Nurse ever since the beginning of the over-whelming affliction.—Though I walked in the morning, I must go out again to look at the sunset. The trees are casting their long shadows over the green field, and the sparrows are making no unpleasant chirping—and I do assure you that I sometimes hear the notes of the Thrush and blackbird from these trees. My Brother is going out to dinner, and I have dined alone and have not seen anyone else today, for a wonder, since Tom left me in the morning. I have had a

letter from Miss Barker—she is gay and chearful, for cares never press on *her*; but cheap as Boulogne is, she says she cannot save enough there, and must go to a more retired place. What a dull and quiet house there must now be at Rydal Mount, poor John being gone away. I at a distance felt all the sadness of his parting and have been very anxious about him; but thank God the accounts are most chearing. He is quite satisfied with his Master; and this I think is a sure sign that he is in the way of improvement and I am sure we have every reason to be thankful for his removal from home. D. grows very much—is happy, and I doubt not goes on improving—I am exceedingly glad my dearest Mary that George has got a situation at a little distance from you. It will give him time to decide upon emigration to some place or other—there is nothing for him; and if he had a grain of independence of mind or of honorable spirit—(do not say or think I speak harshly) he could not endure any other thought, and I would not rest day or night till he had hit upon some place. It grieves me that Joanna should fret so much about him—She had no reason for comfort before; and perhaps it is now better that it has come to the worst (if Tom can escape loss) as it will necessarily force him into a new, and perhaps a better course. I hope you have ere this got your own dear little Thomas cured, and that the notable Mary and sweet George are together enjoying their infant pleasures in this sweet season. I often think of them and their several ways, and fancy them playing on the steps or the grass-plot before the door—Give my kind love to Miss Cookson and tell her I thank her for her letter which gave me great pleasure, and that I hope to answer it when I have anything new to tell you. I believe I owe Joanna, too, a letter—I rejoice in her recovery—tell her so with my kindest love. I am truly sorry that she cannot pay the promised visit to Miss Lowden while I am in Town, and still more for the cause. My dear Mary I hope I shall hear from you when you have leisure. This is a true gossiping letter, and seems very dull to me; but I hope it will read better both as to matter and penmanship when it reaches the end of its Travels. Give my love to your Brother John and tell him that Tom has a copy of the new Poems for him to be sent the first opportunity, which I hope he will

MAY 1820

accept from me, and place on his book shelves beside the other two. Give my Goddaughter a kiss with all the rest of the young ones—and kind remembrances to your Aunt. How does her School go on. Best love to Thomas—I hope he is now quite well—Believe me, dear Mary, ever your affect. D. Wordsworth.

*Concluded on Friday Evening 5<sup>th</sup> May.* I am just [returned] from walking in a little garden of the Archbp's which [*seal*] the water garden—it is about 50 yards long or more—close to the Thames, being only separated from the water by a wall down which you look upon the water, which is for ever varying with boats perpetually enlivened—the Abbey is right before us, and we look down to Westminster Bridge and up to Vauxhall—and are shut out behind from all houses except the Palace Towers which overtop the garden wall—and from all passengers and [*seal*] in complete seclusion, yet looking out on the busy [?]. There I have walked before and since sunset,—and only wanted some Friend by my side for perfect enjoyment. Before, I treated myself with a shilling's worth upon the water. I am delighted with the water and often tempted to extravagance. Whenever my walk is likely to be too long I take a Boat preferring it greatly to paying the same money or more for a Coach.

*MS*

*638. D. W. to Thos. Monkhouse*

[p.m May 9, 1820]

My dear Friend,

I cannot express my mortification on my return home to find that you had called and were gone—If you had but stayed half an hour we should have met; but I think you would not have gone if you could have dined with us, therefore I reconcile myself to the disappointment in some measure; but the less willingly because I cannot dine with you on Wednesday. I had forgotten that the Lloyds were to be here to dinner on that day when I engaged myself to you, but I will call in Queen Anne Street either on my way to Mrs Marshall's or from thence—I have been looking in the Map and shall find no difficulty. It is very plain—through the Park and along the Bond Streets—and

if I do not hear from you that it will suit you better to see me only later I will call in going. I shall set off the moment breakfast is over. Should it suit you better to see me at 2 o'clock I will be with you at that hour; but should much prefer the former plan, as at 2 Mrs M. will be with me.

I am much concerned at Willy's cough. I hope he will be with you when I call; but whether or not I shall be obliged to you if you will send him to me on Thursday morning, the sooner the better—if to breakfast so much the better—and I will keep him all day, and if you do not come to us (but I hope you will) I shall send to attend him home to you at night. I have a letter today from Sara which you shall see—very natural and very intelligible; and now I can go on plainly with my directions and intend to proceed alone to Longman's tomorrow morning as soon as breakfast is over. You may guess when I shall be there; and I will wait by the watch one hour in the hope that you may call in upon me, as I believe Longman's is not very far from Budge Row.<sup>1</sup>

Derwent came this morning, and I went with him in a boat to the Temple, called on Tom Clarkson and thence to his Mother—sate with her till  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 2, called on Mr Johnson—and on this side of Black Friar's Bridge was compelled to shelter in a coach, which brought me home less tired than I should otherwise have been. My Brother and I met at the gate. He had been riding and was much pleased with his pony. I think he is better today, and though tired with his ride I hope it will have done him good.

I drank tea with Mrs Stoddart and had a pleasant walk home on Sunday.

I called on Mr Johnson this morning—He is very busy for the examination. God bless you my dear Friend—I could thank you a thousand times for all your kindness to me; but that I know you would not like it. It does me good to think that I have such a kind friend near me—Ever yours

D. Wordsworth.

Thursday evening.

Sara does not say a word but about the poems—therefore I

<sup>1</sup> T. M.'s place of business.

MAY 1820

conclude there is no intention of setting off on Monday—so I still keep that obscure passage in Mary's letter to myself.

I have not yet got Mr Whelpdale's packet.

I am much amused at John Hutchinson's easy way of treating his Friends!

*MS.*                      639. *D. W. to Thos. Monkhouse*

Lambeth Tuesday  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 12 o'clock  
[p.m. May 16 1820]

My dear Friend,

I know you have been engaged, or I should have seen you this morning—I now write to tell you how I go on that we may not miss each other when you can come. I was yesterday at Kensington with Willy. We set off at  $\frac{1}{4}$  past 7 and walked all the way, very delightful in the Parks and Gardens.—W. spent a happy day with the little Girls, running about continually and was just as much of a Baby as the very youngest; but I was well pleased to see that he has got rid of all the disagreeable part of babyism—he was neither restless nor troublesome; but all joy and happiness. Mr L.,<sup>1</sup> who is quite well, walked with us into Oxford St, and we took a coach there to Greys Inn Lane. W. expressed a strong and natural wish to come home with me last night to sleep; but much against my own inclination I refused, thinking it better that he should begin the morning at school and he did not murmur—but when we got to the door of Mr J's house he said 'You'll go in to see Mr Johnson' and the tears could no longer be kept in. He sobbed aloud; but though my very heart was melted I checked his grief and we parted chearfully. He is to come on Friday afternoon, as Mr Johnson is going out—I was sadly tired when I reached home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8, having lost my way in Lambeth and walked fruitlessly at least two miles.

My Brother is worse again—which grieves me very much. I have had a note this morning from Mrs Clarkson, asking me to go to her this morning. The rain prevents me, and I am not sorry for this, as I wish only to have a *short* walk today having

<sup>1</sup> Charles Lloyd ?



MAY 1820

had so much fatigue yesterday. I have proposed to her to come tomorrow; but I shall be at liberty till one o'clock so if you can come tomorrow morning we might see something together or if you can come at any time in the course of the day you will find me at home—unless Mrs Clarkson should rather chuse me to go to *her*, which I have said if she cannot come hither, I will—but that I prefer her coming. If she is engaged tomorrow I have given her the offer of Thursday, but in that case also, I shall be at liberty till one o'clock, for she will not be here before I wish I had got my teeth, and I would have gone to the Central School examination tomorrow. Perhaps you will be there? Mrs Hoare *will*. I hope to have the teeth on Thursday—but perhaps even then they may not be useable. Pray write and tell me what you are doing and fix as early a morning as you can—for us to walk about together. Remember Miss Lamb's invitation for Thursday evening. I shall call on her on Thursday morning after breakfast so perhaps we may meet there but I think you said you were engaged on that day. But do write and tell me your engagements upon paper—then I can guess when to expect you. I am sure I feel as if I were a great plague to you—but without seeing you now and then I find such a want of you as I can hardly give you a notion of

Two letters of corrections from Rydal! but no proofs yet from Longman—I am going to sit down to hard work at correcting the printed copy to print *from*. They will not set off till Whitmonday—so they will be a week later.

When is it that you can join us at Paris? William says he had understood that if we set off about the 5<sup>th</sup> July you could join us in ten days—I hope you may be able to set off before the end of the month; and I cannot see how we can do better than spend the three weeks at Paris. There is no need to fix about Lodgings for Wm and M. as they can certainly be here the first fortnight. If Mr. Lloyd comes he will be gone again when they arrive.

God bless you!

Believe me ever, my dear Friend,

yours affectionately

D. Wordsworth.

*MS.*                      640. *D. W. to Thos. Monkhouse*

8 o'clock Tuesday night [May-June, 1820]

My dear Friend,

When I came home this evening the enclosed letter was put into my hands—Southey had left it for me to see—he says it is utterly impossible for him to hunt out this Mortimer. In the first place he has no *time* to spend in that way; and in the second, if he had, he would not know which way to turn. If Mr. M were found, and if his report were such that it should seem desirable for T. Hutchinson to inquire further, I have no doubt that if Southey has any knowledge of Mr. Howard (and I suppose he has, or why apply to *him*?) he would do his utmost to recommend Thomas to the situation. My Brother and I have been talking the matter over together and we see no way of rendering the least help in this matter except through you. Perhaps you may be able to inquire out this Mr. Mortimer—My Brother thinks it is much more likely that he is a Solicitor than a Barrister. Perhaps Henry Robinson might help you—or Tom Clarkson—or T. Clarkson's Master—whose name is Hammond, I believe. Tom Clarkson, however, lives in Paper Buildings—near the top of the row of houses. It is strange and unaccountable to me that Sara should put Tom upon such an application to Southey.—I shall be at Dumergue's at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3 tomorrow and will call on you; but I fear I shall not find you at home—but if you can let me see you here tomorrow evening or in the course of Sunday, I shall be at Whitechapel with my Brother; and shall go after church to Mrs. Clarkson and return home by about 5 o'clock. Perhaps you might meet me at Mrs. Clarkson's—I want to settle with you about meeting Willy. Perhaps it would be best for him to come hither on Sunday night—I have no doubt Sophy can make up a bed for him without much trouble—unless you think we can conveniently meet on Monday morning. In that case we must have all settled. Miss Lamb called this morning, went with me to the Dentist's—got a mould made—but wanted again tomorrow—a letter from William Jackson this morning—He is coming to town for one day—asked me to fix an hour for meeting—I have fixed breakfast tomorrow—My cousins Cr and Wm.

MAY-JUNE 1820

Cookson came in my absence. They are to breakfast here tomorrow.

No proofs from Longman. I wish you would call at Longmans and tell them I have been disappointed and am very anxious to get on. My Brother is better—I am very desirous to know what you think of this application of T. H's—I think you will see it in the light I do—I could fancy half a dozen more rational modes of proceeding. I heartily wish he may get the place if it is worth having; but have little hope on account of the great number of applicants in such cases—I write in the dark—

Yours ever D. Wordsworth.

MS. 641. *W. W. to S. T. Coleridge*

My dear Coleridge

Saturday [July 8, 1820]

Last Wednesday I purposed to have been at Highgate, but a return of my complaint upon the sudden change of the weather on Monday prevented it.—I am now considerably better. Dr [? Faire] I believe thinks favorably of my case, which is Lippitudo. My last attack was a Stye (do I spell right?) with bloodshot.—I am truly grateful to Dr [? Faire] for his most friendly attentions; I shall see him again tomorrow. On Monday we start for Switzerland. Tomorrow afternoon I shall be at Lambeth Rectory, and shall dine there at two. I regret very much having seen so little of you; but this infirmity and my attendance at Chantry's,<sup>1</sup> for my Bust, and numerous other engagements have stood in my way. I hope to be more lucky on my return.

Tell Derwent, with my best love, and kindest wishes, that I have ordered Mr Longman to send him the new Edition of my Poems next week.

Be so good as to thank also Mr Gilman for his kind recommendation of me to Dr [? Faire]

ever my dear Coleridge

most faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth.

*Address:* S. T. Coleridge Esq, Gilman's Esq, Highgate.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Francis Chantrey (1781-1842) the famous sculptor. Sir George Beaumont commissioned the bust, which was regarded as highly successful. W. himself said that he wished to be known to posterity by it, and Coleridge remarked that 'it was more like W. than W. himself'. This letter fixes the date of its execution, which was uncertain

642. *M. W. and D. W. to Sara H. and Dora W.*  
*MS.*

Dunkirk July 13<sup>th</sup> 1820, the 9 o'clock Drum beating  
 and Father saying I must off to bed.

(*Mary writes.*)

My dearest Sarah and darling Dorothy

I must begin a letter to you however before I follow, be it merely to say that we have wished and wished again that we had you with us—and dear Willy also—*hmm, especially* when we drove off in our 2 voitures with each 3 horses from the Inn yard at Calais, this morning—Monsieur le Postilion cracking his whip over his head with all his might through the streets—making such an uproar! this, instead of a Horn to clear the way I suppose—and the same ceremony is repeated in passing the villages and approaching the Towns where we change horses. We arrived here just as the Party were sitting down to Table d'hôte (all but 2 I think English, a long table full) had a delightful journey tho' but thro' a dreary country, in general very like the worst parts of Scotland—but I must not go on to tell you more to night than that we are all well and have enjoyed ourselves. Mrs. M. who, D would report, perhaps yesterday, was unwell, better and gone to bed, in the resolution to be up in time—so good night I dare not stop another minute.—Friday on Board the Packet to Ghent—having left the most beautiful City of Bruges not half satisfied, for a month would not be sufficient to study its magnificent Architecture, stately Houses,—Public buildings—Churches—Graceful quiet, interesting People—Such a change since we left France—not so *amusing* perhaps—but far better than that. Were I the Crumps I should fix for some time at Bruges. D. is a most industrious Journalist so, tho' I should not injure her report were I to do my best I will not flatten by anticipation. We are now sailing in a Packet boat between Elmtrees—little children playing, linen bleaching on the banks. I have been making a few memoranda sitting in our carriage.—D. has joined me and W. just gone to join the Company who now seem so merry that I believe I must quit you—he has been the very reverse sonneteering, but it is now written out and as our affairs have suffered by his remissness I trust he will

JULY 1820

now cease. Slept at Dunkirk, at Fernes—at Bruges—great variety of country—barren—Scotch like at first. Now luxuriant and rich beyond everything I have seen—heavy crops—large cows—Horses, Sheep—Pigs immense but none to be seen in the fields—only in one instance for many miles past have I seen cattle in the fields. Our friends enjoy themselves—but we have all been too busy—hope to be better—to have less trouble in our settlements etc as we gain more experience—we think of you perpetually and wish and wish for you—if ever we are rich enough depend upon it I shall come again with you and my children! Tell Miss Charlotte that her bag rests on my knee. Yesterday I tore out the lining and it is not so smart, it is still the most useful thing I possess. We learn that it is festival at Bruges and that if we are there on Sunday as we had intended to be we shall have 5 guineas to pay for each bed—this will be one of our disappointments. I am not in a humour to write now so must depend upon another opportunity, but I must tell you that we have 2 nuns and a Priest on board—the nuns in black petticoats and white woollen gowns these pinned up with great care—a pure white cap first of all—then a white stiff front which covers the forehead—square at top—a black silk hood closed under the chin flat over the top and hanging all over the shoulders and waist—then from the top of the back to the feet a black silk scarf fastened round the waist—the dress is not becoming, but they are intelligent looking women and very merry—I must go and see more of them.—I have just returned from dinner left D. upon deck with the Ladies and a shower coming on made everyone look after guarding their property, all the canvas is spread out, and I came to take care of the exposed part of our carriage and mostly liking solitude, remain to get on with this letter as I think you will be expecting to hear *directly* from us before this reaches you—you will have heard of our safe landing at Calais from Mrs. Hoare, therefore we have been the less anxious—poor little Willy, he will be thinking himself left alone in the world. I trust my dear D. has written him a nice letter before now. When shall we hear from you! I only wish if M. Bell is to come to London that she had arrived before our departure. Our corner at the dinner Table has been a silent one—but at the

other end was plenty of chat—all english, and it was amusing enough to listen to them. Miss H.<sup>1</sup> and Mrs. M. met with a young man who knew many of their acquaintances—some who live at Ghent. The nuns with their attendant Friar did not dine at our table, which I was sorry for. The trees are now rustling in a brisk breeze which made me look up thinking it was raining heavily—but it does not come yet—only we have just had enough to prove to us that they have rain in the Netherlands. These barges are gay things—where the Passengers sit forms are ranged round, and across like as in a Playhouse a gay glittering flounced dome overhead and farther into the barge over the luggage they have hung canvas to shelter it from the threatened rain—The Carriages below, from which I see all the company myself screened by Mr M's which stands before me—and thus we pass on—one thin elm tree, appearing on each side in succession after another. Amongst the company have just come up from below a *very pretty young* woman dressed in a yellow figured muslin bordered and flowered—a french green silk hand kerchief and a pretty mob cap gaily decorated with artificial flowers—an elderly old woman laden with rings, a muslin dress, a red silk handkerchief tied on with her belt—a large yellowish bonnet made of a thin sort of material—sits by her side. Near to me a party of men gibbering Flemish and smoking their pipes—this is a slight specimen—I do not mention the Dandy and others all pleasant in their way. The cocked hat Priest is come up and I perceive now that he is in the open air that his coat is brown and not black—he wears a waterloo blue ornament that turns over his waistcoat. We expect to be at Ghent at 4 o'clock but though we hear great praises of the beauty of the place, I never expect to see anything like Bruges again. We do so lament that we might not have stayed longer. You would above all things have delighted in it. W. never was in the churches at all—and we not half long enough, but he went up the town after D. and I had left with Tom's ladies—which we might as well have done and which we ought to have done. The rain does not come—I wonder what you are doing all of you—and whether you have

<sup>1</sup> Miss Horrocks, sister to Mrs. M. The party consisted of W. W., M. W., and D. W., Mr. and Mrs. T. M., Miss H., and Mrs. M's maid.

had any acct from the [? ]—and when you will receive the book and fifty things. By the bye the great box was sent off upon the day of our departure per canal—You must enquire how long it ought to be on the road and if it does not appear in reasonable time write a letter p.p. to Mr. Bates 28 Queen Ann's St. and he will enquire after it. T. M. has just come up to enquire what I am about, he sends his best love. You must tell M. about us for T. says he will not write yet awhile to her. I trust she is getting better—We had just such a letter from her as I expected about her going with us. I never thought she would possibly make up her mind to leave those little Darlings—that is that she could not feel herself sufficiently free absent from them, to be likely to derive benefit from the journey. God grant that we may have good accounts of her. Tom wrote to her about going the day after I had done so—and we all should have been very glad if she had gone—passing by a Hamlet. It would only have been dull if we had not partly employed ourselves—for it is too hot always to be making oneself agreeable. Yet many of them do so. I do not think W. has come from the cabin yet—Yes, I hear him laughing—glad am I that he is not murmuring below. A boat just past laden—faces thick as they could stand—Here I stop till I fill up at Ghent where I shall post my letter. Saturday, Ghent  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 5 o'clock. Dressed and waiting for our Attendant to conduct us to the sights—we were out and with him as long as we could see last night—W. in bed, D. ready. Poor W. is no longer the active traveller he used to be, and I greatly question that the journey will do him any good—but I must not despair yet. This city is very grand—more picturesque much larger but not so fine to the *imagination* as Bruges. A greater variety of interest certainly—here is more business, and more than in proportion to its size. The people far inferior in all respects—Children impudent as in great English towns—Houses very spacious, this which we are in immensely large—Our bedrooms (D and ours) such a distance from the rest and from the sitting room, that after a fagging day it is wearisome to get to it. Its furniture consists of the Bed small (we often have 2 in the room) a heavy wooden stock wooden valence like the pannel in a wainscoat—high frame, standing up at the head and foot—

stuffed and covered with woollen at the feet—the hangings are framed by an iron bar stuck into the wall near the ceiling of the very high room—a golden ball at its end—this reaches across the bed and over it is thrown 4 breadths of white calico, one half spread over the frame at the top, the other the bottom. This is different from the hangings we have hitherto seen—with the curtains suspended from a circular frame, gaily ornamented, at the top—these if the rooms were not very lofty would come too near to the face and be uncomfortable—but in these they are very nice and look beautiful. Marble tables to wash upon and leather ones to write upon. You generally find an inkstand and pen prepared, but not that supply of water I expected and no sope but there is a chest of drawers, chairs etc.—an Abelard and 2 pictures of french cottage children—the room, as they all are, hung with a handsome Paper, Large mirrors., tho' in this room there is only one—always against the wall—

[*D. writes.*]

My dearest Dorothy—What I have to say will suit you particularly and to you I must address myself; this Sunday morning at Brussels I have no place to sit but your Father's Bedroom—and he is only half dressed. We came to B. expecting to lodge in our carriages. It is the very grandest fête that has been for 50 years—At the City gates at 12 o'clock last night your mother roused me from a sleep—We were going over a draw bridge—and were stopped to give an account of ourselves—then the massy gates were opened—the effect very grand of light and shade and the entrance to the city most striking—We flashed through the streets—and they are decorated with garlands for miles—just such only far finer, as at our Ball. It was most beautiful; but will no doubt look paltry enough by day—but the City is grand and picturesque as possible and in the brilliance of light, with the contrast of occasional gloom, it was delightful—a scene of Romance or Fairy land. We drew up to a large Hotel where in three apartments we could be lodged. Could you be brought hither in a moment how you would be astonished! The entrances to these great Hotels are as big as to Castles—The very passages are covered with paintings and the apartments with marble chimnies, a time piece—elegant hangings to



the walls—with these are clumsy doors, and locks that would almost disgrace a new built English cottage—you can have no idea of the buildings here. We drove through long streets of lofty houses—like the finest of Glasgow or Edinburgh—only much richer in ornament, and more varied. It is now 10 o'clock. Your Father and Mother and Mr. M. are gone about passports. This is not one of the pleasures of continental travelling. The country we passed through yesterday is like the very richest parts of England, but the trees are not so fine—hedge rows—trees innumerable—thatched cottages with gardens very pretty—and such crops as my eyes never saw. Harvest beginning—It is however miserable to contrast the ragged and wretched appearance of women and children with the bountiful richness of the produce of the earth. The people too are unpudent and uncivil by the way—laughing at you. How different from Bruges! that place has left a most delightful impression—of cloistral quiet and dignified gravity—with great kindness and civility of manners—Ghent all bustle and business—Brussels all flash and splendour. In this very square there are 9 or 10 Buildings as grand as the finest of our palaces in London. Groups of people going to church—or walking almost for pastime—a woman at the door has just given me a bouquet—a waiter comes into your room—with 'excusez moi' and pushes forward though you are but half dressed. We have yet seen nothing but the garlanded streets with their ever varying lofty houses revealed by flashes of strong light and the square of the hotel. At Ghent we saw some very fine pictures—and one church the most beautiful that I ever saw—almost made of marble within—and adorned with fine pictures and statues—such as made you disregard the Tinsel of the full dressed Jesuses and the Lady Mother. At Bruges we saw hundreds kissing the Bottle in which is contained the 'Blut von Jesus' which our guide assured us with great earnestness had been happily preserved through all revolutions. Dorothy, I have bought a little Image for you at Bruges—for six sous. People here are in English dresses - and dresses of all kinds—so they were at Ghent—but the two nuns and the Priest in our boat from Bruges gave an unspeakable effect to the Group. Near them was a beautiful Flemish girl,

elegantly dressed with a French Mob and a Bunch of Roses—But nothing have I seen that has left an impression so interesting as Bruges.—The City is as quiet as a convent—yet people are for ever walking about—the women are very graceful in long black cloaks and caps as white as snow. The caps of the country are much more becoming to them than the French or English caps. Bruges continually reminds me of Oxford—We often wished we could convey thither one of its spacious squares. Your Father has written a beautiful sonnet—so much the worse for us; for we rather mismanaged Bruges in consequence of that—but he has done and I hope finally—otherwise *he* will be no better for the journey. This morning he is well and all alive and ready to plan for the best. We intend to stay here till tomorrow; but shall most likely have to change our lodgings as others will probably arrive who will pay more. These French windows are delightful—wide and open from top to bottom. The paper of this room is in oils—very gay like India paper—and well painted. It is 40 years old yet as fresh as if put up only yesterday. Here I write looking out of the noble windows—past 3 o'clock. Miss Horrocks and I went to the grande Eglise—so full of people that we could only see heads. The music is at times in gushes tremendously sublime—heat excessive—we then walked thro' squares and streets of palaces—and through public gardens—adorned with statues—shady avenues—arbours—everything you can conceive—scattered over with gaily dressed—and gorgeously and quaintly dressed people. Found our Friends in a Garret stationed to see the Procession of the Host. This was preceded and followed by military in the most gorgeous habits—You see nothing like it but in Flemish pictures—and the streets and garlands are beautiful by day-light. Oh! this is a wondrous place. There stands a girl of the country in the Balcony of a palace house opposite to my window—and there goes a sweet creature in black and green with a Gutar—Her ears are hung with golden drops and her hair is as black as jet—I never saw a beautiful procession till to-day. The priests and choristers sang as they passed in most solemn voices—The military were attended with *their* band. We have seen the gay Ballroom where our heroes danced before the day of Quatre Bras—and heard

JULY 1820

details from the mouths of living witnesses of the horrors of the return of sick and wounded——If I were but to go round this Square and describe all I might fill a sheet. We have been obliged to throw off our cloth dress and are now in white—Your Father and Mother and M [? rs Monkhouse] in a carriage round the City.

The heat today has affected my Bowels, so I cannot go out again till evening. I have been quite well till yesterday—when we walked rather too far. But I am now well—and so is your Mother—and we are the best travellers of the party and enjoy ourselves very much—though our wishes for you and Aunt Sara are at times painful. I fear you cannot read this part of the letter I was in a great hurry to finish. When I write to you again I will do it by degrees. We shall leave Brussels tomorrow evening. To night we see grand fireworks, shall dine at the Table d'Hôte at 4. God bless you dearest Sara and dear Dorothy.

Finished Monday

Observe we have an elegant sitting Room but Mr. Monkhouse slept there, and when I began to write he was not dressed. All the Rooms are *superbe* and fit for Dukes.

MS.            643. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

Coblentz 23<sup>rd</sup> July (1820)

My dear Friend,

I began to write to you at Coblentz having just returned from the heights which overlook the City and the splendid vales of the Rhine and the Moselle. It is impossible to conceive any more delightful prospect of the kind than we have just beheld—but it is not for me to describe it—still less in the small compass of a letter such as can be written in the snatches which we take of rest—and no doubt your husband has been here—he will tell you how elegant—how beautiful looks the city of Coblentz with its palaces and spires and its purple slated roofs situated as it is at the junction of these majestic rivers on a plain formed into an angle by the rivers. Yesterday we travelled up the Rhine from Cologne, having spent a day there, and we came along the Meuse from Namur—the most enchantingly interesting and

varied country that ever I travelled through. The Rhine is stately, rich, and for ever changing, but the Meuse is romantic beyond expression from the variety of the Rocks fortifications chateaus and cottages and the *trees* of the Meuse are superior to any we have seen elsewhere on the continent. They are not so fine as those in South Wales but very much like the trees of the North of England, though not the best of those. The woods on the Rhine are greatly inferior. But let me not disparage this majestic wealth-giving glorious river—its plains of corn, vines, fruit-trees—its stately convents—churches, villages. We were indeed through almost the whole of our ride yesterday in a perpetual state of excitement. Yet I think and more, if possible, delight in the memory of the Meuse, though I was unfortunately on that day so very unwell that I could hardly speak at all—and—from pure exhaustion, was obliged to sleep in the carriage even for miles of the most interesting parts of the road. The heat had become excessive two days after our arrival at Calais and I had been tempted at Ghent to walk so much that I was quite overcome. My Bowels were much affected, this brought on weakness.—At Brussels again I fatigued myself—There we stayed two nights—At Namur I did not go out as much as others but went slowly up to the Citadel, where I saw a beautiful view and the junction of the Sambre and the Meuse. This was too much for me and I was as I said overpowered and exhausted. Thence to Liège a miserable city of poverty and splendour enchantingly situated—forming a crescent on the hillside—with convents, spires, towers. Others walked before breakfast, but I took mine in bed, though I rose at 5 o'clock. It is my way now not to be able to sleep in the mornings—but my legs ached so from the state of my Bowels that I was forced upon the bed again. At Aix la Chapelle I took rest in the same way only went to view the Chair of Charlemagne etc. Rested in the carriage, and at Cologne did not stir out all day, while others were walking, only at night I viewed the magnificent Cathedral which has never been finished and the tower now stands as a majestic Ruin yet just as the workmen left it I believe every stone remains. The quire is perfectly beautiful and quite finished ; but many of its painted windows are gone. The next day I rose quite well,

but resolved to spare myself. The charming ride on the Banks of the Rhine seemed to give me strength as I went along—and I trust that (being resolved now to do always less than I can do) I shall know no more suffering. Today I have been the strongest of the [?] yet I have resisted my inclination to take several tempting walks in the environs of this singularly happily situated city. I certainly am not so strong as I was twenty years ago. This I am now obliged to confess and I must manage myself accordingly. Five years ago I used to say I felt no difference. My Sister is an excellent traveller—all alive and full of enjoyment. So indeed am I—and, with a little better arrangement, I expect that I shall not be obliged to give up any important gratification in the delightful countries whither we are bound. William's eyes are much better—and except during two days when nothing would serve but he must write poetry, he has been perfectly well. The young people are, as you may suppose, very happy—Mrs Monkhouse is a sweet good modest and amiable young woman, but she is not strong and is therefore unable to walk about like her sister and Mr Wordsworth, but not enjoying things in the same sort and degree that I do the privation is not so great for her as it has been for me. It is now Sunday the 23<sup>rd</sup> of July. How different from an English Sunday! but this is a quiet place and there is nothing displeasing to me in the pleasuring of the sober people here. It is, however, painful to see labour going on on the sabbath day and the shops open. But at Brussels (which is of itself a gayer town) it was a time of Festival. One of the grandest of the Fêtes and lucky we were in seeing it—but at Brussels there was so much flash and bustle—and noise of carriages—so much finery—and everyone seemed so intent on pleasure—I was very glad at the end of the day that we had not another to spend there and longed for the stillness of an English Sabbath. In the morning was the procession—military and sacred music. In the square all day through rattling of carriages—the public walks for ever crowded—at night illuminations—and after all fireworks. We in the evening went in the string of carriages to the Hyde Park of Brussels and on the outskirts of the public place there was a fair and thousands of people—drinking—walking—what noisy laughing. But

JULY 1820

it is time to turn to England, where I hope you are all as well as we left you. It will be yet a fortnight before we reach Berne and till we are there we can have no letters, and this thought sometimes comes suddenly upon me and raises momentary fears. I cannot give you any other address than *à la poste restante à Berne*; for we do not know what our movements will be; but at Berne we shall desire that our letters may be sent after us—and pray my dear Friend, write immediately. When this letter reaches you our little darling William will I hope be under your care. He is no doubt in most of his leisure moments of rest from school studies and play, employed in planning his journey and thinking of the pleasures of it. That was a very hasty note which I wrote to you just before we left London, and I am afraid I did not half express the satisfaction which the Father and Mother felt when I first named to them your wish to have William at some of his holidays. I then said ‘what if he can be received at the [? Clarkson’s] (for it cannot be convenient for my brother Christ. to have him)’ and they snatched at the idea greedily. William must put a word or two in your letter and give our kindest love to him and tell him that when we come home again we shall have a great deal to tell him of what we have seen. Journals we shall have in number sufficient to fill a Lady’s bookshelf,—for all, except my Brother, write a Journal. Oh! Mine is nothing but notes, unintelligible to any one but myself; I look forward however to many a pleasant hour’s employment at Rydal Mount in filling up the chasms. But it is grievous to pass through such a country as this only glancing at the objects in the broad high-way and leaving so many entirely unseen. I think of you all, of every Friend I have in England at night when I am in bed—often till I am obliged to endeavour to forget you and to keep down the strong wish which I and all of us have to hear from you all again. True it is that for months together no important changes trouble us—often so it is—but on the other hand how dreadful and how sudden are the changes that [? happen] in fancy and *have* happened three times in our [        ]. But I must not think of it. Trusting for good [? news] I entreat you to write. It is near ten o’clock (and tomorrow morning we are to depart at 6 o’clock). We go up the Rhine to Schaffhausen stopping a

little on] the way.—I have written with perpetual [interrup]tions. William's and Mary's room is through this [and we] have eaten our meals in the common Room and dined at the Table d'hôte, and as is the custom have all sate in our own bedrooms, and partaken of other customs of the country. In this room has been [ ] I have [ ? ] each and all over and over [ ? ] talk on all questions, or to ask me to interpret and it seems though I have scribbled so much I have told nothing when there is so much to tell of. This is a delightful inn so clean and comfortable in comparison with that at Cologne where we were assaulted by [ ? ] at every turn. But on the other hand, the situation at Cologne was so amusing that I, who was a prisoner, was delighted with it. I sate at an open window all day mending my ragged cloaths and watching the immensely large Ferry boat which was emptied and re-filled every  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour close to me. It has a square platform for passengers, and is covered with so many and so varied groups that it is like a piece cut out of a Market place. Fruit women with their Baskets, peasants with their rakes baskets etc. Gentlemen with [ ? ] young women, children, soldiers, perhaps a cart laden with calves—a few sheep, a calf tied to a string. In short every thing comes and goes—and there are all the gay colours of the Rainbow. This Inn is the posthouse and is in a narrow street. The Landlord speaks good English and is a most sensible and intelligent man. The servants are clean and respectable. Every thing good in the house, and a quietness which I have seen in no other German Inn. I am going to give you a troublesome office. I must beg you to write a line to Mrs Hoare telling her that we are well and happy. You may say that I have been a little poorly, but am now quite well. I am anxious to hear of my brother Christopher, and Mrs H. kindly promised to write to me. Tell her that I have no other address to give than Berne, and that letters will be forwarded from that place to us. Say also that I have not forgotten my promise to write to my nephew John but that must not be till we get into Switzerland, we have so little time for writing. Also I beg you will write to Miss Lamb and give my kindest love to her and her Brother, and say to them I will write from Switzerland. There we hope to meet Henry Robinson. After you have read and

JULY 1820

digested this letter (and less than one day, I think, will not serve for this, it is so badly written) pray forward to Sara Hutchinson. I wonder whether Mary Bell goes to our Brother or not and very much do we long to hear every thing concerning Sara and Dorothy and John. And now my dearest Friend may God bless you and yours and preserve you till we meet again! My kind love to Mr Clarkson and Tom, and I pray you read this sad scrawl with indulgence. The fine-toned clock warns me it is time to pack for tomorrow Ever your affectionate and faithful friend D W.

*Address: Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich, Angleterre (re-addressed to Miss Sara Hutchinson).*

*MS.*

*644. D. W. to Sara H.*

Interlacken—8<sup>th</sup> August<sup>1</sup>—Tuesday.

My dearest Sara,

I begin to write after an afternoon spent upon the hills of the valley of Interlacken,—on one side overlooking the first reach of the beautiful Lake of Thun, and between that lake and the Lake of [ ? ] the short level plain or vale scattered over with the finest walnut trees ever beheld—near one end as it appears at the plain is the little town of Unterscale, at the other the village of Interlacken. On one side of us, as I say, we beheld these beautiful objects and on the other the Jungfrau terminating a lovely valley scattered over with brown deserted summer huts embosomed in fruit trees—chiefly walnut—indeed the whole vale is scattered over with them—and there is one little chapel where an Englishman who died here, of the name of Elliot, is buried.—The Jungfrau is so called from having never been conquered by man. It is covered with snow (except where the rocks will not permit the snow to lie) for a space as high as the whole height of Skiddaw—and tonight we have seen these mountains tinged with rosy light.—But I must not attempt to describe any thing. This vale is wonderful, it is overpowering from its loveliness, but except the Alps themselves every thing that is most beautiful in this country reminds us of our own.

<sup>1</sup> For letter of D. W. to H. C R., Aug 6, 1820, *v. C. R.*, p. 95.



I believe Mary wrote to you from Schaffhausen before I had returned to them. You will be glad to hear that Mrs M. was much amended by her rest, and that we females had a very pleasant journey together. To be sure the trial was a short one; but I should not fear to travel through Germany France and Switzerland without any companions but females—Not that I do not prefer male society, but as to protection you need none. Females find protectors wherever they go in a strange land, and I believe they would also find less of a disposition to impose upon them than the men do, and one reason is that they are not so much inclined to suspicion, and men and women are equally weak against fraud in the territory of the foe. We were highly gratified at Schaffhausen—There and there alone we saw the famous waters of the Rhine in their purity, of a greenness between the emerald and sea-green, and clear as crystal—rushing on stately yet impetuous. The town is beautifully situated—Of the Falls I say nothing. Next day to Zurich an interesting place—the banks of the Lake very populous, and all white houses—trees around them. If grandeur were the characteristic of the shores of Zurich it would be spoiled by so many houses; but it is not—I gladly gave up the picturesque and the simply rural for the pleasing fancy that hundreds and hundreds of families were enjoying at leisure the beautiful scenes of that Lake. From Zurich to Lemsberg, a town with a castle nobly situated on a lofty eminence much higher than Stirling. That afternoon we had part seen the snows of the Alps—and early the next morning Mary and I beheld from the castle roof the grandest spectacle we had yet seen—the distant snowy Alps bright with sunshine. Opposite to them the range of the Jura—a sea of mist below us and all round—and islands of wood, bare hill—castles rising out of the mist. We could have lingered till all was cleared away by the sun but time would not allow, and after three quarters of an hour's stay with regret we descended the hundreds of steps to the vale below. Opposite to the Inn was a [?] Garden which you would have delighted in. Exquisite flowers—clipped hedges—clipped trees—statues—and a fountain. For your sake Mary looked at it so attentively that I believe she has it all off by heart—and will tell you every angle and turning when we meet

again. Next day dined at Murgenthal (you must look at your maps) and slept at Hertzergeboscher but not all in our beds, for the Landlord had the rapacity and impudence to ask 6 livres for each bedroom. Mr M. took one room for his wife, Miss H. and the Maid, and William and Mr M. packed themselves up in one carriage, Mary and I in the other, after we had taken bread and milk under the shed of a cottage. (Here every cottage has a spacious shed for out-of-doors comfort—except the very small huts in these Alpine vales). The day had been very hot—and at about 12 a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning came on with torrents of rain. Think of our situation—In a street nearly opposite to the Inn—large houses—Galleries—every thing strange in buildings—Watchman with his grand voice at intervals—a fountain close at hand tearing out its waters—A Dog howling—house clocks striking all round the quarters and the how—and the Church clock the like. The lightning incessant—thunder very loud—We were awe-struck but had no fears. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4 in heavy rain we departed, breakfasted Kirchenberg, and dined at Berne—a noble city—and grandly situated. There we stayed from Saturday noon till Monday morning. Next day to Thun, a delightful spot—It is a small town at the foot of the Lake. Thence we departed at 7 this morning in a Boat. Landed at an Inn at the head There got into a long cart with seats swung across that hold two—and thus we 7 and the driver rode merrily along about two or perhaps rather more miles past Unterseen along the flat valley to Interlaken. All are in bed but me. It is eleven o'clock and I must go. Tomorrow I shall speak of other matters—God bless you my dearest Friend. How I wish you were with us! and not less do I wish that Dorothy were here also. Give my tenderest love to her.

6 o'clock Wednesday morning. I have just called William and Mary. The sun shines upon that lily-white Jungfrau and all the green or rocky mountains round Oh! that you could see the walnut trees which grow before the house!

My dearest Sara, Before we arrived at Berne we had many fears that no letters might be there for us, as we had fixed too late a time for your writing. Wm. either thought we should be longer on the road, or that letters would come more speedily!

accordingly there were no letters for us, yet for every one else, and the same directions were given to their friends as to you. It was a sad damping—but we were prepared for it! On Sunday came a letter from Mrs Hoare, thank God with good news of my Bro. Christ. and of William—and we flatter ourselves that all is well at Rydal or the contrary tidings would have reached us. Tom M's letters were all on business—and his Wife's and Miss H.'s brought *us* no comfort. William has desired letters to be sent after us and we hope to meet them at Lucerne, where we shall arrive in a few days, and God grant that all may be well. We have particular reasons to be anxious at this time, as your comforts had been so upset by the loss of poor Mary Bell, and the unprincipled conduct of John Carter and Mary Anne. I wish we could have a letter from John W. When you write to him pray tell him to give our kind regards to his Master with best thanks for his most clear and sensible directions for our Tour. They are now of very great use to us. Mary is very well and very stout,—but she is even thinner than when she was in London—and no wonder; for she makes so poorly out in the eating way. T. M. is well—and his wife also—but it will be quite impossible for her and Miss H. to go further with us than to Lucerne. There we part. They will return to Berne, where they have kind friends in the relations, whom they found out, of their French Master—also in our Innkeeper and his wife at the *Crown*, and they will stay there a few days and proceed to Geneva to wait for us. We have found the Inns in Switzerland generally very comfortable and no imposition in the established and known places—They have delightful open Balconies for tea and other refreshments—At Zurich we took coffee by candlelight on one of these places—a spacious and long shed or gallery close to the Lake. Here at Unterlaken also is a delightful one—But I must go on with the party. William's eyes are certainly much better; but subject to variations. He is obliged to screen himself from strong lights both of the sun and candles, and he has frequent threatenings of swellings in his lids; but by proper applications inward and outward we stave it off—and if he could take his *business* more quietly he would receive great benefit from this journey. He *does* now manage that better, and when our party

is smaller I think he will do perfectly well. No people can be more amiable than Mrs M. and Miss H. but it cannot be demed that our party is too large for such a country as this. It is in vain for me to attempt to describe our future route, for I do not know it myself—only from Lausanne we make to the Alps touring about as we go—and when we come back from Italy we shall have more touring in Switzerland You must direct to Geneva till you hear again.—I am now quite well; but you never saw me so thin in your life. I have had a disorder in my Bowels twice, but neither time, though I hardly had strength for the walking up and down the stairs while the disorder was on me, did it leave me in the least degree weaker I am as strong now as ever I was in my life; and having discovered the proper diet, and ascertained also, the sort of hurry which upsets me, I trust I shall have nothing more to complain of When I talk of walking up and down stairs you must not fancy the stairs of an English house. To our bedrooms at Frankfurt we had to ascend above eighty steps. I expect every moment to be summoned to breakfast, and when that is over we are to set out upon our rambles among the mountains and shall go upon the Lake of Brientz. The morning air is most refreshing in these vales—and it is felt even till 9 o'clock from the height of the mountains—and as to the mid-day heat, you know of that *I* am not likely to complain. I ought to write both to Mrs Hoare and to Miss Lamb, but really I have not time at present, and perhaps shall not for two or three weeks to come, therefore be so good as to write to Miss Lamb telling her that we are [in] good spirits going on well, and hoping to meet our kind friend Henry Robinson when we reach Lausanne at the latest. He was to set off about the first of the month. I must beg you also to write either to Mrs Hoare or to my Brother Christopher—You will probably prefer writing to him, but there is one objection, that I know not where he may be. But it would be I think best to direct to Lambeth. Say to Mrs Hoare that her letter arrived the day after we reached Berne, and that we were all very grateful for it, the more so as it was our only letter. You will tell her our address, Geneva, and say that it made me very happy to hear so good an account of my Brother after his great exertions, and

also to hear that nothing worse than ten days abstinence had befallen the dear Boys. (They were inoculated for the small-pox two days before we left London). Poor Mary Bell! I wonder whether we shall see her in London or not! and our good friend Mr Jackson how glad would it make us to hear of his perfect recovery! I should also be glad to hear that he had wrapped up his affairs with my Lady, but that will never be while he has a leg to crawl on. I hope the Gees are at Rydal and will not leave it all this summer—indeed I think they will be little inclined to go away when all is in full perfection and beauty around them and they will not like to leave you. Give my kindest love to each of the Family. I hope Miss [?] is as well as when you last spoke of her. We expect to meet Misses Rebekah and Louisa somewhere. Give our very kind love to Betty and Jonathan—God grant that we may find them and you as we left you all—well and happy! But it is grievous that we must lose those good creatures as neighbours. For my part, after this unworthy conduct to Mary B. I can never more have any pleasure in J. C. and I wish William could muster courage to part with them. Conceit or any other fault I cared not for—but this is unendurable. I should not however venture either to advise, or express a wish for a change, knowing how little William is fitted to struggle with extra business and how important to him it is to have leisure and quiet.—Wednesday morning 7 o'clock Lucerne 16<sup>th</sup> August—Dorothy's birthday and her Mother's. God Grant that the Daughter may be as well as the Mother! But we have had no letters We stopped at the post office last night as we came along. You may judge of our grief and disappointment. Write directly to Geneva. From Interlacken to Lautterbrunnen. Thence over the Wigern Alp to Grindelwald. Thence over the Sheidak pass to Meerigen—thence up the enchanting vale to the Fall of the Aar at Hendrik,—back to Meirighen. On Sunday travelled by the little lovely English-like lakes Lugern and Sarnen—down past Saxland to Sarnen. Thence to Engelberg where there is a convent among the Alps—very grand—slept there—saw the celebration of the feast of the Virgin—procession of priests and peasants—beautiful and affecting in that place. Maidens in their Swiss hats large and flat, all decked in Ribbands

AUGUST 1820

and flowers—their holiday best. From Ingleberg to Lucerne where we arrived last night. We have not travelled over a foot of uninteresting road since I took up this letter. It was illegible enough at Unterlacken; but after travelling in the crown of my bonnet ever since and after the wetting of two thunder showers, it is worse than ever, and will, I fear, give you some trouble. After making a few turns and spending a week hereabouts we shall begin the Pass of St Gothard. All are well. I am growing fatter and am, I think, the strongest of the Party,—climbing the Passes of the Alps is not near so fatiguing as our mountains. We reckon nothing of what we have hitherto done in that way.—The air is delightful here. No letter from Mrs Clarkson—Oh! that we had but one from somebody. We have only seen the view from the Bridge in this town, and the cleanly suburbs. It is a charming country. Would that you and D. were here! God bless you! write to Geneva. I think I have no more to say. There is so much that *should* be said.

We have had charming weather for Switzerland—clear air—only a few thunderstorms in the afternoon and at night.

I will write to Mrs Hoare today so you need not trouble yourself with that.

*Address:* Miss Hutchinson, Rydal Mount, near Kendal, Angleterre.

*MS.*            *645. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*  
*K(—)*

Sunday Sept. 3<sup>rd</sup> [1820]. Milan.

My dearest Friend,

You may have some faint notion of the value of your letter to us when I tell you that, except one written on the 18<sup>th</sup> of July by our kind friend Mrs Hoare, yours is the only letter we have yet received from England. I may truly say that in the whole course of the 18 years since my Brother's marriage we have never received a letter which has brought so much comfort, contentment and pleasure. We have sadly mismanaged the matter, but I will not take up your time or my own with the how and the when. It is enough to say that, though you did not

even name Rydal Mount or Sara H, except incidentally, we were quite satisfied that all was well there,—and Willy's own account of himself with your own delightful additions to it made us perfectly happy—and there was no drawback—for what you say of yourself and Mr Clarkson and Tom is just what one would wish for. How admirable and to me astonishing the ardour and industry of your good husband—to think of writing a sermon to be read to his tenants on the same evening I wish he could even now return to his office in the Church ; I know no one whose figure and manner would have a more impressive effect in the pulpit ! But I forget that I am writing to you from Italy. This is a fête day, and our quiet English Sabbath. Mary and I are returned to our bedrooms, after a long walk through the streets to see a military exhibition. 4000 soldiers, Bohemians and Italians with laurel twigs in their caps, were assembled at Mass, a temporary altar being erected for the occasion. The spectacle, with the music, sacred and military, was very splendid. The jingling of bells never done. We wait here to be summoned by the gentlemen to go to Mass at the Cathedral, which is certainly on the outside the most splendid and *beautiful* Building I ever beheld ; yet wanting the solemnity and massiveness of a place of worship. In those respects how inferior to our Cathedrals ! It is all of polished marble, exquisitely wrought, and the statues are not to be numbered by the gazer, but I believe there are more than 2000 thousand [*sic*]. Every small pinnacle supports a statue, the airy figure lifted up to the sky. The inside is very imposing, the pillars very fine, but there are many faults to be found in the architecture. One of Buonaparte's works was the finishing of this Cathedral, and I wish he had never done anything worse. The Italians always call him *Napoleone*, and he seems to be a great favourite here, and the people being what they are, and having no dignified government of their own to be attached to, it is no wonder. The weather is clear and very fine, hot enough as you may suppose in the sunshine ; but the Italians contrive their houses so nicely for excluding the sun and admitting the air within doors you suffer much less from heat than in *every day* houses in England, and even in the streets which though generally so narrow as to exclude air except there

is a current, the houses being so high you generally have a shady side, and even there (in the streets) *I* am very seldom overcome by heat. I wish I could say the same of Mary. *She* often suffers much from it and so she does in England. But I must tell you where we have been—and what we have seen in as few words as I can. Willy will have left you or I would have written to him on this sheet. I wish however that you would take the trouble of writing him a letter which will make him both proud and happy and tell him that we are all well and were very much pleased to hear from him. No! on second thoughts, I wish you would write to Miss Lamb, and tell her how we are going on, and that I beg she will forgive me for having broken my word, but that really I have had no time for writing except when I needed rest both of body and mind. *She* will, I am sure, be so good as to write to Wilham by the two penny post (paying the postage) and will deliver the messages to him. I wrote to you from Coblenz. Thence to St. Goar on the Rhine (where we dined) and to Bingen (where we slept). It was a most delightful day's journey, mostly between the steep banks of the Rhine—towns, villages, ruins upon the slopes at every bending of the river—Convents—Churches—Villages—Vineyards—and every plot of ground cultivated—but still in general a want of fine trees. Next day dined at Mayence, slept at Frankfurt, next night at Dormstadt—all palaces, immense houses, squares with nobody to walk in them, streets desolately wide, and soldiers, gardens, and dullness. Yet the gardens very hilly, not flat country. On to Heidelburgh, a city gloriously situated, rich in hill and dale—woods, corn, fruit, and green hills.—Romantic walks—with every enticement of seats and bowers to linger in the shade—Next day to Carlsruhe and Baden. By the bye, what I have said of Dormstadt applies still more to Carlsruhe—though they are both places of the same kind and I thought of Carlsruhe when I described Dormstadt. Thence to Hornburg—a Romantic town in a long Romantic vale. Thence to Schaffhausen and thence to Zurich to another Baden and to Leinsburgh. This little town with a Ruined Castle upon a lofty eminence, commanding a noble view terminating on one side by the snowy Alps, on the other by the mountains of Jura. In that day's journey we first



saw the higher Alps—and in the morning before our departure ascended the castle hill and beheld the grandest exhibition I had ever seen of mist and sunshine, ample space and clear distant mountains—Castles rising below us as from a sea on different eminences like Islands—thence by Murgenthal and Herzegeboshie (I know I spell these names wrong, for I write by the ear but you may perhaps trace them on the map), to Berne, a handsome town, nobly situated, surrounded by fine walks commanding magnificent views. Next day 20 miles to Thun along a spacious rich vale scattered over with small villas, comfortable large wooden houses—and pretty villages and happy industrious looking people—and no beggars! a great treat—nor had we yet had many beggars in Switzerland—but further on they were intolerable especially in the Canton of Uri. Thun is a small old town—Castle and Church on an eminence near the foot of the beautiful Lake. Here I had the last remains of the indisposition, which at the beginning of the journey occasionally troubled me; but since we left Thun I have been perfectly well. Next day down the Lake and through Unterseen, a romantic town on the river Aar, about a mile further to Interlachen,—a village situated in a most enchanting vale. We stayed two days at an Inn, standing on a little open space of turf—(a *green* we should call it) embowered in the finest Walnut trees—indeed every village is so embowered—almost every house—from Interlachen up the valley of Outterbrunnese to that village and thence over the Wangern Alps—an eight hours journey—to Grindelwald. This pass carries you close to the snows of the mountain Yung-frau—and there we first heard and just saw an Avalanche—one and many more after it—but one greeted us and stayed our course instantly, listening in the clear air to a sound like thunder just at the point where we were descending into a hollow before the last stage of our ascent. We dined upon cheese, milk, bread, and delicious cream in a [? miner's] hut—on one side of this hollow;—green and flowery—for flowers were always to be found, where we were on the Alps. The other side at an equal height snow and ice.—Cattle on the green height above, and close to us—Downwards to Grindelwald and its Glaciers. Thence over the Sheidach Mountain to Meeringhen—

a lovely vale—an eight hours journey. On this day, my Brother, Mary and I had one Mule amongst us—and observe that during a great part of the day we could not ride—These journeys we performed without fatigue and with perfect delight. From Meeringhen up the tumultuous river Aar to Handele then a fine waterfall—and the vale as interesting as possible—back again to Meeringhen. Next day over the hills to Sarnen by the sweet Lakes of Lugern and Sarnen—very much like the Lakes of our own country. Most of this days journey (18 miles) we walked. Next day to Englebergh—a convent among mountains sublimely situated. This is a glorious [*scilicet*] We had a sort of cart which they call a Char-a-banc but could only make use of it for a part of the journey—the rest we walked—thence back again by the same road and by Stanz and Stanzstadt across a branch of the lake of the 4 Cantons to Lucerne. Here we stayed 3 days and here Henry Robinson joined us. We had a most joyful meeting and have found him as pleasant a companion as possible and very useful on all occasions as a spokesman where German was the language of the Country. Thence along two branches of the Lake to Kûsnach, and thence (a 4 hours climb) to the top of mount Rhigi—where we slept and had an awful thunderstorm. Thence on foot through the desolated vale of Lauetz—and over the ruins of the mountain to a village at the foot of the beautiful little Lake Laueztz—thence by Schwytz to Brunnen, beside that division of the Lake of the 4 Cantons called Uri, ‘By whose unpathway’d margin still and dread, was never heard the plodding Peasants tread’ (see Descriptive Sketches).<sup>1</sup> Thence up to the lake and to Altorf—and from Altorf to Amsteg by carriage, and carriages can go no further than Amsteg.—here begins our ascent towards St Gothard. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 5 o’clock the next morning we set off on foot—I will not attempt to describe the pleasure of that day—we walked 18 miles crossed the Devils Bridge and slept in the vale of Urseren. The next dined at St Gothard and slept 3 leagues on the Italian side of the Alps at Airolo. Next day walked 12 miles and went 24 in a carriage to Bellinzona—Thence 9 miles on foot to Locarno—then to Lugano—thence having travelled almost the whole

<sup>1</sup> Oxf. W., p. 607, ll. 285–6.

SEPTEMBER 1820

length of the Lake in a boat, to the most magnificent and most beautiful of all the Lakes—Como. There we spent 3 nights and days and are now at Milan. To-morrow we turn our faces towards the Simplon pass, which we hope also to cross on foot, having never felt any fatigue that deserved speaking of in crossing St. Gothard, and having found fresh delights spring up at every turning. Let no one speak of fatigue in crossing the Alps who has climbed Helvellyn—It is nothing in point of exertion to that ascent. Would you believe it? I am grown fat in the journey and we are all perfectly well—William's eyes certainly, though weak much better. Write to me I pray you immediately à la Poste restante à Paris—We shall be at Geneva in less than a fortnight. Our journey has been delightful even beyond my expectations and we have had very fine weather—have only been once wet. Thunderstorms frequent, but when we were housed in the evening. Mary writes to Sara today so you need not send her this letter

Monday Morn.

I have not patience to read over my letter—to correct it is impossible. It is a sad letter and will be hard work for you.

I wish you would write to Miss Lloyd with our best love

Yours ever

D. Wordsworth.

Tell Miss Lloyd I should like to write to her but [?] wanting. Tell her I shall be obliged if she will send my Manuscript of the Greens to Mrs Hoare to be forwarded by her to Misses Lockier, Hendon.—Mrs Hoare will send it.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich, Angleterre.

*M.*                      646. *W. W. to Lord Lonsdale*

*G. K.*

Paris, Oct. 7 [1820], 45 Rue Charlot,  
Boulevards du Temple.

My Lord,

I had the honour of writing to your Lordship from Lucerne, 19<sup>th</sup> of August, giving an account of our movements. We have visited, since, those parts of Switzerland usually deemed most

worthy of notice, and the Italian lakes, having stopped four days at Milan, and as many at Geneva. With the exception of a couple of days on the Lake of Geneva, the weather has been most favourable, though frequently during the last fortnight extremely cold. We have had no detention from illness, nor any bad accident, for which we feel more grateful, on account of some of our fellow-travellers, who accidentally joined us for a few days. Of these, one, an American gentleman, was drowned in the lake of Zurich, by the upsetting of a boat in a storm, two or three days after he parted with us; and two others, near the summit of Mount Jura, and in the middle of a tempestuous night, were precipitated, they scarcely knew how far, along with one of those frightful and ponderous vehicles, a continental diligence. We have been in Paris since Sunday last, and think of staying about a fortnight longer, as scarcely less will suffice for even a hasty view of the town and neighbourhood. We took Fontainebleau in our way, and intend giving a day to Versailles. The day we entered Paris we passed a well-drest young man and woman dragging a harrow through a field, like cattle; nevertheless, working in the fields on the Sabbath Day does not appear to be general in France. On the same day a wretched-looking person begged of us, as the carriage was climbing a hill. Nothing could exceed his transport in receiving a pair of old pantaloons which were handed out of the carriage. This poor mendicant, the postilion told us, was an *ancien Curé*. The churches seem generally falling into decay in the country. We passed one which had been recently repaired. I have noticed, however, several young persons, men as well as women, earnestly employed in their devotions, in different churches, both in Paris and elsewhere. Nothing which I have seen in this city has interested me at all like the *Jardin des Plantes*, with the living animals, and the Museum of Natural History which it includes. Scarcely could I refrain from tears of admiration at the sight of this apparently boundless exhibition of the wonders of the creation. The statues and pictures of the Louvre affect me feebly in comparison. The exterior of Paris is much changed since I last visited it in 1792. I miss many ancient buildings, particularly the Temple, where the poor king and his family were so long confined. That

memorable spot where the Jacobin Club was held, has also disappeared. Nor are the additional buildings always improvements; the *Pont des Arts*, in particular, injures the view from the *Pont Neuf* greatly, but in these things public convenience is the main point.

I say nothing of public affairs, for I have little opportunity of knowing anything about them. In respect to the business of our Queen, we deem ourselves truly fortunate in having been out of the country at a time when an inquiry at which all Europe seems scandalized, was going on.<sup>1</sup>

I have purposely deferred congratulating your Lordship on the marriage of Lady Mary with Lord Frederick Bentinck, which I hear has been celebrated. My wishes for her happiness are most earnest.

With respectful compliments and congratulations to Lady Lonsdale, in which Mrs. Wordsworth begs leave to join, I have the honour to be, my Lord

Your Lordship's  
obliged and faithful friend and servant,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

MS.

647. *M. W. to Miss Williams*<sup>2</sup>

Sunday—12 o'clock [Oct. 8. 1820]<sup>3</sup>  
45 Rue Charlot[t]

My dear Madam,

I had the honour of receiving your letter yesterday Evening, together with the several copies of your tender and beautiful Verses—for which my Sister joins me in offering you our best

<sup>1</sup> In June 1820 Queen Caroline, whose name had been omitted from the Prayer Book and who was denied recognition at foreign courts, returned to England and was received at Dover by huge crowds who regarded her as a persecuted woman. In July Lord Liverpool introduced the 'Pains and Penalties' Bill, to deprive her of her title and annul the marriage, and the country was deluged with the squalid details of the case. In October Brougham opened her defence, in November the government majority had dwindled to 9, and Liverpool dropped the measure.

<sup>2</sup> Helen Maria Williams (1762–1827). her poems (1786) had influenced W. in boyhood. *v. Oxf W.* p. 619.

<sup>3</sup> The date is proved by the next letter (D. W. to C. C.) in which D. states that they were at tea with Mrs. Williams the night before (i.e. Friday 13th).

OCTOBER 1820

thanks. Allow me this opportunity of expressing the pleasure I shall have in possessing this little tribute from yourself—as also, the gratification which the perusal of both the Poems has afforded me.—The 12 lines towards the conclusion of ‘The Charter’ have most particularly affected me—I mean those beginning ‘For not alone with blooming Youth’—they have dwelt upon my tongue ever since I read them—The Couplet ‘For then the hand’ etc to my mind is exquisite.

It will not be from want of inclination, if we do not avail ourselves of your kind wish, to repeat our visit to you next Friday Evening.—I will take care that you shall be informed in time if we are not able to wait upon you—I am dr. Madam your obliged S<sup>t</sup>.

M. Wordsworth.

(*turn over*)

Mr. Wordsworth begs me to offer you his thanks for the elegant Translations, the originals of which were intimately known to him—He will have great pleasure in taking the Work to England.

The message in Mrs Clarkson’s letter was simply what your Nephew understood it to be—to give him an opportunity of forwarding letters by us to England.

*Address:* Madme Williams, 10 Rue Hautville, Faubourg Poissoniere.

*MS.*

*648. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Saturday 14<sup>th</sup> October [1820]

My dearest Friend,

Mr Monkhouse and his wife and sister-in-law intend to leave Paris on Monday or Tuesday; and though I think we shall follow them in ten days, I am glad of the opportunity of sending a few lines by them which I should not think worth foreign postage; but I know you will gladly pay the English price, merely for the pleasure of knowing that we are all well, and I do not grudge it for you. We arrived here tomorrow fortnight—entered upon our lodgings the day following (Monday) which are

taken for a month; we shall certainly not enter upon another week, and it is probable that we shall depart a few days earlier—but you shall hear as soon as we get to London. Poor Mary Lamb is again ill. Thus we have lost one of our strongest inducements to linger in London, therefore I think our stay there will not exceed a week. My Brother will have some business with Chantry<sup>1</sup>. From London we go to Cambridge. Wm and M will halt there a few days, and I shall make my way from Cambridge to Playford. I am unwilling to give up the pleasure of being at Cambridge with Wm and Mary, though I shall have to make at considerable circuit in getting to you instead of going directly from London. Besides, when I leave you my Brother Chris may possibly not be at Cambridge.<sup>2</sup>

I am very sorry to tell you that Wm and M will feel themselves obliged to give up the pleasure of visiting Playford—indeed I did not think (as you remember I told you) that they would afford the time to go so far out of the direct road. After our parting from Willy they will be very anxious to get home—not only for the sake of home—but because of the stamp office, where new arrangements have been made in our absence. Coleorton lies in the way and they will stop there a few days. They had made a promise the last<sup>3</sup> time they were in town and broke it in their anxiety to be at Rydal.

In answer to a question which you are no doubt putting to me while you have this scrawl in your hands 'How do you like Paris?' I know not what to say. It is certainly a most amusing place though we are too late in the season for garden gaities, yet the weather has been perfectly clear since we entered Paris which was on a thoroughly rainy day and to be sure our first impressions were not very favourable. We were set down in a cold hotel—our rooms high up—and out of doors nothing was to be seen but open shops without purchasers—and men and women picking their way through the mire, the Bourgeois heart and soul intent upon their petticoats and stockings—we

<sup>1</sup> v Letter 641 and note

<sup>2</sup> C. W. had now left Lambeth for Cambridge, where he was Master of Trinity and Vice-Chancellor. He had also been given the living at Buxted in Sussex

<sup>3</sup> last written in text, former written above the line.

went out and dined in the Palais Royale—there the shops were half shut—no gaiety. Next day things wore a different aspect, the sun shone and with the exception of 3 days it has shone ever since and we have not had another drop of rain. We have seen a great deal, though we have never had a Voiture but to take us to Versailles. Today we go to Vincennes. Our lodgings are very pleasant—close to the Boulevard du Temple. The only inconvenience is our distance from the Louvre etc, but *I* am so strong that to me it is nothing. I have never but once been tired since I came to Paris —Last Sunday night we were on the Boulevards. I cannot express the melancholy feelings which the mis-named gaiety exerted on my mind. More on that evening in contrast to our Sabbath of quiet and rest.—The Arabian splendour of Coffee houses and theatres—the laughter—the eagerness—the fierceness—the happy seeming never tranquil—but I must haste to conclude. We have heard of poor Willy's illness, but not till it was over. We are very thankful that he had been given the care of so tender a Friend though grieved that you should have had the awful anxiety. Thank God it is [*seal*] and we can never be sufficiently grateful.

John Wordsworth of Lambeth had told us Mr C's alarms respecting the Sportsman—dear good man! I long to see you all. We shall call upon Tom as soon as may be.

I possibly may stay a little while at Cambridge after Wm and M are gone, but I suppose that you can receive me at any time. You shall hear from us both from London and Cambridge. We have had great satisfaction at Paris in seeing our Friends whom I have mentioned to you. Of this when we meet. Last night we drank tea at Miss Williams. She is a very sweet woman and we were much pleased with our visit. I think we shall go again. We talked much of you and I believe her nephew will send a letter.

God bless you my dear Friend ever yours D. W.

Breakfast waits and then for Vincennes.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich.



MS

649. *W. W. to Miss Williams*

44 Rue Charlot Wednesday morning [Oct. 17]

Mr. Wordsworth regrets, that owing to conditional engagements he could not reply to Miss Williams obliging note before this morning. He is now happy to say that it will be in his power to wait upon Miss Williams on Tuesday evening, and to bring Mrs and Miss Wordsworth, his sister, along with him.

MS.

650. *D. W. to Thomas Monkhouse*

Begun on Sunday—Finished Monday morning  
Playford Hall near Ipswich. [Dec. 5. 1820]

My dear Friend,

My wanderings have now brought me to Playford Hall, where I arrived this morning at a little past 9 o'clock, having walked from Ipswich (four miles) with a Boy for my Guide. I was not the less joyfully received because my coming was unexpected. Circumstances had prevented me from fixing the day of my departure from Cambridge till Friday morning when it was determined that I should set off the next day. You have heard from Mary the cause of this sudden determination, and I now write to request that you will be so good as to send William hither. He tells his Mother that Mr Chapman said that he might depart from London on Monday or Tuesday. Now I think it probable that you may have fixed for his spending Sunday with you, in which case it may be most convenient for him to go from your house; and, if Mr Rupert and Mr Chapman have no objection we should prefer Monday to Tuesday, as allowing him one more day to stay at Playford, it being inconvenient to keep him here more than a fortnight as Mr and Mrs Clarkson are expecting company about the end of that time.—Mrs C. tells me that there is a Safety Coach by which he came from, or went to, London the last time, and we think that if the weather is fine, (as at present) he might come on the outside of that Coach, as he has a good great Coat and may be well wrapped up—but if you think otherwise let him come in the Inside, and in that case perhaps his place had better be taken in another Coach, as Mrs

C tells me that the *Inside* of the Safety Coach is particularly disagreeable. I leave all these arrangements to your consideration, only be so kind as to write me a line to be at Ipswich next Saturday, telling us when and how we may expect the Child. You must be so good as to pay his Fare in London and entrust him to the care of the Coachman, and he must have especial charges not to eat apples, or any thing that is likely to disagree with him, on the road. At the end of a fortnight all danger of infection from communication with Charles W. will have passed away; and there is another great advantage in his spending a fortnight of his holidays here; namely that the time will be shortened at Cambridge, which, on his Uncle's account is desirable, he having already a sufficient weight of care and business. To this may be added that it will be a good thing for Willy to have a free run in the fresh air of the Country. It is impossible to give you an idea of the tenderness with which the poor child is thought of here. He won his way so into Mrs Clarkson's affections that it seems if he had been brought up under her own eye she could hardly have loved him more, and her own Maid seemed delighted when she heard he was coming. His patience during his illness, they say, could not have been exceeded. I have asked you to write me a *line*; but I shall not be contented with that.—You must tell me particularly how your Wife is going on—if she grows stronger, is able to go out, and whether Miss Horrocks is still with you, how she is and when she will leave London. I believe it was about this time that Mr Horrocks was expected. If my Friend Miss Alice comes with him pray remember me kindly to her. When you see Mr Robinson tell him, with my best regards, that I spent above an hour with his Sister, on my way through Bury, and had the good fortune to meet with Mrs Corsbie at her house. Mr Robinson was not at home when I arrived, but I had the pleasure of seeing him before the Coach took me up. Nothing could exceed the kindness with which I was received at Mr Robinson's, and I was very sorry that it was not in my power to stay all night, which they had expected, and seemed much to wish me to do; but I was bound to make all possible haste, William and Mary being determined not to leave Cambridge till the manner of Willy's spending the

Holidays should be decided; and as my Brother Chr. will be going to London on Tuesday afternoon or Wednesday morning with the address to his Majesty they have no motive to wish to stay longer at Cambridge. I wish you and my Brother may get a sight of each other; but unless you can seek him out (and I am sorry to say I do not know where he will be, for I never thought of asking him) there will be no chance of it, as he is obliged to hasten back to Cambridge as fast as possible, his duties there at present occupying him every day, and almost all the day through.—It is very unlucky that he is Vice-Chancellor this first year; but his health, I trust, is quite reestablished, and except when two or three things are pressing on his thoughts at once he does not seem to be *put out of the way* by his new occupations—*hurried* he never is—and I think no one can be better fitted for the regular duties of Master of a College. It will be a nice jaunt for your wife and you at some time, to go and see Cambridge. We very much enjoyed our visit—a strange contrast to the bustle of Oxford Street, and the evenings of talk at Charles Lamb's etc. All is so quiet and stately both within and without doors. We were very fortunate in the weather, and walked the groves through and through many a time, besides visiting all the curiosities. The FitzWilliam Museum is a delightful place to go to—the pictures in general are excellent, and there is a noble collection of prints. The discipline of the University appears to be admirable; and the deportment of the young men when you see them walking about is just what you would wish in such a place. *Rows* no doubt they have now and then, but we saw none of them, and all agree in the opinion that there has been a great reformation in the manners of the young students within the last twelve years. Derwent Coleridge appears to be very happy, and congratulates himself on being placed at Cambridge rather than at Oxford. He is studious, and I hope studious in the right way. Tillbrooke intends to go to London at Christmas, and no doubt he will soon seek you out. He is in good health and spirits but we fancy that his lameness grows upon him. He talks of the Ivy Cottage with great pleasure and seems resolved to take it into his own hands at the end of Mr Gee's lease.—Mr and Mrs Clarkson have inquired much about

DECEMBER 1820

you and your Wife, and beg their kind regards to both of you. Mr C is certainly much aged in appearance; but he seems to enjoy better health than formerly, and is less nervous, I am sure, and well contented with his present situation. This is a nice comfortable old house—newly fitted up, surrounded by pretty gardens and gently sloping fields, and every thing is in the best order. Mrs C's health is wonderfully improved. She is able to rise at eight o'clock and sit up the whole day, and takes an interest in every thing around her; but, seeing how heartily she enjoys company, and knowing, as we all do, how well she is fitted for giving pleasure to others, I cannot but lament that she should be stationed in so lonely a place. She is going to drive me to the post-office this morning in her little gig. When I parted from you I thought it possible that I might see you again before my return into the North, as I might have been induced to accompany William to London if he had returned to school from this place, but even had he done so I should have suffered him to depart alone as I want to see my other three Nephews once again before I go home. I intend to leave Playford a few days before the end of William's holidays. I shall find him at Cambridge, and shall go to Rydal so as to meet with John before his return to Sedbergh. When you see the Lambs give my Love to them. I often thought of them at Cambridge, and delivered their message to Mr Hanshaw, who shewed us the Trinity Library. He was glad to hear of them—Adieu my dear Friend, with grateful remembrances of your kindness to me for the last seven months believe me ever yours affectionately D. Wordsworth. My best love to your Wife. I hope we shall meet in the North early in the summer. Miss Horrocks was so kind as to ask me to halt at Preston on my way homewards. That will not be in my power, as I shall go to Penrith. Pray give my kind love to her and tell her so.

*651. Willy W. and D. W. to Thomas Monkhouse*

*MS.*

My dear Cousin,

Playford Hall Dec 14<sup>th</sup>, 1820.

I write to you a few lines as my Aunt has desired me. I had rather a wet journey for the first 3 or 4 hours, and then it became

DECEMBER 1820

fine, and I got upon the outside of the Coach when we came to Colchester because I grew sick on the inside. I had a very pleasant journey the last part of the way.

I found my Aunt and Mr and Mrs Clarkson very well.

It was not Mr Clarkson that sent you the Pheasants and Rabbits.

I hope Mrs Monkhouse and Miss Horrocks are quite well.

I remain Your obedient Cousin.

W. Wordsworth

Saturday Eveng, 16<sup>th</sup>

My dear Friend,

I have not much to say to you; for this is not a place for novelties and adventures; but I feel sure that you will not grudge the postage though you might have gathered from our silence almost as much as from what we have to communicate, *no news*, in such cases as this, being wisely taken for *good news*. Your dear little charge delivered your and Miss Horrock's kind notes to me after the first ten minutes' bustle and joy of meeting was subsided, and I can not express the pleasure with which I read your account of him. You and your dear Wife are very good to him, and especially in wishing for his company during the whole length of the holidays in *London*, where so much of it must inevitably have been forced upon you within doors; but I need not say that his Mother would have had no hesitation in asking this kindness of you for the first part of the holidays if we had not particularly wished him to be in the country if possible during the whole of them; and I hope that his fortnight's run here will be of real use in hardening him against colds when he returns to London. I trust there will be no danger of infection from his cousin Charles; but we shall not venture to send him to Cambridge till we hear that the three Brothers are suffered to be together, or till we have an assurance from his Uncle that he thinks he will be safe. It gives me great satisfaction to observe how much William is beloved, how tenderly he has been remembered by this Family. He was a model of patience during his illness, and gave as little trouble as possible, except to his good friend Mr Clarkson, who was, I believe, very

anxious and unhappy, though Mrs C. never apprehended danger. He now perceives such an alteration in Willy's looks, and he is in such high spirits, and so strong and active, that since the first day Mr C. has ceased to look alarmed, and to put in his sudden questions 'What's the matter with that child? Is that child ill?' I am sorry that you did not see my Brother Christopher in London, especially as Mary tells me he was not to return to Cambridge till the Monday—M. writes in good spirits. They intend to leave Coleorton on the 20<sup>th</sup>, so I calculate on their arrival at home on the 23<sup>rd</sup>. They expected to find John at Kendal. What a joyful meeting when all three reach Rydal Mount. No doubt Sara and her Niece Dorothy have already counted the hours.—This is a very comfortable place, the country is soft and pretty, and the gardens are very pleasant—and Mrs Clarkson and I are very happy by the fire-side, or in our *walks* among the cottagers, and *rides* in the gig when the weather permits, (which has been almost daily) for we have had remarkably mild weather till yesterday, when Willy and I walked to Ipswich. He was a most entertaining companion, and walked with such spirit! I was quite delighted with his vigorous appearance compared with last June, when he seldom walked without fatigue.

The news from Hayti<sup>1</sup> has grieved Mr Clarkson very much, as you may suppose. He is anxiously expecting private accounts, having at present heard nothing but through the Newspapers. Mr Clarkson is just as doleful about farming as our Friends in Wales—not that he complains on his own account, for he holds his farm at so very low a Rent that he cannot lose much, but he says that it is utterly impossible for Farmers to go on in the sad way in which they are at present.

I was particularly sorry, (after the pleasing accounts of your first letter) to hear that your Wife had again been unwell; she

<sup>1</sup> The people of Hayti had revolted from their king, Henri Christophe, and established a republic. On October 8 Christophe shot himself; he had been cruel and despotic, but was an energetic and enlightened ruler. He had instituted marriage in the island, and established schools on the Lancasterian system, where French and English were taught. His widow and daughters came to England and stayed with the Clarksons at Playford. *v.* D. W. to C. C. Oct. 24, 1821 (in next volume).

must be very careful during the severe weather, of which we seem now to have got a beginning. The wind today is terribly cold. We expect snow—William played out of doors more than two hours this morning and his activity was such that he felt nothing of the cold. He is perfectly happy here—quiet and tractable—and sufficiently industrious at his lessons; but he seems yet to have little or no satisfaction in reading alone. He draws and writes of himself but never takes up a book except when I require it of him. I must say he always does it chearfully.

In reckoning up all the money I have expended since I left home (a black account) I am reminded of the last 10£, which I desired you not to set down in your account with Mary; and which I suppose you did not. Pray be so good as to tell me; and also, if it is not too much trouble, I shall be much obliged if you will send me an account of the different sums you were so kind as to let me have when I was in London. I hope before the end of another year to scrape up ten pounds to discharge my debt, I shall have no temptation to extravagance, for at least one twelvemonth to come, as I shall certainly not renew my travels in the course of that time. So it will be a time for *saving*.—In looking back upon my expenses in London I cannot point out any one extraordinary extravagant expense yet the sum of the whole surprises me—and I think I shall profit by experience and contrive better another time.—Pray burn this when you have read it. I am not a little flattered by your Brother's wish to see me; and I assure you, if my motives for going home were not so very strong, I should be greatly inclined to turn aside into Herefordshire. I could be right happy for a month or so at Stowe, for there are not many people whom I like better than your Brother John. This however is not the time; I have now travelled my span, and to be sure it is ridiculous enough to go by Herefordshire from Suffolk into Westmorland—something like going by Edinburgh to Whitehaven. I hope to reach home before John returns to school. No doubt both he and his sister must be greatly changed during my absence. I long to see them. Tom Clarkson is expected on Thursday or Friday—Mr and Mrs C expressed themselves as very grateful to you for your kind attentions to him. My best love to your Wife—Pray let me

hear from you as soon as you have leisure. Excuse this stupid scrawl and believe me ever your affectionate Friend,

D. Wordsworth

If you have nothing else to write about pray let me have an answer to my queries and add a particular account of your Wife's health. Remember me to Mr Robinson and to Charles and Mary Lamb. Adieu again! Many happy Christmasses may you both enjoy!

*Hutchins.*

652. D. W. to John Kenyon

K.

Playford Hall, near Ipswich,

December 19<sup>th</sup>, 1820.

My dear Sir,

I received your letter dated Bracebridge this morning, and have written to Miss Rogers to request that she will do me the favour to permit you to see the little Sarcophagus which you mention if it is in her possession. To prevent loss of time I have desired Miss Rogers to be so kind as to address a note to you at Mrs. Dunn's, Montagu Square.

I had a letter from my Sister a few days ago. She and my Brother were well, and had fixed upon the 20<sup>th</sup> as the day of their departure; so I calculate that they will reach home two days before Christmas day.

My Nephew William is here in high health and spirits. He is to go to Cambridge on Saturday, where I shall join him a few days before the end of his holidays; and about the 20<sup>th</sup> of next month I intend to set off for Rydal, so if you are able to procure the candle-shade before that time, I can take charge of it.

Hoping that before you again quit England your wanderings may lead you into the North, where we shall again have the pleasure of meeting you, I remain, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely

Dorothy Wordsworth.

*Address:* John Kenyon Esq<sup>re</sup>, at Mrs Dunn's, Montague Square, London, *and readdressed to* at Thomas Hall Esq, Holly Bush, near Litchfield.



SEPTEMBER 1819

MS.

627a. W. W. to Walter Scott.

Rydal Mount Sept<sup>r</sup> 22<sup>nd</sup> [1819]

Dear Scott,

An inflammation in my eyes obliges me to employ an Amanuensis, for the performance of a melancholy office with which your friend Mr Erskine<sup>1</sup> has charged me, and which he himself, from the state of his feelings, is unequal to.—It is to communicate to you the painful intelligence that his Wife is no more. My own confinement to the house has prevented me from seeing Mr E. but I learn from his Apothecary, the Bearer of this wish respecting you, that the Lady's illness, though tedious, was attended with little pain and that she was carried out of this world, to all appearance as gently as possible. She expired at Lowwood Inn on the banks of Windermere on Monday morning.—On the Tuesday preceding it was evident that unless the tap which was wasting her away could be stopped her constitution would sink under it—on Saturday there was no hope. Mr E. I understand is by this time as tranquil as could be expected— His Wife's Mother arrived yesterday & the Body is to be removed to Scotland.

I greatly regret that I have not seen your Friend, it is possible that I might have been of some service to him during his long detention in this neighbourhood—several weeks elapsed before I learned who the Stranger was—upon hearing I called immediately, but did not find him at home—he was then at Grasmere preparing to leave it for Lowwood. I have since that time been myself unable to leave the house, & as Mr E's melancholy condition, I suppose, prevented him from communicating with me, his silence made me fearful that a visit from Mrs W. might be an intrusion. This consideration however would not have prevented her calling had we been aware of the dangerous situation of Mrs E.

I have heard with great concern, from several quarters, that your own health has been much deranged, & it added to my disappointment in not seeing Mr Erskine that I missed the

<sup>1</sup> William Erskine, spoken of by Lockhart as Scott's 'dearest friend'. In 1822, largely through Scott's influence, he was made a Judge at the Court of Sessions. He took the title of Lord Kinneder, but died the same year.

SEPTEMBER 1819

opportunity of making enquiries from him upon this subject. Do be so kind as to let me know how you are and have been. For myself I am happy to say that my general health is good, but my eyes have been for some time unequal to the service to which I could wish to put them. My Family are well & join in every kind regard to yourself & yours of whom we should be glad to have the like good account. I hope Southey will have seen you before his return from Scotland. Believe me, d<sup>r</sup> Scott, to be affectionately & faithfully yours

Wm. Wordsworth

*Address:* Walter Scott Esq<sup>re</sup> Abbot's Ford, near Melross.

# INDEX

- Abbot, William, 809  
Abergavenny, Lord, 741.  
Addison, Richard, *Letters to* 521, 523, 558, 560, 599, 657 336, 354, 370, 567, 587, 741, 749, 750, 754, 771, 775, 780.  
Addisons, The, 33, 174, 362, 623.  
Aikins, Lucy, *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth*, 841.  
Ainsley, Dr, 399-400.  
Allan Bank, 19-20, 47, 141, 143, 145, 153, 159, 162-3, 167, 186, 201, 210, 222, 228-9, 240, 247-8, 252-3, 254-6, 284, 293-4, 315, 335, 337-8, 339, 346, 350, 355, 363-4, 414, 420, 424, 453, 455  
Allen, Bob, 40.  
Allston, Washington, 473.  
Amory, Thomas, *Life of John Bunicle*, 464  
Anderson, Dr Robert, *Corpus of the British Poets*, 458 c  
Angerstein, 185  
*Anti-Jacobin Review*, 325.  
Appleby, 145, 152, 153, 158, 164, 209, 261, 282, 303, 462, 509, 554, 674, 689, 693, 823, 866.  
Applethwaite, 60.  
Arnald, George, 475  
Ashburners, The, 53, 109, 141, 155, 374, 395, 455, 497, 549, 574.  
Austin, Samuel, 490.  
Austria and Hungary, 271, 334, 433, 440, 443, 654.  
*Babes in the Wood*, 418  
Bacon, Lord, 233, 297, 311, 748  
Bailhe, Joanna, 867.  
Ball, Sir Alexander, 69.  
Ballantyne, 660, 668.  
Barber, Samuel, 47.  
Baring, Alexander, 649  
Barker, Miss, 519, 565, 573, 583, 584, 587-9, 593, 640, 645, 648, 659-60, 662, 689, 723, 828, 854-5, 871.  
Barrow, Sir John, *Travels in S. Africa*, 115.  
Barton, Bernard, *Letter to*: 699, 699-700, 788.  
*Bashful Lover, The*, 19.  
Beattie, 631.  
Beaumont, Eustace, 499-500, 522, 600, 602, 648, 662, 726, 800, 854.  
Beaumont, Jean, 522, 600, 602, 725-6, 783, 800, 801.  
Beaumanor Park, 106.  
Beaumont, Francis, 106, 471-2, 476, 627.  
Beaumont, Sir George, *Letters to* 5, 50, 54, 59, 64, 75, 169, 185, 464, 470, 472, 627-3, 7, 15-16, 17, 23, 28, 33, 38, 42-3, 46, 51, 59, 62, 70, 71, 85, 132, 133, 139, 147, 166, 168, 197, 286, 359, 371, 377-8, 381, 383, 384, 389, 390, 465, 680, 753, 827-8, 860, 877; picture of *The Thorn*, 64, love of W. W. and S. T. C., 65, 75, 78, at Grasmere, 143, 151, 676, 827-8; picture for *Peter Bell*, 169, 172, his paintings, 171, 468, 628, 703; Sketch of W.W., 679-81.  
Beaumont, Sir John, 58, 61, 64, 106, 471-2, 627.  
Beaumont, Lady, *Letters to* 1, 11, 14, 19, 30, 34, 36, 42, 48, 58, 65, 79, 81, 88, 90, 100, 110, 112, 115, 125, 159, 166, 172, 199, 348, 356, 370, 385, 476. 33, 42-3, 46, 70, 71, 85, 132, 133, 139, 147, 180, 206, 210, 377-8, 379, 381, 383, 384, 390, 465, 595, 636, 637, 644, 680, 753, 827-9 *passim*, affection for S. T. C., 14, 65; opinion of D. W., 20-22, kindness to W. W. 19-20, 31, 42, 57, 65, 78; winter garden, 76, 80, 90-98, 100, 111, 112-14, 116-17, 120, 477-8, at Grasmere, 143, 151, 676, 827-8  
Beaumont, Dowager Lady, 81, 159, 185, 350-51, 474  
*Beauty and the Beast*, 427-8.  
Beaver, Commodore, 265  
Beaver, Philip, *African Memoranda*, &c., 445  
Beddoes, Dr, 47, 164, 201, 220, 450, 456  
Bedford, Duke of, 230  
Bell, Dr. Andrew, 245-6, 251, 445, 472, 518, 521, 532, 540, 605, 697-8, 706-7, 834-5.  
Berne, 888, 889, 892-3, 894, 899.  
Bible Society, 430.  
Binfield, 397-8, 399, 401, 420, 488, 490  
*Blackwood's Magazine*, 668, 841, 843.  
Blake, William, 338.

# INDEX

- Blake, General, 276, 278.  
 Blomfield, C T, 399, 513-14, 517,  
 518, 519, 696  
 Blucher, 598, 675.  
 Boccaccio, 458 c  
 Bocking, 379, 382, 501, 504, 641,  
 670, 683, 694.  
 Boddington, Mr., 187, 205, 210  
 Bolton Abbey, 137, 143, 146  
 Bolton, Mr., of Liverpool, 860.  
 Borth, 361  
 Bowles, W. L., 474  
 Brathay, 4, 202, 248, 259, 261, 343,  
 352, 376, 378, 379, 396, 681-3,  
 694.  
 Bristol, 153, 155, 157, 159, 463, 593.  
*British Critic, The*, 674  
 Brompton Church, 73, 251, 291,  
 599  
 Brooke, Lord, 748  
 Brougham, Lord, 241, 630, 720, 806-  
 11 *passim*, 813, 814-16 *passim*,  
 846, 903.  
 Browne, Sir Thomas, 300.  
 Bruce, Michael, 845.  
 Bruce, *Travels*, 112  
 Bruges, 878-9, 880, 883-4  
 Brunswick, Duke of, 673  
 Brussels, 882-5, 886, 887  
 Brydges, Sir Egerton, 730-1, 755  
 Buonaparte, Lucien, 633  
 Buonaparte, Napoleon, *see* Napo-  
 leon  
 Burdett, Sir Francis, 125, 314, 734.  
 Burke, 15.  
 Burnet, 233  
 Burns, Gilbert, 225.  
 Burns, Robert, *The Vision*, 98,  
*Cotter's Saturday Night*, 418, 219,  
 242, 295, 615, 716, 718, 725, 729,  
 747, 843-5.  
 Burnsall, 138.  
 Burrard, Sir Henry, 243.  
 Bury, 39, 135, 338, 340, 365, 377-8,  
 379, 382, 383 *et seq passim*, 396,  
 400, 460, 479, 501, 607, 626, 651,  
 654, 670  
 Busk, Hans, *Letter to*, 847, *poems*,  
 847-8.  
 Butler, Samuel, 747  
 Butterlip How, 396.  
 Byrom, *Epigram on Handel and*  
*Bononcini*, 417.  
 Byron, 598, 610, 712, 734-5, 789-  
 90.  
 Cadiz, 273  
 Calais, 878, 886.  
 Calvert, William, 79, 533.  
 Cambridge, 383, 384, 387-8, 392,  
 398, 761, 798, 834, 905 *et seq.*  
*passim*.  
 Campbell, *Gertrude of Wyoming*,  
 334, 617, *Hohenlinden*, 426,  
*Pleasures of Hope*, 426, 617.  
 Camoens, Luis de, 747.  
 Cannae, Battle of, 439.  
 Canning, 372, 502, 847  
 Carleton, *Memoirs*, 272  
 Carlyle, Mr (surgeon), 409, 416,  
 449.  
 Carruthers, Richard, 801.  
 Carter, Elizabeth, 15, 169  
 Carter, John, 573, 576, 577, 662,  
 724, 893, 895.  
 Carthage, 437-8, 439  
 Castlereagh, Lord, 314, 329  
 Central School, 697-8, 706-7.  
 Cervantes, 864  
 Cevallos, *Exposure of the Arts and*  
*Machinations which led to the*  
*Usurpation of the Crown of Spain*,  
 283  
 Champion, *The*, 668, 701, 703, 705-6,  
 712, 720, 729, 735, 746, 781.  
 Chantrey, Sir F., 877, 905  
 Chatterton, 845.  
 Chaucer, *Flower and the Leaf, Assem-*  
*blly of Ladies*, 96; *Canterbury Tales*,  
 389; *Translations*, 458 c.  
 Chester, Bishop of, 722.  
 Chesterfield, *Letters to his Son*, 239  
*Chevy Chase, Ballad of*, 312, 317.  
*Chevy Chase, The more modern*  
*Ballad of*, 6.  
*Chronicle, The*, 734, 805.  
 Cintra, Convention of, 243, 245, 250,  
 253, 255, 257-8, 260, 262-4, 266-  
 79, 281-2, 284-8, 289, 290, 294,  
 296-9, 301, 305-7, 309-14, 315-  
 17, 318-24, 326, 327-8, 329, 334,  
 340, 372, 435, 436, 629, 711, 714,  
 793.  
 Clarendon, 233.  
 Clarissa Harlowe, 140.  
 Clarke, Mrs 264.  
 Clarkson, Catherine, *Letters to*, 3, 8,  
 16, 31, 38, 44, 58, 67, 83, 107, 117,  
 131, 135, 139, 151, 155, 162, 173,  
 180, 200, 202, 207, 228, 230, 234,  
 254, 324, 337, 342, 362, 372, 377,  
 382, 384, 397, 399, 403, 412, 413,  
 421, 444, 451, 459, 479, 498, 501,  
 507, 516, 518, 520, 530, 553, 569,  
 578, 587, 600, 605, 617, 621, 653,  
 663, 670, 674, 684, 687, 692, 722,  
 742, 765, 776, 784, 799, 813, 822,  
 833, 849, 856, 885, 896, 904: 3, 11,

# INDEX

- 85, 237, 379, 382, 388, 389, 502, 551-2, 601, 624, 636, 651, 665, 672, 692, 869, 873, 874-5, 876, 888, 904, 906, 907-8, 910, 912
- Clarkson, Thomas, *Letter to*, 761-39, 46, 47, 118, 135-6, 163, 211, 237, 325-6, 338, 339, 383, 384, 385, 387-8, 392, 399, 412, 419, 426, 458, 479, 501, 519, 602, 622, 624, 799-800, 814, 815-16, 850, 856, 897, 906, 910, 911-12, at Grasmere, 139-41, 151, 152, 333, *Portraiture of Quakerism*, 4, 10, 16, 38-9, 42, 46, 47-8, 118, 154, 155, 156, 175, 229, *History of the African Slave Trade*, 132, 136, 140-41, 155-6, 229, 239, 582; *Life of Penn.*, 444, 572-3, 578, 582
- Clarkson, Tom, 10, 17, 46, 47, 84, 108, 118, 139, 175, 229, 237, 256, 325, 333, 338, 340, 409, 419, 426, 481, 483, 572, 581, 582, 608, 623, 625-6, 636, 651, 654, 672, 679, 761-3, 811, 813-14, 833, 856, 869, 873, 876, 913.
- Coblentz, 885, 887, 889.
- Cockermouth, 144
- Coleorton, 14-15, 33, 42-3, 46, 50, 52, 54, 56-7, 61, 62, 67 *et seq. passim*, 85, 122, 136, 147, 162, 167, 359, 365, 371, 377, 379, 381, 383, 390, 674, 905-12.
- Coleridge, Derwent, 81, 82, 84, 88, 154, 155, 163, 254, 272, 283, 286, 287, 366, 378, 394, 416, 425, 445, 453, 463, 493-4, 496, 510, 557, 592, 636, 645, 801, 835, 858, 873, 877, 909.
- Coleridge, Hartley, 11, 18, 22, 81, 82, 84, 88, 100, 108, 110, 111, 119, 154, 155, 163, 254, 269, 272, 283, 286, 287, 366, 378, 394, 416, 425, 445, 453, 463, 483, 493, 496, 510, 512, 557, 565, 582, 587, 592, 595-6, 636, 644-5, 696, 835, 858
- Coleridge, Mrs S. T., *Letter to*, 257: 1, 8, 18, 22, 42, 58, 63, 67, 68, 88, 108, 119, 153, 154-5, 159, 176, 253, 282, 294, 322, 343, 393, 448, 449, 455, 473, 483, 490, 493, 495, 496, 500, 512, 519, 536, 552, 559, 565, 588-9, 636, 644, 645, 812, 834, 835, 857, 859, at Bristol, 153, 157; to go to Liverpool and Birmingham, 153; incompatibility with S. T. C., 42, 65-7, 69, 81-2, 84, 88, 108, 119, 120, 154, 156-7, 253, 536.
- Coleridge, Mrs. (mother of S. T. C.), 343.
- Coleridge Sara, 155, 253, 343, 344, 483, 512, 518, 592, 645, 745, 812, 834, 857-8, 859
- Coleridge, S. T., *Letters to*, 63, 192, 207, 214, 304, 669, 877: 3, 40, 77, 78, 81, 83-4, 117, 118, 120, 121, 130, 134, 139, 154, 156, 162, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 174, 179, 180, 184, 185, 186, 204, 230, 233, 239, 254, 256, 274, 279, 280, 282, 293, 294, 297, 300, 314, 326, 332, 339, 343, 349, 352, 355, 360, 413, 425, 456, 458 a, 458 f, 463, 478, 480, 494-5, 497, 565, 573, 582, 595, 622, 714, 781, 782, 786, 793, 796, 801, 817, 835, 843, 858, 877; return to England awaited, 1, 4, 5, 7, 8-9, 11-12, 14, 37-8, 40, 51, 58, return to Grasmere awaited, 58-9, 60, 62, 63, 65, 67, 68, in the north, 67; meets Ws at Kendal, 67-70, 71, 74, at Naples and Rome, 8, 11-12, 37, at Leghorn, 51, loss of papers, &c 51, at Portsmouth 58-9, in London, 59-60, 63, 124, 155, 157, W's desire to live near, &c., 15, 52, 57, 61, 65, 67, 69, 119, 163, to meet Mrs. C, in London, 88, at Ottery, 119; at Bristol, 153-4, 155, 157; to Coleorton, 69, 84, 88, 89, 100, 107, at Stowey, 139; at Brathay, Penrith and Appleby, 261, at Keswick, 266, 272, 279, 282, 287, 317, 373, 378, 394, to Workington Hall, 282, 287, at T. Wilkinson's, 325, at Penrith, 68, 294, 301, 314, 322, 480; at Grasmere, 157, 163-4, 245, 246, 253, 254, 324-5, 328, 331, 364, leaves Grasmere for London, &c , 409, 416, 429, 463, at Bristol 593, 595, at Calne, 645, W. W's opinion of, 65, 215-21, 304, 319, 321-2, 328, 429, 478, D. W's opinion of, &c., 66-7, 69, 84, 88, 108, 154, 157, 163, 199, 204, 255, 365-6, 409, 449, 454-5, 480, 496, 500, 536, 556-7, 593, 786; domestic situation, 65-7, 69, 81-2, 84, 108, 119, 120, 154, 156-8, 253, health, 60, 65, 69, 71, 74, 82, 84, 88, 107, 111, 153, 154-5, 157, 168, 171, 172-4, 175, 177, 181, 185, 188, 190, 207, 228, 230, 233, 246, 253, 255, 258, 261, 304, 334, 341, 344, 350, 358, 366-7, 413, 473, lectures in London, 65, 68, 74, 88, 153, 157, 159, 173, 175, 185, 198, 204, 207, 473, 480, 496, and Ch Lloyd, 219, and

# INDEX

Coleridge, S. T., (*cont*)

S H., 219-20, 342, 357, 358, 365-6, 367, 498-9; and Longman, 328, 446, and W. Scott, &c., 417-18, and *The Courier*, 350, 413, 454, 455, 463, and the *Excursion*, 669-70, portraits of, 473, 493, finances, 496, 593, love for Thomas W., 536, quarrel with W. W., 447-9, 454-5, 473, 480-1, 490, 496, 497-9, 500, 502, 556-7; W. W.'s loan to, 29, 123, 133.

## WORKS

*Biographia Literaria*, 791.

*Christabel*, 158, 293, 295.

*The Friend*, 248-50, 253, 255, 257, 258, 261, 272, 280, 282, 287, 294, 301, 304, 307, 313, 314, 317, 319, 321-2, 323, 324-5, 327, 328-9, 331, 334, 340, 341, 342, 344, 345, 349-51, 356, 357, 358-9, 365, 366-7, 447, 473, 495, 496, 780.

*Osorio*, 158, 523, 536, 552.

*Poems and Essays*, 328.

*Statesman's Manual*, 780.

*Sybilline Leaves*, 669

*To a Gentleman*, &c., 669.

Coleridge, William, 868.

Collingwood, Admiral, 265

Collins, *Poems*, 242

Colly, Mr., 48, 63, 385, 391

Cologne, 886, 889.

Cookson, William (W.'s uncle) and family, 16, 27, 397-8, 399, 643, 721, 877

Cooksons, The (of Kendal), *Letters to Mrs.*, 24, 52, 528, 53, 54, 139, 326, 329, 330, 332, 337, 353, 370, 400, 412, 416, 451, 460, 528-30 *passim*; 553, 558, 563, 564-5, 574, 658, 777, 785, 809, 814

Copenhagen, 242-3, 275.

Copyright, 241-2

Corsbie, John, 517, 678, 688-9, 696, 908.

Corunna, 286, 287.

Cottle, Amos, 644.

*Courier*, *The*, 167, 196, 255, 257-8, 265-6, 268, 269, 273, 276, 288, 290, 294, 314, 318, 319, 329, 350, 413, 419, 454, 455, 463, 478, 630, 637, 652, 664, 670, 748, 782, 786.

Cowper, William, *John Gulpin*, 57; *Translation of Homer*, 112, 219, 242, 615.

Crabbe, 244.

Crackanthorpe, Christopher, 539, 698, 707.

Crackanthorpe, William, 552, 562, 568, 690, 698, 804, 808, 809, 810-11, 814, 815, 857

Craig, Mr., 80, 82, 83, 95, 98-9, 111, 113, 114, 117

*Craven, History and Antiquities of the Deanery of*, 145-6

*Critical Review*, 134, 148-9.

Crumps, The, 19, 47, 141, 239, 275, 293, 335, 337, 339, 350, 410, 446, 490, 549, 603, 604, 636, 692, 785, 850, 853, 878

Curate's Bill, The, 572.

Currie, Dr., *Life of Burns*, &c., 716, 729.

Dalrymple, Captain, 340

Dalrymple, Sir Hew, 243, 245, 258, 297, 310, 316.

Daniel, *Musophilus*, 199, 477.

Davy, Humphrey, 162, 165, 167-8, 171, 172.

Dawes, Mr., 425, 549, 580, 659, 677, 683, 691, 694, 724

Dawson, George, 138.

Dawson, Molly, 109-10, 203, 283, 344, 346, 393, 396, 490-1, 503, 551, 590.

Defoe, Daniel, *Robinson Crusoe*, 225

Denmark, 242-3, 269, 433.

Dennis, John, 617, 633.

De Quincey, Thomas, *Letters to*, 22, 29, 124, 233, 245, 259, 263, 266, 272, 274, 281, 284, 286, 292, 298, 300, 309, 311, 316, 329, 333, 341, 344, 346, 393, 410, 502, 524, 628-18, 154, 155, 156, 159-60, 179, 180, 194, 234, 255-6, 257, 282, 288, 297, 305, 313-14, 318-20, 322, 323-4, 326-7, 335, 339, 349, 353, 415, 416, 417, 488, 500, 503, 549-50, 551, 563, 629-30, 637, 651-2, 654-5, 665, 672, 728, 778-9, 846-7, 854; his marriage, 778-9.

Devonshire, Duke of, 229, 606, 622, 623.

Dove Cottage, conditions at, 9, 27, 28, 32-3, 42, 72, 73, 87, 109-10, 119, 135-6, 167, 172, 186, 261, 300, 301-2, 312-13, 330, 333, 339, 344, 518, 687.

Dowling, Miss, 490, 812, 816, 825, 826, 829, 834, 835, 850, 854.

Dryden, 240-41, 458 c-d, 836-40.

Dyer, John, 478

Echard, *History of England*, 458 c. *Eclectic Review*, 638, 642, 652, 656. Edinburgh, 143, 349, 747, 883.

# INDEX

- Edinburgh Review*, 165, 168, 283,  
295, 334, 458 d, 582, 620, 622,  
630, 642, 652, 655, 720, 846, 847  
Edmondson, Mr, 43, 192, 193, 200–  
1, 205, 583.  
Edwards, John, 652, 655  
Elleray, 236, 341, 348–9, 350, 400,  
403, 407–14 *passim*, 423.  
Enghien, Duc d', 592.  
Engleberg, 895–6, 903.  
Erskine, 296, 915.  
Euripides, 241.  
Eusemere, 46, 47, 141, 151, 164, 174,  
234–5, 236–8, 339, 340, 515, 516,  
577, 800–1.  
*Examiner, The*, 602, 701, 729, 781  
  
Fairfield, 513.  
Fergusons, The, 27, 133, 147, 767  
Fergusson, General, 265, 269, 271,  
275, 287.  
Fergusson, Robert, 843.  
Fermor, Mrs, 35, 127–8, 129, 130,  
169, 170, 359, 385,  
Finances of Wordsworth family, 4,  
5, 28–9, 71, 73, 122–4, 133, 136,  
145, 184, 210, 213, 247, 248, 259,  
280, 283–4, 292, 294, 301, 332,  
336–7, 353–4, 355, 360–1, 370,  
381, 420–1, 451, 475–6, 484, 485–  
6, 486–7, 497, 515–16, 519, 521,  
523–4, 537–8, 539, 552, 558, 560,  
562–3, 566–7, 569, 584, 585, 596,  
599, 627, 656, 678, 689, 690–1,  
693, 698, 707–8, 737–40, 741, 743,  
746, 749–50, 753–4, 756–7, 759–  
60, 764, 769–76, 779, 780, 785–6,  
821, 832, 861–2, 863.  
Fisher, John, 179, 180, 232, 301, 364  
Fisher, Mary (Molly), 17, 33, 45, 64,  
109, 138, 141, 158, 164, 179, 205,  
232–3.  
Fleming, Sir Daniel, 47, 206, Lady,  
206, 302–3, 531, 535, 540, Lady  
Diana, 206.  
Fletcher, John, 3.  
Flower, Benjamin, 296, 305.  
*Foreign Quarterly*, 609  
Fox, Charles James, 10, 125, 296,  
734.  
Foxley, 466–7.  
France, 225, 242, 258, 265, 267, 269,  
270, 274–5, 277, 278, 285, 288,  
296, 431–40 *passim*, 443, 465, 497,  
527, 537, 592–3, 601, 602, 607,  
626, 634, 647–8, 650–1, 653–4,  
660–4, 668–9, 672–3, 675, 709–10,  
725–6, 748–9, 751–3, 783, 800,  
854, 863, 875, 902–3.  
Frederick II, 115.  
Fricker, Mrs., 343, Martha, 493,  
519  
Gainsborough, 427  
Gahcia, 273  
Galway, Lord and Lady, 490  
Gambier, Admiral, 265, 299  
Garrick, 702  
Gees, The, 831, 850, 853, 854, 895,  
909  
Geneva, 893, 894, 895, 901, 902.  
Germany, 264–5, 435, 436, 438, 439,  
443, 527, 572  
Ghent, 880, 881–2, 883, 886  
Gifford, 642  
Gillies, R P, *Letters to*, 609, 610,  
613, 631, 666, 727, 730, 755, 788,  
791, 609–10, poems, &c, 610–11,  
615, 616, 631–2, 727–8, 755–6,  
789–90  
Gilman, Dr, 858, 877.  
Glasgow, 883  
Glen Croe, 142  
*Globe, The*, 287.  
Glover, John, 467  
*God's terrible voice in the city*, 458 c.  
Godwin, William, *Letter to*, 427: 429.  
Gordale, 138  
Gough, John, 565, 571–2, 581  
Gowers, The, 398, 400, 402, 403,  
404–5.  
Grace Dieu, 106, 476, 627.  
Grahame, James, 41, 86, 249, *Birds  
of Scotland*, 99.  
Grahame, Robert, *Letter to*, 248.  
and family, 41, 86.  
Grant, Mrs. Anne, *Memoirs of an  
American Lady*, 579  
Grave, *History and Antiquities of  
Cleveland*, 246.  
Greens, The, 178–9, 182–4, 187–91,  
193–6, 199, 202, 205–6, 209–10,  
211–12, 214–15, 221–2, 229–30,  
239–40, 243–4, 245, 412–13, 458 f,  
521, 901, Sally, 178, 179, 183–4,  
185, 188, 191, 209–10, 212, 344,  
363, 363–4, 367, 376, 576–7.  
Grenville, 10, 441–2, 569, 734.  
Greta Hall, 119, 479, 483, 519, 565.  
*Guardian, The*, 261.  
Gustavus Adolphus, 443.  
  
Hackett, 402, 406–7, 461–2, 492,  
517, 576, 803, 806, 831, 895.  
Hagley, 384, 465–6.  
Halifax, 27, 131–2, 133, 135, 137,  
253, 765, 767–8.  
Hannibal, 443.

# INDEX

- Hardens, The, 574, 635-6, 659, 808.  
Harrington, John, 748.  
Harrison, Anthony, 174, 449, 623  
Harte, Walter, *Poems*, 458 c  
Hartley, David, *Observations on Man*, &c, 242  
Havill, William, 171  
Haydon, B. R., *Letters to*, 679, 681, 685, 700, 751, 781, 860, 861 679-81, 685, 701-3, 706, 720, 804  
Hayti, 912  
Hazlitt, William, 196, 602, 606-7  
781-2, Mrs H. (née Stoddant), 196, 217-18  
Heber, Reginald, 458 e  
Heidelberg, 898.  
Herodotus, 233.  
Heywood, *Woman killed with Kindness*, 241.  
Hindwell, 388, 396, 416, 504, 529, 551, 578, 599, 603, 604, 607, 616, 639, 647, 650, 651, 678, 825, 847,  
Hoares, The, 867, 868-9, 870, 875, 879, 889, 893, 894, 896, 901  
Hogarth, 702.  
Hogg, James (Ettrick Shepherd), 603, 609, 610, 611, 615, 631-2  
Holland, Lady, *Letter to*, 229. and Lord, 193, 229-30, 241, 296, 734.  
Homer, 219, 458 d, 634.  
Hone, William, 804  
Hood, Thomas, 758  
Horace, 458 d, 614, 717, 720, 840.  
Horner, Francis, 649, 846.  
Horrocks, Miss, 880, 884, 892, 893, 894, 904, 910  
Hunt, Leigh, 630, 729, *Descent of Liberty*, 701; *Feast of the Poets*, 730.  
Hutchinson, Elizabeth, 164, 182, 422, 812  
Hutchinson, George, 238, 332, 333, 340, 421-3, 639, 678.  
Hutchinson, Henry (M. W.'s uncle), 151, 158, 164, 181, 416, 420, 421-3  
Hutchinson, Henry (M. W.'s brother), 148, 207-8, 210-11, 228, 238, 421-3, 564, 582, 786, 807, 809, 813, 814, 854.  
Hutchinson, Joanna, *Letter to*, 852 41, 46, 53-4, 139, 151, 158, 161, 181-2, 204, 232, 238, 259, 422-3, 424, 446, 457-8, 502, 521, 550, 558, 604, 606, 609, 639, 650, 662, 786, 794-5, 811-12, 825, 871.  
Hutchinson, John, 164, 292, 416, 421-3, 424, 554, 564, 639.  
Hutchinson, Mary (née Monkhouse), *Letters to*, 547, 866: 46, 53-4, 232, 235, 236, 259, 271, 399-400, 416, 424, 458, 511, 515, 518, 520, 521, 536, 604, 605, 608, 639, 647, 649-50, 659, 779, 803-4, 812, 825, 851, her children, 866, 871  
Hutchinson, Peggy, 235.  
Hutchinson, Sara, *Letters to*, 389, 481, 563, 574, 634, 647, 657, 807, 878, 890 2, 4, 9, 10, 11, 24, 26, 33, 41, 42, 46, 68, 69, 71, 73, 76, 77, 80, 87, 108, 132, 136, 137, 138, 139, 148, 152, 157, 164, 174, 181, 203-4, 233, 238, 253, 254, 259, 274, 293, 295, 298, 299, 300, 311, 312, 327, 336, 340, 341, 342, 347, 348, 357, 362, 372, 377, 388, 413, 415-16, 422-3, 457, 459, 481, 482, 488, 505, 506, 508-9, 518, 521, 524, 530, 534, 550, 551, 601, 626, 648, 676, 687, 795, 796, 800, 803, 816, 817, 825-6, 850, 858, 859, 876, health, 24, 86, 177-8, 180, 181, 185, 186, 188, 193, 199, 200, 201-2, 203-5, 207, 208, 214, 228, 231-2, 233, 234-5, 253, 256, 272, 273, 309, 327, 344, 357, 365, 457, 484, 489, 510, 525, 534, 548, 554, 573, 591, 604, 723, 745, 778, 785, 826, 852, 858-9, 868, with Mrs Clarkson, 131, 135, at Appleby and Eusemere, 164, at Eusemere, 234-5, 237, 340, to Kendal and Keswick, 493, 500, 506, 509, at Ambleside, 529, 530, at Kendal and Appleby, 554; at Keswick, 573, 723, 729, 745, 778, at Stockton, 582, to Scotland, 594, 596, 603-4, to Hindwell, &c, 599, 603-4, 607, 616, 633, 647, 650, to Kendal, Penrith, &c, 689, 693, at Allan Bank, 785, and S. T. C., 9, 219-20, 255, 342, 357, 358, 365-6, 367, 498-9, proposed journey to France with D. W., see D. W.  
Hutchinson, Thomas, 11, 28, 33, 41, 45, 46, 122, 138, 151-2, 158, 181, 204, 232, 238, 259, 381, 421, 423, 424, 502, 504, 521, 551, 599, 604, 608, 616, 639, 649, 678, 803-4, 847, 851, 866, 872, 912.  
Hutchinson, Colonel, *Memoirs of the Life of*, 115, 121, 136.  
Hutton, Thomas, *Letters to*, 749, 753, 754, 756, 759, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 780, 820.  
Ibbetson, Mrs, 32  
Interlaken, 890-2 *passim*, 899.  
Inverary, 142-3.



# INDEX

- Italy, 268, 436, 438, 439, 443, 647, 649-50, 654.
- Jackson, Rev Thomas, 373-4, 414, 514, 531, 673, 778
- Jackson, William, 721, 778, 853, 876, 895.
- Jeffrey, 165, 240, 283, 295, 335, 417, 458 d, 620, 622, 633, 637, 638, 642, 791
- Johnson, Dr , 15, 261, 486, 840
- Johnson, Rev. William, 445-6, 452, 456, 472, 491, 494, 550, 697-8, 706-7, 715, 835, 854, 856-7, 867, 868, 873, 874.
- Jonson, Ben, *On his first sonne*, 624.
- Josephus, 234.
- Juvenal, 458 d.
- Katrine, Loch (Ketterme), 142.
- Keats, 679, 758, 861, 862.
- Kelsall, Mrs., 282, 296.
- Kendal, 24, 53, 67, 68, 71, 87, 88, 138, 139, 161, 175, 177, 258, 282, 326, 333-4, 336, 339, 350, 412, 414, 485, 493, 494, 495, 554, 558, 563, 580, 581, 603, 657, 658, 689, 777, 806, 808, 814, 823, 854.
- Kenyon, John, *Letters to*, 859, 914
- Keswick, 4, 43, 57, 67, 68, 77, 84, 108, 119, 139, 140, 143, 161, 171, 172, 257, 266, 272, 279, 282, 287, 304, 317, 343, 364, 373, 378, 394, 416, 452, 457, 463, 479, 480, 482, 483, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497-8, 500, 506, 509, 518, 542, 547, 565, 573, 583, 584, 585, 587, 593, 676, 680, 689, 692, 693, 723, 729, 745, 753, 774, 778, 824, 828, 829.
- Kings, The, 304, 339, 462, 489, 549
- Kingston, J , *Letter to*, 804.
- Kinnaird, Lord, 229.
- Kirkstall, 137, 143.
- Klopstock, Mrs , *Memour*, translated by Miss Smith, 283.
- Knight, Richard P., *Analytical Enquiry into the Principles of Taste*, 43.
- Knott, Mrs. and Miss, 424-5, 521, 555, 564, 638.
- La Fayette, 602.
- Lamb, Charles, 39, 60, 141, 165, 196-8, 326, 327, 398, 400, 429, 446, 448, 455, 498-9, 523, 620, 623, 642, 699, 714, 716, 804, 909, 910, *Mr. H.*, 47; *Christ's Hospital 35 years ago*, 134
- Lamb, Mary, 8, 141, 165, 173, 218, 326, 397, 398, 400, 446, 448, 450, 623, 654-5, 865, 867, 869, 875, 876, 889, 894, 898, 905, 910
- Lambe, 18, 491.
- Lambeth, 17, 27, 31, 721, 725, 743, 867, 877.
- Lancaster, Joseph, 251.
- Lappenberg, Mr , 610
- Law, William, *Serious call to a devout and holy life*, 225.
- Lawrence, Mrs. Rose, *Letter to*, 863.
- Leasowes, The, 384
- Leeds, 131, 132, 133, 137, 172, 176.
- Leghorn, 51
- Le Grice, C V , 134-5, 148.
- Lensberg, 891, 898.
- Lewthwaite, Hannah, 9, 32, 41, 44.
- Liege, 886.
- Lisbon, 297.
- Literary Gazette, The*, 848
- Liverpool, 153, 176, 275, 860.
- Liverpool, Lord, 525-6, 528, 903.
- Llandaff, Bishop of, *see* Watson.
- Lloyd, Charles, 140, 165, 218-19, 376, 450, 483, 559, 564, 573, 612-13, 624, 636, 637, 643, 656, 674, 682, 684, 691, 694-5, 708, 722, 835, 855, 865, 872, 874, Mrs., 26, 109, 202-3, 218-19, 243, 343, 352, 450, 483, 534, 574, 583, 612, 628, 636, 643, 656, 673-4, 682-4, 689, 691, 692-3, 694, 696, 708, 835, 855.
- Lloyd, Priscilla, *see* Wordsworth, Mrs. Christopher.
- Lloyds, The, 4, 32, 139, 235, 261, 283, 287, 353, 378, 424, 462-3, 656, 659, 674, 683, 684, 691, 692, 694, 722.
- Lockhart, 668.
- Lofft, Capel, 696-7.
- Logan, John, 845.
- London, Bishop of, 612, 622, 855, 868.
- London Magazine, The*, 668, 862.
- Longman, *Letter to*, 667: 328-9, 446, 458 e, 458 f, 873, 875, 877.
- Lonsdale, Lord, *Letters to*, 59, 315, 485, 527, 537, 585, 802, 804, 805, 807, 821, 830, 835, 836, 840, 846, 863, 901 55-6, 59, 60, 61, 144, 237, 312, 465, 475-6, 522, 525-6, 555, 563, 596, 715, 742, 791, 804, 816, 823, 841, 852-4, 858.
- Lowther, Colonel and Mrs., 823.
- Lucerne, 893, 895, 896, 900, 901.
- Luffs, The, 11, 44, 140, 174, 229, 237, 238, 324, 325, 332, 339, 353, 380,

# INDEX

- 462, 484, 489, 491-2, 564, 573, 635, 662, 684-5, 688, 691, 696, Mrs., 238, 573, 688, 695-6, 796, 808, 811, 816-17, 850, 851, 854, 858.
- Machiavel, 748.
- Mackintosh, Sir James and Lady, 241, 521.
- Malkin, B. H., 338.
- Malta, 5, 8, 11, 37, 69.
- Marsh, Peggy, 23-4, 28, 38, 49-50.
- Marshall, Jane, (*née* Pollard), *Letters to*, 25, 142, 145, 175, 176, 211, 251, 345, 351, 355, 367, 503, 512, 545, 559, 681, 794, 827 27, 137, 210, 830, 870, 872-3.
- Marshall, John, 137, 144, 146, 147, 176, 253, 352, 367, 512, 581, 791, 870.
- Mathetes*, 348, 349, 351.
- Mauritius, 573.
- Melmoth, William, *Great Importance of Religious Life*, 225.
- Melrose, 143.
- Milan, 897, 901, 902.
- Milton, 190, 390, 621, 622, 634, 702, 748, 836, *Paradise Lost*, 115, 128, 134, 225, 242, 406, 428, 470, 474, 842, *Prose works*, 233; *Minor Poems*, 242.
- Mitchell, J. Forbes, *Letter to*, 843.
- Moniteur*, The, 269-70, 273.
- Monkhouse, John, 33, 56, 122, 235, 248, 259, 271, 357, 400, 416, 551, 605, 606, 607-8, 609, 637, 676, 800, 871, 913; Mrs., 45.
- Monkhouse, Mary, *see* Hutchinson, Mary.
- Monkhouse, Thomas, *Letters to*, 802, 806, 864, 872, 874, 876, 907, 910; 416, 521, 524, 548, 558, 567, 570, 577, 637, 787-8, 800, 825, 828, 852, 854, 856, 861, 867-94 *passim*, 911, 913, Mrs., 878, 880, 887, 891, 892, 893, 894, 904, 908, 911, 912-13.
- Monkhouse, Mrs (aunt), 586, 597.
- Montagu, Alfred, 430, Algernon, 376, 430, 445, 493, 524, 560, Basil junior, 40, 46-7, 583-5 *passim*, 587-9 *passim*, 659; Basil, *Letters to*, 524, 528, 560, 583, 736, 737-17, 32, 39-40, 46-7, 62, 105, 118, 133-4, 148, 149, 150, 189, 193, 221-2, 246, 259, 300, 397, 409, 430, 447-9 *passim*, 480, 498-9, 519, 566-7, 587, 598, 719, 736-40, 743, 744, his second wife, 32, 39-40; his third, 246, 397, 409, 430, 447-9 *passim*, 490, 524, 560, 736.
- Montgomery, James, 638, 652, 655-6.
- Monthly Mirror, The*, 458 f.
- Monthly Review, The*, 334.
- Moore, Sir John, 258, 275-8, 285, 310, 311, 316.
- More, Hannah, 15, 651-2, 655, *Coelebs in Search of a Wife*, 335.
- Morgans, The, 416, 448, 463, 565, 593, 645.
- Mulgrave, 62-3.
- Muncaster, Lord, 206.
- Murat, 654, 661, 752.
- Myers, Mr., 853.
- Nab Scar, 302-3.
- Namur, 886.
- Napoleon, 243, 258, 268, 275, 277, 288, 433-4, 442, 445, 569, 592-3, 594, 647-8, 649-50, 653-4, 660-4, 672-3, 675, 696, 708-9, 710, 720, 727, 751-3, 897.
- Navarrete, J. F., 864.
- Nelson, 6, 134.
- Newton, Robert, 373, 459, 672.
- Newton, statue of, 388, 392.
- North, Christopher (*see* Wilson, John).
- Norths, The, 179, 209, 210, 212, 302-3, 531, 534-5, 540, 548, 556, 823.
- Nottingham, 121, 136.
- Ogilby, John, 458 c.
- Opie, Amelia, *Adeline Mowbray*, 491.
- Oporto, 297.
- Ormathwaite, 351-3.
- Otway, 241.
- Ovid, 270, 458 d, 487.
- Oxford, 40, 636, 644, 835, 884.
- Palm, J. P., 592.
- Paris, 902-3, 904-7.
- Park House, 9, 10, 11, 26, 28, 33, 38, 41, 42, 44-5, 48-9, 50, 53, 57, 58, 59.
- Park, Mungo, 458 a; *Travels in Africa*, 75, 115.
- Parr, Dr. Samuel, 622.
- Parry, H., *Letter to*, 849: 563.
- Pascal, 82-3.
- Pasley, Captain Sir Ch. W., *Letter to*, 430 *Essay on military policy, &c*, 430-41, 740, 660.
- Patterdale, 148, 237, 238, 369, 458 b, 689.

# INDEX

- Penrith, 45, 68, 84, 147, 151, 152,  
153, 158, 160, 161, 165, 181, 203,  
208, 235, 238, 261, 282, 284, 294,  
301, 303, 314, 322, 336, 369, 376,  
449, 480, 515, 567, 573, 577, 689,  
690, 692, 693, 780, 800, 854.
- Perceval, 411, 502
- Percy, *Reliques*, 6.
- Philanthropist*, *The*, 622, 665.
- Philips, Mr., 187, 206, 210.
- Pichegru, 592.
- Pitt, 4, 6-7, 125, 296.
- Place Fell, 55-6, 58, 59-61, 122, 292,  
863.
- Playford, 905-12 *passim*.
- Plutarch, *Lives*, 19, 233.
- Pollard, Mrs., 252, Harriot, 147,  
Miss, 543.
- Polybius, 443.
- Poole, Thomas, *Letters to*, 279, 320,  
595, 644, 280
- Pope, 458 d, 704
- Porter, Anna Maria, 638
- Portugal, 243, 253, 257, 270, 271,  
273, 297, 305-6, 310, 419, 441,  
442-3.
- Powley, Mr., 491, 494, 532, 549,  
550.
- Price, Uvedale, 30, 466, *Essay on the  
Picturesque*, 2-3.
- Prussia, 443.
- Quarterly Review*, *The*, 597, 620,  
642, 716, 718, 793, 846-7.
- Queen Caroline, 903.
- Quincey, Thomas De, *see* De Quin-  
cey.
- Quixote*, *Don*, 561.
- Radcliffe, Mrs., 417-18.
- Raphael, 702-3.
- Rawson, Mr., 132, 133, 137, 516,  
543, 544, 776.
- Rawson, Mrs (*née* Threlkeld), 27-8,  
137, 146, 347-8, 356, 367-8, 505-  
6, 515, 516, 543, 545, 766-7, 776.
- Rectory, The, Grasmere, the W.s'  
residence at, 414, 420, 446, 451-3,  
455-6, 460, 481-2, 492-3, 497, 537,  
539, 540, 546.
- Redesdale, Lord, 112-13.
- Rembrandt, 185-6.
- Reubens, 467-8.
- Reynier, General, 286
- Reynolds, John Hamilton, *Letter to*,  
758: poems, 758-9.
- Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 473.
- Richardson, Samuel, 15; corre-  
spondence, 283.
- Robinson, H. C., 10, 165, 344, 397,  
399, 400, 447, 490, 602, 622, 654,  
664, 876, 889, 894, 900.
- Rogers, Samuel, *Letters to*, 243, 540,  
597, 787, 127, 193, 206, 241, 243,  
245, 519, 521, poems, 541, 597, 841
- Romagna, Marquess of, 243
- Romilly, Sir Samuel, 734
- Roscoe, William, 275.
- Roslin Chapel, 143.
- Rough, William, 622.
- Russia, 433, 439, 443
- Rydal Mount, 531-2, 534-5, 537,  
539, 540, 543, 546, 548-9, 551,  
556, 558, 559, 560, 570-2, 574,  
578, 851-2
- Ryder, Dr. Henry (Bishop of Glou-  
cester), 715, 722
- Saragossa, 267, 269, 274-5, 276, 279,  
281, 285, 299, 304, *Narrative of  
the Siege of*, 271.
- Satterthwaite, Mr., 461, 465, 689,  
722
- Scambler, Mr., 192, 193, 200-1, 205,  
233, 272, 362-3, 367, 369, 374,  
383, 397, 399, 402, 423, 490, 505,  
508-9, 530, 534, 535, 538, 540,  
541-2, 548, 671, 676, 855.
- Schaffhausen, 891, 898
- Schill, 324.
- Scipio, 438, 747.
- Scott, John, *Letters to*, 668, 705, 708,  
710, 712, 719, 732, 740, 746, 680,  
701, 708, 713-14, 781, 862.
- Scotland, 33, 226, 594, 596, 598,  
599, 603-4.
- Scott, Walter, *Letters to*, 73, 105,  
120, 213, 239, 458 a, 458 c, 458 e,  
915, 3, 33, 43, 425, 541, 582, 598,  
611, 615-16, 631-2, 638-9, 666-7,  
867, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 74,  
180, 240; *Hellvellyn*, 74, *Mar-  
mon*, 121, 240, 417, 458 c; *Min-  
strelsy of the Scottish Border*, 122,  
edition of Dryden, 240-1, 458 c;  
*Lady of the Lake*, 417-18.
- Selden, *Table Talk*, 149.
- Selkirk, Lord, *Letter to Major Cart-  
wright*, 318.
- Sertorius, Captam, 825
- Seward, Miss, 611.
- Shadwell, 458 c.
- Shaftesbury, 458 c
- Shakespeare, 170; *sonnets*, 217.
- Sharp, Richard, *Letters to*, 187, 205,  
241, 585. 33, 193, 210, 230, 242-  
3, 244, 271, 463-4, 497, 500, 517,  
519, 521, 541, 597, 788, 846.

# INDEX

- Sharpe, Charles, 610.  
 Shelley, H. C , *Literary Bypaths*, 758.  
 Sicily, 436.  
 Sidmouth, Lord, 779.  
 Sidney, Sir Philip, 311, 748. Lord  
     *Brooke's Life of*, 258  
 Simpsons, The, 4, 138, 778.  
 Skepper, Mrs., 189, 246, *and see*  
     Montagu, Mrs.  
 Slee, Isaac, *Letter to*, 763.  
 Smith, Patty, 69, 617-21, *passim*.  
 Smith, William, 69, 107, 617, 623,  
     624, 782, 784, 786, 788, 793.  
 Sockbridge, 148, 248, 284, 336, 340,  
     369, 375, 376, 378, 380, 381, 451,  
     515, 519, 612, 689, 690, 693, 698,  
     742, 743, 754, 779.  
 Sotheby, William, 4, 29.  
 Southey, Robert, *Letters to*, 633,  
     717, 735, 16, 34, 40, 84, 135, 149,  
     154, 168, 169, 172, 173, 176, 198,  
     200, 201, 282, 287, 313, 325, 333,  
     416, 458 d, 458 f, 472, 494, 495,  
     565, 581, 582, 588-9, 596, 613, 642,  
     644-5, 711, 714, 725, 735, 744, 746,  
     781, 782, 784, 786, 793, 798, 801,  
     841, 842, 846, 859, 864, 869, 876,  
     *Curse of Kehama*, 416, 514, *Hist.*  
     *of Brazil*, 497, *Chronicle of the Cid*,  
     497; *Nelson*, 579, *Roderick*, 662-3,  
     *Wat Tyler*, 782, Mrs., 744-5, 801;  
     Southey, The, 32, 108, 119, 153,  
     343, 396, 463, 500, 512, 518, 551,  
     588-9, 592, 604, 725, 735-6, 744-  
     5, 834.  
 Spain, 225, 243, 250, 253, 257-8,  
     264, 267-8, 271, 273, 275-8, 282,  
     283, 285-6, 288, 311, 350, 372,  
     419, 438, 439, 442-3, 710, 711-12  
*Spectator, The*, 76, 90, 120, 261.  
 Spence, Thomas, 792.  
 Spenser, Edmund, 633-4, 717: *Faerie*  
     *Queene*, 270, 478, 639, *Epithala-*  
     *mion*, 713.  
 Spenser, Lord, 229.  
 Stamford, 387.  
 Stevens, Mr. (of Sedbergh), 857,  
     859-60.  
 Stirling, 891  
 Stockton, 151, 158, 160, 161, 164,  
     167, 182, 208, 397, 424, 506, 509,  
     582, 749, 851.  
 Stoddart, John, 8, 37, 216-18, 220;  
     *Remarks on Local Scenery and*  
     *Manners of Scotland*, 11; Sara, *see*  
     Hazlitt, Mrs.  
 Stuart, Daniel, *Letters to*, 257, 264,  
     288, 296, 313, 318, 322, 327, 522,  
     525, 629, 783, 791, 796, 817; 167,  
     196, 263, 271, 274, 298-9, 305,  
     309-10, 312, 320, 327, 447, 792.  
 Sweden, 225, 433.  
 Switzerland, 225, 436, 877  
 Sylla, 437.  
 Symmonds, Dr., 150, *Life of Milton*,  
     190  
 Tacitus, 233.  
*Tait's Magazine*, 194.  
 Talevera, 340  
 Tasso, 633-4  
*Tatler, The*, 261.  
 Taylor, William, 428.  
 Thomson, *Ode on Solitude*, 91, *Castle*  
     *of Indolence*, 469  
 Thompson, George, *Letter to*, 561.  
 Threlkeld, Elizabeth, 27, 132, 177,  
     505-6, 541  
 Threlkeld, Mr., 137.  
 Threlkeld, Mrs., 132, 137, 544, 765-  
     6, 767, 768.  
 Thucydides, 233.  
 Thun, 899.  
 Tierney, George, 846.  
 Tilbrook, Samuel, 338-9, 392, 513,  
     517, 518, 581, 582, 605, 623, 671-  
     2, 673, 674-5, 676, 689, 692, 726,  
     801, 819, 851, 909.  
 Titian, 861.  
 Trieste, 1, 4, 7, 8, 12, 37  
 Turner, Sharon, 458 e.  
 Tutbury, The wonder of, 385.  
 Vallon, Annette, 522, 600-1, 647-8,  
     650, 654, 661-2, 664, 675-6, 726,  
     801.  
 Vallon, Caroline, 522, 600-1, 626,  
     647, 661-2, 676, 725-6, 800, 801.  
 Varro, Terentius, 439.  
 Vimeira, 270.  
 Virgil, 149, 251, 270, 458 d, 634,  
     836-40, 841-2, 843.  
 Wade, Mr., 593.  
 Wakefield, Gilbert, 296, 305.  
 Wales, 259, 295, 300, 336, 340, 341,  
     362, 377, 379, 381, 383, 384, 388,  
     396, 413, 484-5, 490, 502, 503,  
     504, 532, 551, 612, 633, 643, 678,  
     826, 912.  
 Walton, Isaac, *Complete Angler*,  
     166; 841.  
 Wardle, Colonel, 264.  
 Watermillock, 367-9, 515-16, 533,  
     539, 541, 543-4, 547.  
 Watson, Richard, *Bishop of Llandaff*,  
     184, 206, 296, 305, 575, 613.  
 Wedgwood, Thomas, 40, 496.

# INDEX

- Weir, Miss, 152, 209, 303, 326, 330, 333, 415, 457, 462, 554, 624, 689, 693
- Wellesley, Sir Arthur, 245, 258, 271, 297, 298, 299, 305-6, 310, 419, 454, 502, 673, 708-9, 712, 734.
- Wellington, Duke of, *see* Wellesley.
- Wesley, S., *On the setting up Mr. Butler's monument*, 747
- Westmorland Election, The, 806-11, 813, 814-16, 823.
- Westmoreland Gazette*, The, 846
- Whitaker, T. D., *History of Whalley and History of Craven*, 145-6, 246, 253, 291, 175-7, 348.
- Whitbread, Samuel, 490, 569.
- Whitby, 63.
- White, Gilbert, *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*, 246, 291.
- Whitehaven, 143-4, 151, 563, 581, 754
- Wieland, 632, 788.
- Wilberforce, William, 46, 649, 656, 825, 827-8, Wilberforces, The, 823-5, 827-8
- Wilkie, David, 62, 78, 162, 475
- Wilkin, Mr., 555, 561-2, 563
- Wilkinson, Rev Joseph, *Select Views*, &c., 342, 370, 408, 483; 371, 514.
- Wilkinson, Thomas, *Letters to*, 86, 332, 47, 55-6, 61, 86-7, 122, 148, 325, 674, 757, 772, 801, 833.
- Williams, Helen Maria, *Letters to*, 903, 907.
- Wills, Miss, 388.
- Wilson, John, *Letter to*, 865; 184, 206, 236, 237, 239, 275, 295, 300, 330, 336, 341, 344, 348-9, 357, 395-6, 406, 407-8, 563, 575, 603, 610, 632, 865; *City of the Plague*, 728, 732.
- Wilson, Mrs., and the Misses, 236, 292, 341, 348, 349, 395-6, 575, 610.
- Wilson, Mrs. (Wilsy), 119, 343.
- Winkelman, Abbé, 685-6.
- Wordsworth, Catharine, 263, 272, 282, 284, 300, 318, 326, 335, 337, 340, 343, 347, 357, 362-3, 367, 369, 371, 372-3, 375, 377, 378, 382-3, 384, 394-5, 399-403 *passim*, 405, 408, 413, 415, 420, 423-4, 425, 450, 456, 460, 468, 482-3, 486, 490, 493, 500, 502 *et seq. passim*, 517, 519, 520, 531, 536, 540, 542, 568, 591, 596.
- Wordsworth, Christopher, *Letters to*, 612, 697, 706, 715, 720, 738, 741, 831-5, 17, 27, 39, 153, 154, 165, 204, 356, 359, 379, 382, 397, 398-9, 430, 461, 483, 501, 575, 612, 622, 636-7, 641, 644, 682, 683, 691, 694, 695, 715, 719, 721, 725, 737, 743, 750, 754, 757, 771, 775, 780, 821, 867, 869-70, 873, 876, 888, 893, 894, 905, 908, 909, 912
- Wordsworth, Mrs Christopher, *Letter to*, 640. 5, 18, 27, 39, 147, 153, 376, 378, 379, 397, 398, 399, 450, 636-7, 681-2, 683-4, 694, 695, her children, 18, 27, 147, 153, 204, 398, 399, 536, 643, 895, 906, 908, 911.
- Wordsworth, Dora, *Letter to*, 878-4, 5, 10, 14, 15, 17, 18, 20, 22, 25-6, 30, 33, 36, 41, 44-5, 48-9, 50, 53, 54, 57, 62, 70, 73, 86, 109, 112, 120, 122, 137, 138, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 152-3, 155, 158, 164, 165, 174, 202-3, 232, 238, 256, 281, 282, 284, 293, 303, 318, 326, 330, 335, 340, 343, 344, 347, 356-7, 373, 375, 378, 395, 402, 407, 408-9, 419, 423, 456-7, 460, 461, 462, 483, 490, 506, 507, 509-10, 517, 528-9, 530, 532, 535, 539, 543, 547, 550, 551, 564, 575, 576, 577, 579-80, 591, 613, 624, 627, 643, 651, 656, 659, 671-2, 676-7, 684, 691, 723-4, 745, 777-8, 785, 795, 802-3, 812, 816, 823, 826, 829, 834, 850-1, 854, 858, 871, 895.
- Wordsworth, Dorothy.  
*Journal of Tour on Continent*, 878, 888  
*Recollections of a Tour in Scotland*, 2, 3, 9, 10-11, 19, 22, 31, 35, 36, 89, 169, 514; *Journal*, 41, poems, 20-22; love for W. W. 19, 21, love for W. W.'s children, 34, 408, 524, 529, 534, 542, 544-6, 566, 591; anxiety for S. T. C., 1, 4, 5, 8-9, 11-12, 14, 37-8, 59, 65-9, 81-2, 83-4, 155, 158, 163-4, 172-4, 175, 228, and *see* S. T. C., D. W.'s opinion of; a regular church-goer, 117-18; and the Greens, 178-9, 182-4, 190-1, 193-4, 199, 205, 209-12; and Grasmere Sunday-school, 452, opinion of Mrs. Coleridge, 67, 119-20; opinion of the English and French languages, 83; opinion of W. W.'s poems, 165, 168, 180, 184, 602-3, 606-7, 625, 642, 678, health, 86, 147,

# INDEX

- 171, 202, 236-7, 256, 259, 344, 409, 419, 420, 484, 489, 510, 512, 545, 578, 591, 671, 672, 673, 676, 679, 690, 716-17, 727, 740, 742, 850, 853, 859, 864-5, 868, 869, 885, 886-7, 889, 894, 896, 899, 901, 906, at Park House, 44-5, 48-9, at Halifax and Leeds, 133, 137, at Keswick, 141, 479, 482, 483, 583-9 *passim*, 829, at Eusemere, 234-5, 237-8, 515, 516, 800, at Elleray, 236, 292, 348, 407-14 *passim*; to Coleorton, Bury, Binfield, &c., 371, 377-8, 379, 381, 382-93, 396, 397-400, 420, 444, to Hackett, 402, 406-7, at Kendal, 333-4, 412, 414, 485, 563-6, 580-1, 806, 807 *et seq passim*, at Ambleside, 529, 530; at Watermillock, 512, 515, 516, 533, 539, 541, 544, 547, to Hindwell, &c., 599, 603-4, 612, 643; at Brathay 682-3, at Lowther, Penrith, Sockbridge, Hallsteads, 689, 690, 693, at Halifax and Kendal, 765 *et seq passim* 776, 777, at Hallsteads, &c., 794, to Keswick and Borrowdale, 828, at Lambeth, 864-77, tour on continent, to Cambridge, Playford, 875, 877-914, proposed journey to France, 600-2, 607, 626, 634, 647-8, 650-1, 653-4, 661-2, 664, 673, 675-6, 725-6, 800.
- Wordsworth, Dorothy (of Whitehaven), 577, 580, 584
- Wordsworth, Elizabeth (Mrs. W. of Whitehaven), 577.
- Wordsworth, Jane, 292.
- Wordsworth, John (Grandfather), 567.
- Wordsworth, John (Father), 165
- Wordsworth, John (Brother), 40, 109, 118, 152, 189, 208, 425.
- Wordsworth, Johnny (son), 5, 10, 15, 17, 20, 24, 25-6, 28, 33, 34, 36, 38, 41, 45, 49, 50, 53, 57, 70, 73, 79-80, 109, 120, 122, 136, 137, 138, 139, 141, 143, 147, 152-3, 155, 158, 164, 174, 189-90, 192-3, 200-1, 202, 203, 206, 227, 232, 238, 256, 261-2, 263, 281, 282, 287, 292-3, 294, 300, 312, 317, 327, 331, 335, 337, 338, 340, 341, 343-4, 346-7, 348, 356, 367, 373, 375, 378, 395, 400, 401-2, 408-9, 419, 423, 450, 455, 456, 457, 458 e, 461, 462, 482, 487, 489, 491, 493, 494, 500, 503, 506, 508, 509, 510, 513, 528-9, 530, 535, 539, 543, 549-50, 580, 584, 591, 613, 624, 643, 658, 659, 671, 677, 684, 691, 724, 777, 802, 826, 831-2, 834, 850, 851, 854, 857, 859, 871, 910, 912, 913.
- Wordsworth, John (of Keswick, son of Richard, and nephew of W. W.), 690, 719, 737, 738, 739, 744, 750, 769, 812, 821.
- Wordsworth, Captain John and Mrs., 375, 376, 514, 516, 690, 760, 800, 859
- Wordsworth, Mary, 2, 4, 9, 10, 24, 54, 119, 136, 137, 138, 147-8, 156, 162, 164, 208-9, 219-20, 235, 292, 307, 524, 525, 814, 887, 898, health, 9, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 31, 32, 34, 38, 40-1, 46, 53, 57, 70, 85-6, 132, 138, 144, 152, 158, 164, 174, 177, 188, 193, 202, 205, 228, 238, 253, 256, 273, 343, 347, 358, 361, 363, 366, 369, 371, 372, 374, 377, 379, 382, 384, 401, 402, 409, 419, 420, 424, 425, 496, 504-6, 510-11, 513, 517, 519, 520, 531-3, 534, 542, 546, 548, 552, 555, 573, 582, 590-1, 604, 613, 627, 651, 657-8, 691, 727, 745, 779, 850, 885, 893, at Park House, 57, 58, 59, at Eusemere, 141, 143, 151, to Wasdale, &c., 143-4, 151, to Stockton, 151, 158, 161, 164, 167, to Kendal, 175, 177, 350, 657-8, at Elleray, 341, 407-14 *passim*, at Hackett, 402, 406-7, at seaside, 456, 460-1, 468, to Wales, 484-5, 490, 502, at Ambleside, 529, 530, at Keswick, 547, 824; at Whitehaven, 563, 581; to Scotland, 594, 596, 598, 599, to London, Bury, &c., 666, 670-71, 674; to Lowther, Sockbridge, &c., 689, 692, 693, at London, 803, tour on continent, &c., 875, 877-914; and the Greens, 178, 199, 206, 210, 212; inheritance from H. Hutchinson, 420, 422-3, and Grasmere Sunday school, 452; and Ch. Lloyd, 682.
- Wordsworth, Nancy (Mrs. Ireland), 604.
- Wordsworth, Richard (of Whitehaven), 577, 604, 698, 707.
- Wordsworth, Richard (Brother), *Letters to*, 4, 23, 28, 38, 70, 122, 123, 133, 145, 147, 247, 259, 283.

# INDEX

292, 332, 336, 353, 354, 360, 369,  
375, 376, 378, 380, 381, 420, 451,  
484, 515, 519, 538, 552, 553, 562,  
566, 568, 584, 587, 616, 719 145,  
147, 153, 259, 284, 340, 353, 361,  
497, 515, 519, 552, 558, 560, 593,  
612, 689, 690-1, 693, 698, 707-8,  
717, 722, 725, 736-40, 741-4, 746,  
764, 769, 780, 785, 786  
Wordsworth, Mrs Richard, 593,  
612, 616, 690, 737, 741, 742, 743,  
746, 750, 750, 754, 757, 764, 771,  
772, 812, 821  
Wordsworth, Thomas, 34, 38, 45-6,  
53, 59, 70, 73, 86, 100, 109, 120,  
122, 132, 133, 136-7, 138, 139,  
143, 145, 147, 152-3, 158, 164, 174,  
179, 202, 203, 232, 238, 256, 263,  
272, 273, 282, 300, 303-4, 327,  
335, 340, 343, 347, 357, 373, 375,  
378, 402, 419, 423, 450, 452, 455,  
456, 457, 460, 462, 482, 490, 496-  
7, 513, 517, 524-5, 526, 528, 529,  
530-6, 538-9, 540, 541-3, 544,  
545-6, 547-8, 550, 551, 554, 566,  
568, 571, 591-2, 596, 656  
Wordsworth, William, *Letters to*, 18,  
177, 184, 389, 488, 491, 499.  
Poetic activity, &c., 2, 30, 47,  
50, 51, 62, 74, 80, 83, 89, 117, 146,  
163, 224, 290, 294-5, 359, 366,  
374, 419, 427-8, 449, 463, 484,  
535, 538, 590, 591, 596, 634-5,  
658, 685, 758, 760, 785-6, 835-6,  
851, 862-3, 878, 884; health, 11,  
17-18, 28, 31, 71-2, 86, 171, 238,  
260, 285, 341, 371, 374, 420, 461,  
488, 535, 546, 590-1, 826, 850,  
854, 859, 860, 862-3, 877, 887,  
893, 901, a bad manager of his  
affairs, 31, aversion to penman-  
ship, 50, 486-7, 704, anxiety to be  
near S. T. C., 51, 57, 61, 63, 65, 68,  
a regular Church-goer, 117-18,  
his reading, 150, 233-4, 487, 841-  
2; in high favour with Mary's rich  
uncle, 151, 164, reluctance to  
publish, 180, 184-5, 213, writing  
for *The Friend*, 349-51 *passim*,  
356, 358-9, S. T. C.'s quarrel  
with, 447-9, 454-5, 473, 480-1,  
490, 496, 497-9, 500, 502, 556-7;  
and stamp office, &c., 485-6, 522-  
3, 525-8, 537-8, 554-5, 559, 560,  
561-2, 563, 568, 569, 573, 596,  
616, 658, 769, 770, 771, 773, 779,  
804-5, 905, love of his son Willy,  
533, 671, 777, Carruthers's por-  
trait of, 801, 802.

To London, 12, 14, 16-19, 23,  
26, 28, 29, 72, 124, 133, 171, 172-  
3, 175-7, 180, 184, 185-6, 188,  
190, 217, 455, 458 e, 484, 495,  
498, 504, 803, at Sir George  
Beaumonts, 20, 22; tour of  
Border with W. Scott, 33, at  
Park House, 42, 44-5, 48-9, 57,  
58, 59, at Whithby, 63, at Halifax,  
Leeds, Bolton Abbey, &c., 133,  
137, at Keswick, 139, 547, 824,  
at Eusemere, 141, 143, 151, 236-  
7, to Wasdale, Whitehaven, &c.,  
143-4, 151, at Penrith and Stock-  
ton, 147, 151, 153, 158, 160, 161,  
164, 167; at Dunmow, 179, 180,  
185; to Penrith, Sockbridge,  
Appleby, &c., 282, 284; at  
Elleray, 341, 407-14 *passim*; to  
Coleorton, Wales, Hagley, &c.,  
370-1, 377, 379, 381, 383, 384,  
388, 396, 465, 466, at Sockbridge,  
376, 779, at Hackett, 402, 406; to  
sea-side with M. W., 460-1, 468,  
to Bocking, 501, 504; to Wales,  
503-4; at Low-wood, 519, at  
Ambleside, 529-30; at White-  
haven, 563, 581, 754, at Penrith,  
573, 780, at Penrith, Lowther,  
and Kirby Steven, 577, at Low-  
ther, 582, 606, 623, 680; to Scot-  
land, 594, 596, 598, 599, 603, to  
Kendal, 657-8; to London, Bock-  
ing, Bury, Coleorton, 666, 670-1,  
674, 737, at Lowther, Sockbridge,  
and Appleby, 689, 692, 693, 698,  
to Lowther, Sockbridge, and Hall-  
steads, 689, 690, 693, at Stockton,  
749; at Kirby Lonsdale, 768-9;  
to Lowther and Ullswater, 791;  
at T. Wilkinson's 801, to Coleor-  
ton, 839, to London, France,  
Cambridge, Coleorton, &c., 875,  
877-914.

Views on laying out gardens,  
&c., 3, 7, 76-7, 90-99, 112-14, 467;  
recognition of merit, 6, 843-5;  
friendship, 7, politics, 10, 227,  
241, 264-5, 288-9, 305-6, 314-15,  
334, 411, 501-2, 569, 594, 648-50,  
656, 709-10, 711, 733-4, 748-9,  
783-4, 792-3, 802, 804, 805-6,  
807 (*see also under* Cintra), public  
men, 60; personal satire, 72;  
parents and children, 101-5;  
national education, 222-7, 264-5,  
288-9, public attitude to his  
poetry, &c., 125-31, 134, 169-70,  
197-8, 211, 213, 419, 598, 621-2,

# INDEX

678, 699-700, 703, 713, 721, 863,  
his judgement of pictures, 186,  
education and man in a state of  
nature, 222-4, 226-7, religion,  
225, copyright, 241-2, 844, poetry  
and matter of fact, 244; catholic  
emancipation, &c., 250-1, 291,  
429-30, 569, 572, the army and  
navy, 264-5, 288, 585, 740-1 (*see also*  
*Cintra*), military power, 431-43,  
topography, &c, 246, 291, church  
of England, 291; publication of  
his poems, 307-9, 791; England  
and France, 431-43 *passim*, the  
writing of Inscriptions, 473-4,  
poetry, 610, 614-15, 617-22, 632,  
633-4, 705, 731, 755-6, 836-40,  
848; the Madras system, 646,  
Methodism, 722; monarchies and  
revolution, 751-3.

## WORKS.

Advance—come forth, 356.  
*Affliction of Margaret*, 309.  
Alas! what boots the long labori-  
ous quest, 356  
*Alice Fell*, 41, 307.  
And is it among rude untutored  
Dales, 356.  
*Anecdote for Fathers*, 307.  
*Angelo, Translations from Michael*,  
52, 59, 62, 80-1.  
*Animal tranquillity and decay*, 309  
At early dawn, 841  
Bard of the Fleece, 478.  
*Beaumont, Sonnet to Lady*, 115.  
*Beaumont, Epistle to Sir George*,  
469.  
*Beggars, The*, 308.  
Beneath yon eastern ridge, 476,  
477.  
*Blind Highland Boy, The*, 107, 309.  
*Borderers, The*, 199.  
*Brothers, The*, 308  
*Bruges, Sonnet to*, 884.  
*Burns, Letter to a friend of*, 716,  
718, 721, 725, 729, 747, 755.  
*Burns's Sons, To*, 309.  
*Butterfly, To a*, 610.  
Call not the Royal Swede un-  
fortunate, 711.  
*Celandine, To the*, There is a  
flower, 308; Pansies, lilies, 308;  
Pleasures newly found, 308.  
*Chiabrera, Epitaphs translated*  
*from*, 356, 358.  
*Childless Father, The*, 309  
*Cintra, Convention of, see separate*  
*entry*

*Wordsworth Works (cont.)*  
*Cuckoo, To the*, 308.  
*Cumberland Beggar, The*, 309.  
*Daisy, On the*, 170.  
*Daisy, To the*, Bright Flower, 308;  
With little hero, 308.  
Dear child of nature, 308.  
*Descriptive Sketches*, 628, 900.  
*Duty, Ode to*, 309.  
*Ellen Irwin*, 308.  
*Emigrant Mother, The*, 309.  
*Epitaphs, Essay on*, 356, 495, 655.  
*Excursion*, 126, 138, 590, 594, 596,  
597-8, 598-9, 602-3, 606-7,  
608, 612, 615-16, 617-21, 621-  
5, 626, 630, 633, 637-8, 640,  
642, 646, 652, 655-6, 662, 663,  
665, 668, 669-70, 695, 696, 716,  
747, 768, 833.  
*Fidelity*, 12-14, 16, 74, 308.  
Flock of sheep, A, 130  
*Force of Prayer, The*, 146.  
*Foresight*, 307  
*Fountain, The*, 309.  
*Freeholders of Westmoreland*,  
*Letters to the*, 805, 806, 810, 821.  
*Friend, The*, Sonnets published in,  
356.  
From the dark chambers of dejec-  
tion freed, 609.  
*Goody Blake*, 308.  
*Green Linnet, The*, 308.  
*Guide to the Lakes*, 342, 828.  
*Happy Warrior, The*, 5-6, 8, 309.  
*Hartleap Well*, 308.  
*Hartley Coleridge, To*, 307.  
High is our calling, Friend!, 686,  
700-1, 703, 706.  
*Highland Girl, To a*, 308, 597  
How clear, how keen, 686, 700-1,  
706.  
*Idiot Boy, The*, 309.  
*Idle Shepherd Boys*, 307.  
I heard a thousand blended notes,  
308.  
I wandered, lonely as a cloud,  
129-30, 149, 170, 308.  
If thou, in the dear love, 475,  
476-7.  
Imagination, ne'er before con-  
tent, 710-11.  
In youth, from rock to rock, 170,  
308.  
*Intimations of Immortality, &c.,*  
*Ode*, 20, 307, 619.  
Intrepid Sons of Albion!, 705-6.  
It was a moral end, 356  
I've watched you, 307.  
*Juvenal, Imitation of*, 72.



# INDEX

## Wordsworth *Works* (cont.)

*Kitten and the falling leaves, The*, 308.  
*Laodamia*, 629.  
*Last of the Flock, The*, 308  
*Liberty, Sonnets to*, 127  
 Lie here, without a record of thy worth, 308  
 Look now on that Adventurer, 711.  
*Louisa*, 307.  
*Lucy Gray, &c* , 307  
*Lyrical Ballads*, 149, 475, 730  
*Mad Mother, The*, 309.  
 Mathetes, Reply to, 349-51.  
*MatheW*, 309  
*Matron of Jedborough*, 309, 425.  
*Michael*, 309.  
*Moods of my own mind*, 127  
*Naming of Places, Poems on the*, 308.  
*Nutting*, 308  
 O' Mountain stream!, 128.  
 O Nightingale! thou surely art, 308  
*Oak and the Broom, The*, 308  
 O'er the wide earth, 356.  
 Of mortal parents, 356.  
 Oft is the medal faithful, 471, 473-4  
 Oh! for a kindling touch, 705-6  
 On his morning rounds the master, 308.  
*Peele Castle*, 50.  
*Personal Talk*, 309  
*Pet Lamb*, 307.  
*Peter Bell*, 167, 169, 171, 172, 294, 295, 590.  
*Poems, 1807*, 72, 74-5, 78, 80, 86, 87, 105-6, 125, 134-5, 148-50, 165, 168, 170, 198, 213, 241, 295, 458 d.  
*Poems, 1815, Preface and Essay*, 590, 606, 612, 616, 627-8, 629, 630, 631, 635, 637, 640, 642, 646, 660, 664, 666, 668.  
*Poems, 1820*, 873, 875  
*Poet's Epitaph*, 17, 309  
*Political Sonnets*, 309, 419  
*Poor Susan*, 308.  
*Power of Music*, 78.  
 Praised be the art, 468, 703.  
*Prelude, The*, 2, 9, 36, 51, 165, 388, 392  
 Pure element of water, 841.  
*Recluse, The*, 2, 47, 50, 51, 62, 74, 244-5, 359, 449, 463, 484, 535, 619, 635, 801.  
*Resolution and Independence*, 308.

## Wordsworth *Works* (cont)

*Rob Roy's Grave*, 309.  
*Rural Architecture*, 307.  
*Ruth*, 256, 308.  
*Rydale, Inscription written on the Island of*, 308.  
*Sailor's Mother, The*, 309.  
*Seven Sisters, The*, 74-5, 105.  
 She was a phantom of delight, 307  
*Simon Lee*, 308.  
*Solitary Reaper, The*, 11.  
*Spade of a Friend, To the*, 87  
*Sparrow's Nest, The*, 307.  
*Star-gazers, The*, 81.  
 Stay near me, 307.  
*Thanksgiving Ode, &c.*, 710-11, 712-13, 714, 716-18, 721, 725, 727, 729, 740, 862.  
 The Bard whose soul is meek, 705-6.  
 The enbowering rose, 471, 473-4, 476  
 The fairest, brightest hues, 517  
 The land we from our fathers had, 356  
 The voice of song from distant lands, 711.  
 There is a change, 308  
 There was a boy, 307.  
*Thorn, The*, 308.  
 Though narrow be that old man's cares, 309  
*Tintern Abbey, Lines composed near*, 308, 618, 790.  
 'Tissaid, that some have died, 308.  
*Two April Mornings*, 309  
*Two Thieves, The*, 309.  
 Two Voices are there, 241.  
 Virgil, Translation from, 836-40.  
*Waggoner, The*, 18, 20, 294, 590, 848  
 Was the aim frustrated, 841.  
*Waterfall and the Eglantine, The*, 308.  
*We are seven*, 307, 610.  
 Weak is the will of Man, 199.  
 While not a leaf seems faded, 686, 700-1, 706, 729.  
 Whirlblast from behind the hill, The, 308  
*White Doe of Rylstone, The*, 145, 146, 159, 166-7, 171, 172, 174, 175-7, 180, 184-5, 186, 189, 196-9, 204, 207, 211, 212-13, 229, 271, 294, 295, 350, 359, 458 d, 458 e, 590, 606, 637, 642, 653, 660, 664, 668, 670, 674, 678, 704-5, 718, 842-3.

# INDEX

- Wordsworth *Works (cont)*  
 Who fancied what a pretty sight,  
 129-30.  
 Who weeps for strangers, 194-6,  
 199  
*Wilkinson's Select Views, Introd.*  
*to*, 342, 370, 408  
 With ships the sea was sprinkled,  
 128-9.  
*Yarrow Unvisited*, 240, 611.  
*Yarrow Visited*, 608, 609, 611, 640.  
 Ye Lime trees, 470, 473-4.
- Wordsworth, Willy, 374, 375, 377,  
 378, 401-2, 405, 408, 413, 419,  
 420, 423, 424, 445, 446, 455, 461-  
 2, 483, 490, 493, 500, 505, 507-8,  
 509, 510, 514, 528, 529, 530, 535,  
 538, 539, 543, 547, 550, 557, 565,  
 578, 579, 591-2, 613, 616, 618-19,  
 623-4, 640, 643, 651, 656, 659,  
 671-2, 676-7, 677-8, 691, 716,  
 724, 740, 777, 785, 803, 832, 854,
- 856-7, 861, 867-77 *passim*, 878,  
 888, 893, 897, 898, 905, 906, 907-  
 14 *passim*  
 Wordsworth Society, 859.  
 Workington Hall, 282, 286, 287.  
 Wrangham, Francis, *Letters to*, 71,  
 133, 148, 188, 221, 245, 249, 289,  
 429, 486, 568, 593, 598, 704,  
 840 *Epigrams*, 134, *Sermons*, 135,  
 189, 222, 250, *Prose translations*  
*from Milton*, 190, *Seton Prize*  
*Poems*, 486; *Translations of Virgil*,  
 704, 841-2, edition of works of  
 T. Zouch, 841, 189, 193, 716.  
 Wright, Captain John Wesley, 592.  
 Wybergh, 809
- York, Duke of, 264, 265, 267, 329.  
 Younghusband, Miss, 640.
- Zouch, Thomas, 841.  
 Zurich, 891, 893, 898

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